







P.O. angl. 620⁹ / 13

9. A. Niebig
Tang lewo

of the
and part

G 911 2191

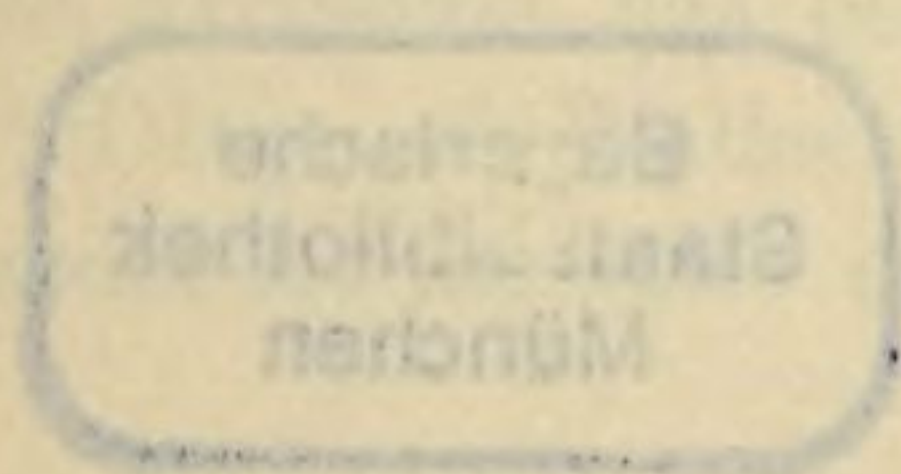
British Poets, [13.]

G 91 / 2192



Thomas Campbell —

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CAMPBELL AND FALCONER
WITH A MEMOIR OF EACH



BOSTON
HOUGHTON, OSGOOD AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1879

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massa-
chusetts.

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS edition of Campbell's Poems is printed from the London edition of 1851. The Biographical Sketch of the Poet, and the notes which stand at the end of several of the pieces, relating to the circumstances of their composition and the success they met with, are by the Rev. W. A. Hill, who is connected with Campbell's family by marriage with his niece. It is proper to remark that the Memoir has been slightly, and the Notes considerably abridged, and that some of the notes of the London edition have been omitted.

It has not been thought advisable to reprint in this volume pieces which the Author deliberately rejected. A single exception has been made in the case of the "Dirge of Wallace," which is given in an Appendix for the sake of one energetic stanza.

C.

CONTENTS.

CAMPBELL.

	Page
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.....	vii
PLEASURES OF HOPE.—Part I.....	1
Part II.....	27
THEODRIC: a Domestic Tale.....	49
Martial Elegy.—From the Greek of Tyrtæus.....	74
Song of Hybrias the Cretan.....	76
Fragment.—From the Greek of Alcman.....	76
Specimens of Translations from Medea.....	77
Speech of the Chorus, in the same Tragedy.....	78
O'Connor's Child; or, "The Flower of Love lies Bleeding".....	83
Lochiel's Warning.....	94
Ye Mariners of England: a Naval Ode.....	98
Battle of the Baltic.....	101
Hohenlinden.....	105
Glenara.....	107
Exile of Erin.....	110
Lord Ullin's Daughter.....	113
Ode to the Memory of Burns.....	116
Lines written on visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.....	120
The Soldier's Dream.....	123
To the Rainbow.....	125
The Last Man.....	128
A Dream.....	131
Valedictory Stanzas to J. P. Kemble, Esq.....	135
GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.—Part I.....	139
Part II.....	153
Part III.....	163
Lines written at the request of the Highland Society in London, when met to commemorate the 21st of March, the Day of Victory in Egypt.....	181

	Page
Stanzas to the Memory of the Spanish Patriots latest killed in resisting the Regency and the Duke of Angou- lême.....	183
Song of the Greeks.....	185
Ode to Winter.....	188
Lines spoken by Mrs. Bartley at Drury-Lane Theatre, on the first opening of the House after the Death of the Princess Charlotte, 1817.....	190
Lines on the Grave of a Suicide.....	193
Reullura.....	194
The Turkish Lady.....	202
The Brave Roland.....	204
The Spectre Boat: a Ballad.....	206
The Lover to his Mistress on her Birth-Day.....	208
Song—"Oh, how hard".....	209
Adelgitha.....	210
Lines on receiving a Seal with the Campbell Crest, from K. M—, before her Marriage.....	211
Gilderoy.....	213
Stanzas on the threatened Invasion, 1803.....	215
The Ritter Bann.....	217
Song—"Men of England".....	225
Song—"Drink ye to her".....	226
The Harper.....	227
The Wounded Hussar.....	228
Love and Madness: an Elegy.....	230
Hallowed Ground.....	234
Song—"Withdraw not yet".....	238
Caroline.—Part I.....	239
Part II. To the Evening Star.....	241
The Beech Tree's Petition.....	243
Field Flowers.....	244
Song—"To the Evening Star".....	246
Stanzas to Painting.....	247
The Maid's Remonstrance.....	250
Absence.....	251
Lines inscribed on the Monument erected by the Widow of Admiral Sir G. Campbell, K.C.B., to the memory of her Husband.....	252

CONTENTS.

iii

	Page
Stanzas on the Battle of Navarino.....	253
Lines on revisiting a Scottish River.....	255
The "Name Unknown;" in imitation of Klopstock.....	257
Farewell to Love.....	259
Lines on the Camp Hill, near Hastings.....	260
Lines on Poland.....	262
A Thought suggested by the New Year.....	269
Song—"How delicious is the winning".....	270
Margaret and Dora.....	271
The Power of Russia.....	272
Lines on leaving a Scene in Bavaria.....	277
The Death-Boat of Heligoland.....	283
Song—"When Love came first to Earth".....	286
Song—"Earl March looked on his Dying Child".....	287
Song—"When Napoleon was flying".....	288
Lines to Julia M——, sent with a copy of the Author's Poems.....	289
Drinking Song of Munich.....	290
Lines on the Departure of Emigrants for New South Wales.....	291
Lines on revisiting Cathcart.....	296
The Cherubs.—Suggested by an Apologue in the Works of Franklin.....	297
Senex's Soliloquy on his youthful Idol.....	301
To Sir Francis Burdett, on his Speech delivered in Par liament, August 7, 1832, respecting the Foreign Policy of Great Britain.....	302
Ode to the Germans.....	304
Lines on a Picture of a Girl in the attitude of Prayer, by the Artist Gruse, in the possession of Lady Stepney....	306
Lines on the View from St. Leonard's.....	308
The Dead Eagle.—Written at Oran.....	314
Song—"To Love in my Heart".....	318
Lines written in a blank leaf of La Perouse's Voyages...	320
The Pilgrim of Glencoe.....	323
Napoleon and the British Sailor.....	349
Benlomond	352
The Child and Hind.....	353
The Jilted Nymph.....	360
On getting home the Portrait of a Female Child.	362

	Page
The Parrot.....	364
Song of the Colonists departing for New Zealand.....	365
Moonlight	367
Song on our Queen.....	369
Cora Linn, or the Falls of the Clyde.....	370
Chaucer and Windsor.....	372
Lines suggested by the Statue of Arnold von Winkelried..	373
To the United States of North America.....	374
Lines on my new Child-sweetheart.....	375
The Launch of a First-rate.....	377
To a Young Lady.....	378
Epistle, from Algiers, to Horace Smith.....	379
Fragment of an Oratorio.....	382
To my Niece, Mary Campbell.....	385
APPENDIX. The Dirge of Wallace.....	387
Notes	389

FALCONER.

	Page
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM FALCONER, BY THE REV. J. MITFORD	v

THE SHIPWRECK.

INTRODUCTION.....	5
FIRST CANTO	11
Character of Albert.....	18
Character of Rodmond.....	19
Character of Arion	20
Character of Palemon.....	22
Description of Noon during a Calm.....	26
Palemon's History.....	27
Description of a Sun-set in the Archipelago.....	38
Description of Morning.....	41
Description of the Ship, as seen by the Inhabitants of Candia, on her leaving the Harbour.....	42
SECOND CANTO	47
Description of a Water Spout.....	50

Description of a dying Dolphin	52
Description of a threatening Sky	54
The Squall	55
Ship driven out of her Course	58
Portentous Sun-set	59
Different Opinions of the Officers	60
Four Seamen lost	62
A tremendous Sea shipped	66
The Well sounded	67
Guns thrown overboard	69
Speeches of the Master and his Mates, on their alarm- ing situation	72
Albert's Exhortation	79
Mizzen-mast cut away	84
THIRD CANTO	87
Ship put before the Wind	92
Falconera	94
View of the renowned Cities of Greece	96
Scudding	105
Daybreak	106
Lee Shore — St. George's Cliffs	107
Land of Athens appears	109
Ship laid broadside to the Shore	111
She strikes	113
Occasional Elegy, in which the preceding Narrative is concluded	125
Notes and Illustrations to the Shipwreck	129
The Demagogue	189
A Poem, sacred to the Memory of His Royal Highness Frederic Prince of Wales	213
Ode on the Duke of York's second Departure from Eng- land as Rear Admiral	219
The Fond Lover. A Ballad	230
On the uncommon Scarcity of Poetry in the Gentleman's Magazine for December, 1755	232
Description of a Ninety-Gun Ship	234

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE PORTER'S WIFE

THOMAS CARROLL

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

* “ I sit down to take a retrospect of my life. Why should the task make me sad? Have I not many blessings and many friends? Yes! thanks to God, very many. But life, when we look back upon it, has also many painful recollections; and pain, when viewed either as past or to come, makes a deeper impression on the imagination than either the past pleasures or comforts of life that can be recalled. In the remembrance of our lives we are like unfair tradesmen, who omit a part of their debts in their balance of accounts. We resign ourselves to forget—myriads of the easy, tranquil, or even pleasing though anxious hours of our being; but for an hour of pain we make a large charge in our estimate of compared misery and happiness. I do not think that it is a fair argument to urge against individual-comparative happiness, that because most of us, if the question were put—Would you wish to spend your life over again?—would probably say—No,

* Retrospect of life, written by himself.

I thank you ; I have had enough of it. This is just as if you were to ask me, after I had finished a narrative book that had much amused me — How should you like to read it over again? Why, possibly, unless the book were Robinson Crusoe, I should say — No, I cannot now read the book with the same curiosity as before. Even so it is with life. Its evils are sweetened by hope, novelty, and curiosity. How can we imagine ourselves animated by these feelings a second time, if we were to enter on a second existence? But why, it may be asked, if the retrospect of life be in the least sad, should I set down to the task of noting its memoranda? Why, unimportant as I am, I know that some account of me will be written. Dr. Beattie has even volunteered to be my biographer. He is likely to survive me by fifteen years, and a better biographer I could not find, except that he would be too laudatory. I know not, however, what business Dr. Beattie may have on his hands at the time when it may please God to call me away, and to leave my friend to grope his way through letters collected from my correspondents, or through confused memoranda of my own writing, would be but a sorry bequest to my best of friends.

“ I shall leave to you, therefore, my dear niece,* a series of the recollections of my life, as distinctly connected as I can make them, and he and you, after my death, may make what use of them you think most proper.

“ I was born, as our family Bible states (for this is none of my own recollection), in Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777, at 7 o'clock in the

* May Cambell, now Mrs. W. Alfred Hill.

morning. The house which my father and his family inhabited then, and for fourteen years afterwards, was in the High Street of Glasgow, a little above, and on the opposite side of the Havannah Street, but was pulled down to open a new street crossing the High Street between the new grammar-school and the road east of the Gallowgate, so that the house and room in which I was born is not now an earthly locality, but a place in the empty air, emblematic, perhaps, of my future memory.

“ I have uncommonly early recollections of life ; I remember, that is to say, I seem to remember, many circumstances which I was told had occurred when I could not have been quite three years old.

“ In very early years I was boarded, during the summer, in the country near Glasgow, at Pollock Shaws, in the humble house of a stocking-weaver, John Stewart, whose wife Janet was as kind to me as my own mother could be.

“ During the winter, in those infantine years, I returned to my father's house, and my youngest sister taught me reading. My reading, of course, was principally in the Bible, and I contracted a liking for the Old Testament which has never left me. The recollection of this period makes an exception to the general retrospect of my life, making me *somewhat* sad. I was then the happiest of young human animals, at least, during the months which I spent under the roof of John and Janet Stewart. It is true I slept on a bed of chaff, and my fare, as may be supposed, was not sumptuous, but life was young within me. Pollock Shaws was at that time rural and delightful. The stocking-weaver's house was on a flat piece of ground, half circularly inclosed by a small

running stream, called by the Scotch, a 'burn. On one side above it were ascending fields which terminated in trees along the high road to Glasgow. I remember no picture by Claude that ever threw me into such dreams of delight as this landscape. I remember leaping over the tallest yellow weeds with ecstasy. I remember seeing beautiful weed-flowers on the opposite side of the burn which I could not approach to pull, and wishing in my very soul to get at them, still I could not cross the burn. There were trouts, too, in the stream, and what a glorious event was the catching a trout. I was happy, however. Once only in my life perfectly happy.

"At eight years old I went to the grammar-school of Glasgow, where, among seventy other boys, I was the pupil of David Alison. He was a severe disciplinarian of the old school, and might be compared to Gil Blas's master, '*who was the most expert flogger in all Oviedo.*' But I was one of his pet scholars, and he told my father that he often spared me, when he ought to have whipt me, because I looked so innocent. He was a noble-looking man. At the periodical examinations by the magistrates, he looked a prince in comparison even with the Provost with his golden chain. And he

"'Was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.'

"So that he was popular even among his whippees. I was so early devoted to poetry, that at ten years old, when our master interpreted to us the first Eclogue of Virgil, I was literally thrilled by its beauty. Already we had read bits of Ovid, but *he* never affected me half so much as the

apostrophe of Tityrus to his cottage, from which he had been driven :—

“*En unquam patrios longo post tempore fines
Pauperis et tuguri congestum cespite culmen
Post aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor aristas.*”

“David Alison was, I believe, a very good teacher of Latin, and he attended more to prosody than his predecessors are said to have done. At the same time the whole mode of tuition was barbarous and inefficient. Some seventy boys in each of the four classes were confined in their class rooms, for two hours at a stretch, three times in a day. Out of the seventy, I believe that scarcely seven acquired, during four years, more Latin than a boy of ordinary capacity might have been taught, by proper management, in one year. There was a general and pretty noisy murmur in the room. When the seven who could say their lessons had been heard, they were, instead of being set at liberty, confined till the sixty-three dunces were examined in divisions, and whipped in a geometrical scale of descent, and loud were the screeches of those who suffered from the leathern thong. I understand that there is now a fifth class, and a rector in the grammar-school of Glasgow;—that it has even a professor of elocution attached to it, and that great improvement has taken place.

“In my thirteenth year, I went to the University of Glasgow, and put on the red gown. The joy of the occasion made me unable to eat my breakfast. I am told that race-horses, on the morning of the day when they know they are to be brought to the race, are so agitated that they refuse their oats. Whether it was presentiment,

or the mere castle-building of my vanity, I had even then a day-dream that I should be one day Lord Rector of the University. In my own lifetime, Lord Jeffrey and myself have been the only two Rectors who were educated at Glasgow.

“The Professor of Latin in Glasgow University at that time was William Richardson, somewhat known among our little known poets, and author of a tragedy called ‘The Indians.’ He was a gentlemanlike man, though rather mincing and fribbling in his gait and manner, and a thorough-paced Tory slave, in what he called his principles,—a mere creature of the Duke of Montrose. Yet he was a very fair teacher, and I ought to remember him with gratitude, for he encouraged and gave me the distinction of a prize for my earliest attempts in poetical translation.”

Here the MS., contained in Campbell’s handwriting, which is believed to have been written in 1842, breaks off, and recommences at another part of his biography.

The editor requests the reader, *in limine*, to glance for a moment at the history of the Poet’s family, which may be traced for many generations.

From documentary evidence and records of the presbytery of Inverary, it appears that this “branch of the Campbell’s” were long settled in that part of the Argyle frontier, which lies between Lochawe and Lochfyne, bordered by the ducal territory of Inverary.

Archibald, Lord and Knight of Lochawe, was grandson of Sir Neil, chief of the clan, and a contemporary of King Robert Bruce.

This Archibald died A. D. 1360, leaving issue three sons, Tavis, ancestor of Dunardrie, and Iver, from whom sprang the *Campbells of Kirnan*, the

distinctive name of Iver's descendants, who, during the lapse of many generations, became identified with the place as lairds and heritors of Kirnan; a race who could show their descent as far back as Gilèspic-le-Camile, first Norman lord of Lochawe. The poet's grandfather, Archibald Campbell, was the last of the name who resided on the family estate. When past his prime, he contracted marriage with Margaret Stuart, daughter of Stuart of Ascog, in the island of Bute, then the widow of John M'Arthur of Milton.

From this union sprung three sons, Robert, Archibald, and Alexander. On the decease of the father, who died in the Canongate of Edinburgh, Robert Campbell, the eldest son, appears to have taken possession of the family estate at Kirnan; but, after a time, through the exercise of lavish Highland hospitality, a love of military display, and the expenses incidental to a large establishment, liabilities were incurred. The estate was sold, and became annexed to the estate of Milton, the proprietor of which was John M'Arthur, his half-brother, son of Mrs. Campbell by her first marriage. Robert died in London, after a chequered career, as a political writer, under the Walpole administration. Archibald, the next brother, was a D.D. of Edinburgh, and after officiating as a Presbyterian minister in Jamaica for some years, finally settled abroad in the State of Virginia, in America, where he and his family became people of high repute and importance; and in after time his grandson, Frederick Campbell, through failure of intermediate heirs, succeeded, under an entail executed in 1763, to the estates of Whitebarony, in Peebleshire, Ascog in Bute, and Kilfinnan and Kirnan in Argyleshire. The

youngest brother, Alexander Campbell (father of the poet), was born in 1710, and was educated with a view to commerce. In the early part of his life he resided at Falmouth, in Virginia, where, after making a fair start, he entered into copartnership with Daniel Campbell, and in his company returned to Scotland, and commenced business in the Virginian trade, at Glasgow, under the firm of "Alexander and Daniel Campbell." For nearly forty years success crowned the exertions of the firm; it rapidly advanced in commercial importance, and bid fair to distance the first houses in the trade.

The differences which had long subsisted between Great Britain, the mother country, and her American colonies, and which in the year 1775 ripened into open war, and at last resulted in the declaration of independence on the part of the States, had, for some time before the actual outbreak, operated strongly against the mercantile interest; but the baneful effect of the unnatural contest was most severely felt in the northern ports particularly in Glasgow. There, firms of vast resources and credit, one by one gave way, under the united pressure of stagnation in trade, and what is so well understood on change, by the term tightness of the money market. Campbell & Co. suffered severely; and at length as the cloud still hung dark over their future prospects, the partners resolved on a dissolution, and general wind-up.

The resolution, having been deliberately determined upon, was carried out with a firmness worthy of imitation and a better fate; and at length, every claim and liability having been first liquidated, the firm ceased to exist.

Mr. A. Campbell retired into privacy with a shattered income, yet competent to enable him to maintain his family in comfort and respectability, and obtain for them a liberal education ; and to this important object all the remaining energies of a matured and cultivated intellect were directed. It was fortunate that the care of a numerous family restrained him from brooding over his losses, that a something sufficiently powerful as to engage his mind still existed ; he had always been used to an active life, and the dangerous tendencies of want of occupation and overwhelming misfortunes can be far better imagined than described. Mr. Campbell at this period was sixty-five years of age, strong, hale, and hearty, and, aided by the consolation of religion, even resigned to his fate ; his family circle consisted of a wife and ten children, the eldest of whom had not then completed her nineteenth year ; labouring then with the sad memory of the past, and the doubtful prospect of his own and his children's future welfare, for ten years he spared no pains to perform his duty as a father, and complete to the full that social contract, which should ever be felt an imperative and mutual duty upon parent and offspring.

Thus the autumn of life glided onwards, but soon came winter, stern and rugged, for a fresh misfortune befell him,—an adverse judgment in a chancery suit : now his cup of misery was filled to overflowing, and in drinking it to the dregs the old man's heart was crushed ; by little and little the fearful reality became too apparent that the costs and legal expenses entailed by the failure of the cause would leave but a wretched pittance for the support of his family ; gradually he

became unequal to mental exertion,—an iron constitution carried him on for some years, yet he could scarcely be said to live, and at length he breathed his last at Edinburgh, in the month of March, 1801, falling to the earth as a shock of corn fully ripe, having reached the patriarchal age of ninety-one years, and dying respected and beloved by all who knew him.

Thomas Campbell, as before mentioned, was born at Glasgow the 27th of July, 1777, being the eighth son, and the youngest of eleven children. His appearance in life was made two years after his father's retirement from business, and blighted as were family prospects through undeserved misfortunes, yet both Mr. and Mrs. Campbell found comfort and solace in their youngest boy. One by one the elder ones went forth to seek their fortunes in the world; and as the number round the domestic hearth lessened, the last comer seemed almost as of right to be entitled to a warmer corner, and if possible to a more jealous affection. His form has been described as fragile and his constitution delicate, with a pale expressive countenance, and a gentleness of manner which gained insensibly on the beholder. Very early his parents expressed the belief that genius sparkled in his eye, and consequently they lost no opportunity of improving by care and cultivation their discovery. Mrs. Margaret Campbell, his mother, had a strong taste for music, and from her he imbibed a fondness for the ballad poetry of Scotland, which never abandoned him; that lady, even in the wane of life, loved to sing the favourite melodies of her youth, and thus, her last born, from his cradle became skilled in sweet sounds and the power of flowing numbers.

Until his eighth year he was grounded in his "rudiments" at home, when (as mentioned in his own reminiscences) he was confided to the care of David Alison, who appears to have been a ripe scholar and a skilful tutor; under his eye Campbell showed "he was no vulgar boy;" the learned scholiast's experience and insight into character enabled him to see the course to be adopted; he fathomed the child's sensitive disposition; "he saw he was alive to praise, and readily daunted even by a look of sternness,"—the fruits of cultivation soon followed: he succeeded in obtaining the post of honour at the head of his little class,—all parties were pleased,—the master commended his pupil,—the prizes, taken home, commended him to his parents; and the feeling of having done his duty and deserved commendation, to some extent, even then, brought its own reward.

Each day increased his ardour and strengthened his exertions, but this precocity produced physical debility; his constitution, naturally delicate, suffered under study and sedentary habits, a serious illness followed, from which he recovered so tardily that change of scene and total vacuity from every thing like mental toil was deemed imperatively necessary. Accordingly a spot (supposed to be the place already alluded to under the name of Pollock Shaws) was selected, where he was left to roam in green fields, taste the pure country air, and pick flowers. In a very few weeks the change worked wonders, and on his return home he seemed altogether another creature; his countenance was radiant with health and beauty, and to the latest period of his life, he was wont to refer with pleasure to the happiness he then enjoyed.

These halcyon days of freedom and tranquillity brought, in addition to renewed health, other advantages. Nature, viewed in all her loveliness, under a summer sun, aroused his mind to beauties previously unknown; from this moment he awoke to poetry, and his very first attempt at verse was written upon the beauties of nature, in a "Poem on the Seasons."

"Oh joyful spring, thy cheerful days prolong
(The feathered songsters thus begin the song)
Lo! smiling May doth now return at last,
But ah! she runs along *too fast*.
The sultry June arrives, May's pleasure's short;
Yet July yields some fruit for cool resort.
Blest Autumn comes, arrayed in golden grain,
And bounteously rewards the labouring swain," &c.

On returning to the grammar-school in September, he recommenced study with readiness, and made such rapid progress that, before he had completed his twelfth year, he had read through various Greek and Latin authors and poets, and could recite at length many of their most brilliant passages.

Now appeared the first dawn of that enthusiasm which strongly developed itself in after years on the subject of Greek poetry; he exhibited so much feeling to be well thought of in this department of literature, that it has been remarked by his intimate friends that Campbell's ambition was not so much to be esteemed a genuine poet as a ripe Greek scholar; and so skilful was he in Greek translations rendered into English verse, that, prior to the close of his scholastic career, he had not only gained popularity among his companions, encomiums oftentimes repeated from his master, but several prizes at the public exa-

mination of the School by the Chief Magistrate.*

The University of Glasgow differs from Oxford and Cambridge, particularly in this respect that it has, from the time of its foundation (shortly before the Reformation), received students at a very early age, and thus it happened that Campbell commenced his preparation for college life before he had completed his thirteenth year. With the prospect of matriculation at hand, for months previous to the actual commencement of the October session he was engaged in a reperusal of his "old books," feeling a laudable desire to be prepared for "a fair start" with the freshmen of his year. Mr. Alison prophesied distinction, his family expected great things, and he determined to aim high, and realize, if possible, their fondest hopes. This may seem far-fetched in speaking of a mere child, yet it will be remembered that his mind was cast in no ordinary mould, and his zeal much heightened by early successes.

In the October term of 1791 commenced his novitiate at college, and here the effect of judicious training at school quickly manifested itself. Before many months had elapsed he had gained a position in the Latin, Greek, and Logic classes, and, before he had completed his fourteenth year, had gained from the college authorities a prize for English and Latin verse, and a still more substantial mark of approbation, a bursary or exhibition on Archbishop Leighton's foundation. This boon was not awarded without reference to merit and ability, or upon the ground of the known straitened

* See specimens of translations from Anacreon at the age of twelve years, 'Beattie's Life and Letters of Campbell,' vol. i. p. 36.

circumstances of his parents, but was fairly won after an examination before the whole faculty in construing and Latin writing, and after competition with a fellow student by several years his senior. The result of the first session was satisfactory, yet in after years he often confessed that he was much more inclined to sport than to study, and it would seem that what he accomplished was not always the result of patient application to books, but rather of that natural facility which enabled him to see clearer than many of his fellow undergraduates, who trusted solely to unwearied attention for the chance of distinction. There can be no question that the colour of the remainder of his college career took its brightest tinge from the first essay, though he himself, with pleasing modesty, speaks in the following terms of his academical career:—"Some of my biographers have, in their friendly zeal, exaggerated my triumphs at the University. It is not true that I carried away all the prizes, for I was idle in some of the classes, and being obliged by my necessities to give elementary instruction to younger lads, my powers of attention were exhausted in teaching when I ought to have been learning." Yet the facts are in his favour; the repeated prizes awarded (many of them now in existence) speak for themselves, and show that he was not, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, idle; probably he placed his standard so high, that, failing in his own judgment to reach it, this induced dispraise and the self-imputation of idleness.

At this period his first ballad, entitled "Morven and Fillan," was printed for distribution and circulation amongst his friends and fellow-students: it comprised one hundred and forty lines, many

of them both spirited and original. The following are the first four :—

“Loud breathed afar the angry sprite
That rode upon the storm of night,
And loud the waves were heard to roar,
That lashed on Morven’s rocky shore.”

Campbell’s second year at the University (Sessions 1792 and 1793) was marked by fresh indications of progress. Professor Jardine, Lecturer in the Logic class, awarded him the eighth prize for the best composition on various subjects, the third prize in the Greek class for exemplary conduct, and further paid him the compliment of appointing him examiner of the exercises sent in by the members of the Logic class; but the crowning honour of the year was reserved for the last day of the session, the 1st of May, when his “Poem on Description” carried away the palm against a host of competitors. This production marks the progress he had made in versification since the previous autumn, and is entitled “A Description of the Distribution of Prizes in the Common Hall of the University of Glasgow, on the 1st of May, 1793,”—his motto was taken from Pope.

“Nor fame I slight, nor for her favour call,
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.”

For some weeks after the commencement of the vacation, Campbell “tried his hand” at the law, and with a view of adopting it as a profession, was accommodated with a desk and seat in the office of his relative, Mr. Alexander Campbell, writer to the Signet of Glasgow. Here, according to the approved fashion and custom of that day (happily, now in a great measure ex-

ploded), he commenced the study of jurisprudence,—not by learning principles, but groping in the dark at the practice of the profession by transcribing “drafts, deeds, abbreviating pleadings,” and the like drudgery.

This mysterious method of penetrating the arcana of an honourable and scientific calling, operated so prejudicially that before autumn he gave up all thoughts of advancing his fortunes by the avenue of the law, and, therefore, relinquishing his seat in the office, directed his mind to more congenial pursuits—poetry, classical reading, and preparation for the ensuing college term.

Among the miscellaneous pieces struck off in the course of the autumn was a *brochure* suggested by the enormities of the French Revolution—the subject being the cruelties inflicted on the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. This effusion excited the sympathy of many who read it, and was deemed worth insertion in the “Poet’s Corner” of the leading journal of Glasgow.

In the course of his third year at the University (1793–4), in addition to a debating society into which Campbell had been previously enrolled, whereat he was a popular orator, and to which belonged nearly all his principal contemporaries, there was another, called the “Discursive,” of which he himself has thus written: “There was, moreover, a debating society, called the Discursive, composed almost entirely of boys as young as myself, and I was infatuated enough to become a leader in this spouting club. It is true, that we had promising spirits among us, and, in particular, could boast of Gregory Watt, son of the immortal Watt, a youth unparalleled in his early talent for eloquence. With melodious elocution,

great acuteness in argument, and rich unfailing fluency of diction, he seemed born to become a great orator, and I have no doubt would have shone in Parliament, had he not been carried off by consumption in his five-and-twentieth year. He was literally the most beautiful youth I ever saw. When he was only twenty-two, an eminent English artist (Howard, I think) made his head the model of a picture of Adam. But though we had this splendid stripling, and other members that were not untalented, we had no head among us old and judicious enough to make the society a proper *palæstra* for our mental powers, and it degenerated into a place of general quizzing and eccentricity."

In the spring of 1794, Campbell, in consideration of good conduct, obtained a few days' leave of absence from his "Alma Mater," and visited Edinburgh to witness the trial of Joseph Gerrald and others (the Scottish Reformers) charged with the crime of sedition. To him, all the proceedings were novel: it was his first visit to the Parliament House, and the scene he there beheld made so powerful an impression upon his mind, that the lapse of years could not efface its vivid recollection. Various circumstances conspired to produce this: intense political excitement reigned at the time, crowds thronged the court, the bearing of the prisoners was touching; Gerrald's demeanour, in particular, was very bold and determined; his appeal to the court and jury was eloquent; and when the case terminated with the conviction of the accused and their sentence to transportation, he left the court all glowing in the cause of freedom, and full of sympathy with those he deemed oppressed. With feelings wrought to the

highest pitch, he returned to college a graver, if not a wiser, youth—determined to devote all his powers to the pursuit of learning, in order to aid the better in the emancipation of his family from their impoverished condition. Hitherto he had been one of “the gayest of the gay,” in vacation-time, and had joined, with that ardour which is usually the companion of sanguine temperaments, in the sports and amusements of youth. Now, these were at once and for ever laid aside,—his characteristic wit and sprightliness for a time seemed gone, and, in their place, appeared the gravity and subdued bearing of “a reverend senior.” He read with avidity the newspapers, and particularly the journals supposed to have a liberal bias; in fact many of the works he greedily perused had been previously unheard of and unknown to him. At the debating society, he commented in glowing language upon the “animus” which pervaded the political trials of the day, passed severe strictures on the corrupt state of modern legislation, sighed over the departed glories of Athens and Sparta, and, in private, appeared as though he had sustained some severe personal wrong which he could not forgive without some manifestation of feeling or retaliation. Raillery in plenty he met with; yet this he bore with the heroism of a martyr; and it was, at last, Time alone that healed the wound, and enabled him to dismount from his stilts and recover his composure.

At the termination of the third session, he came in again for honours. In the Moral Philosophy class he received a prize for his poetical essay on the Origin of Evil. In the Greek class he gained the first prize for the best translation of pas-

sages from the Clouds of Aristophanes. In reference to these pleasing incidents he has left the following:—"Professor Young pronounced my version, in his opinion, the best essay that had ever been given in by any student at the University." This was no small praise to a boy of fifteen, from John Young, who, with the exception of Miller, was the ablest man in the college.

One day, shortly before the close of this session, while Professor Arthur, of the Moral Philosophy Chair, was showing the University to an English gentleman, who had come into the classroom, the poet says,—“I happened to be standing unobserved behind him, and could hear distinctly the conversation that passed between them. ‘And is there any one among your students,’ inquired the stranger, ‘who shows a talent for poetry?’ ‘Yes,’ said the Professor, ‘there is one, Campbell, who shows a very promising talent.’ Little knew the Professor that I was listening to this question and answer. In explanation of this talent,’ I had written in Arthur’s class a verse essay on the Origin of Evil, for which I afterwards received the prize, and which gave me a local celebrity throughout all Glasgow, from the High Church down to the bottom of the Salt-market! It was even talked of, as I am credibly informed, by the students over their oysters at Lucky M’Alpine’s, in the Trongate!”

At this period, in addition to Campbell’s labours on his own account, were added those of tuition; for thus early he was employed, on the recommendation of some of the college authorities, as private tutor to several of his fellow-students.

From the period of gaining the last-mentioned prizes may be dated constantly increasing mani-

festations of esteem and good-will from the "Professors" and his fellow-students. By the latter his talents had been already appreciated. Now the high opinion entertained by them was more openly acknowledged; his opinion was asked on difficult and abstruse readings, his style of composition imitated, and *envy*, if she existed at all in the breasts of any of his contemporaries, seemed disarmed of her string; his sympathies were heart and soul with his companions, and there was lavished upon him all the warmth and affection of generous hearts unscathed by misfortunes, in no degree hardened by contact with the world.

At this time he believed (and he luxuriated in the thought) that all difficulties could be surmounted by industry and perseverance; and strong in this reliance he directed his mind to the study of the Old Testament in the original Hebrew, and to the works of the best commentators and writers on ecclesiastical history, experiencing then a desire to make the Church his future calling. One of the first results of this theological train of thought was his well-known "Hymn on the Advent of Christ," which may be found in most compilations of sacred poetry. Yet at this time he was fully alive to the low ebb of his family fortunes; that Kirnan, "the home of his forefathers," was "roofless and wild;" and further, that without interest, preferment in the clerical profession might be very tardy in rewarding labours, though undertaken with the purest motives. This, and no foolish vacillation or love for change, compelled him to watch events, and endeavour to strike out a path not merely congenial to his wishes, but capable of affording a sufficiency for the supply of his necessary wants.

About this time he went so far as to attend certain medical lectures, but unfortunately being too hastily introduced into the operating room, and there witnessing a succession of "casualties," amputations, and the thousand other "ills that flesh is heir to," he contracted so strong a repugnance to surgical "operations," that he could not bring his mind to renew his visits either to the demonstrator's apartment, or the wards of the hospital.

In the session of 1794 and 1795 (his fourth year at college), honours still attended him, yet his brightest hours were haunted by the knowledge that his father's slender income had become still more limited by the failure of the chancery suit. Young as Campbell was, he determined to make some effort to smooth the declining days of his venerable sire. He therefore eagerly sought for something which might aid in this labour of love; and through the patronage of the College Professors, willingly exercised, he became tutor to the children of Mrs. Campbell, of Sunipol, in the Hebrides (a distant relative), from the month of May to the ensuing October, when it was arranged that he should return home, and resume his academic studies.

Preliminaries having been settled he started (on the 18th of May, 1795) with his friend and class-fellow the late Rev. Joseph Finlayson, D. D.) who was about to pass the vacation in the same mode as himself. The young travellers took the road to Inverary, and after a journey full of incident, the wild shores of Mull broke upon their sight. At first Campbell acutely felt the loneliness of his situation, but soon became reconciled, for the country, though bleak and wild, was

peculiarly romantic, and nourished the poetry in his soul.

In the autumn he returned to Glasgow, with a mind enlarged by the realization of objects at that time little visited. Staffa and Icolmkill, and the venerable ruins of Iona, these and other wonders filled his mind with sensations hitherto unknown. The return journey occupied himself and friend (Finlayson) four days, and was performed in bad weather. Between Oban and Lochawe Side the travellers were benighted, and losing their way, were forced to bivouac for the night on the lee-side of a bare wall, without any other covering than their Highland plaids.

In Campbell's fifth and last session at College (1795 and 1796) it was his good fortune, in addition to the pecuniary emolument realized by tuition, to gain two prize poems, one for the Choe-phoræ of Æschylus, and the other for a Chorus in the Medea of Euripides. Among his pupils at this time was one of the present Lords of Session, Lord Cuninghame, of whom the poet has left the following reminiscence:— "After my return from Mull, I supported myself during the winter by private tuition. Among other scholars, I had a youth named Cuninghame, who is now Lord Cuninghame, in the Justiciary Court of Edinburgh. Grave as he is now, he was, when I taught him Xenophon and Lucian, a fine, laughing, open-hearted boy, and so near my own age, that we were rather like playfellows than preceptor and pupil. Sometimes, indeed, I used to belabour him—jocosely alleging my sacred duty as a tutor—but I seldom succeeded in suppressing his risibility."

During his last year at College, Campbell's

mind largely expanded, and in after years he referred with especial pleasure to the benefit he derived from the lectures of Professor Miller on the Roman Law, and his explanations of Heineccius.

At length, academic studies completed, days gilded by success and honours, the future broke in upon him dark and stern, and, compelled to act with promptitude, he entered General Napier's family as tutor to the present Sir William Napier, of Milliken, Argyleshire, where he continued until the end of March, 1797, when he re-visited Glasgow, carrying with him the respect and esteem of all with whom he had become acquainted. The General himself felt so strong an interest in his welfare that he expended much time and trouble to smooth the way for his going to the bar; but the want of the necessary pecuniary advances from his *protégé's* friends rendered his efforts abortive.

The disappointment occasioned by blighted hope was acutely felt; the apathy of family connections, who might have materially aided his onward progress, was "gall and wormwood;" many of his connections warmly applauded his talents, but any thing further than barren praise seemed quite foreign to their views; the effect of hope deferred was in this case truly to make the heart sick; a raging fever supervened; youth, however, befriended him—he slowly recovered, and happily his sufferings were productive of this beneficial result—they engendered calmness and resignation, and he was enabled at length to gaze upon the future, barren and cheerless as it was, with a steady eye. The next effort to better himself was a journey to Edinburgh, where he ob-

tained an introduction to Dr. Robert Anderson, who, at first sight, pleased with his appearance and conversation, recognized a kindred spirit, soothed and cherished him, and in a few days recommended him as a young gentleman of great promise to Mr. Mundell, deceased, the publisher, who at once employed him to compile an abridgment of Bryan Edwards's *West Indies*; this he gladly accepted, and when the task was completed, other literary work was provided, yet the remuneration for this compilatory writing was so scanty as to do little more than provide the bare necessities of life, and this compelled Campbell, against his inclination, to recommence teaching, and then he found his recommendations to Professor Dalzell of essential service, through whose assistance he obtained pupils, by whom he was remunerated upon a liberal scale.

In this way, for some time, he made a comfortable livelihood, but at last, as his pupils finished their course of study, he took no pains to recruit the vacancies in his class, but directed his mind (for he would be an author) to original composition. The subject he at length fixed upon was, "The Pleasures of Hope," a theme suggested in part at least by Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," and in part, while melancholy and lonely on the wild shores of Mull, by his friend Mr. Hamilton Paul.

In writing of these early days, Campbell says, "And now I lived in the Scottish metropolis by instructing pupils in Greek and Latin. In this vocation I made a comfortable livelihood, as long as I was industrious. But 'The Pleasures of Hope' came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, conning over my own (as I thought

them) magnificent lines; and as my 'Pleasures of Hope' got on, my pupils fell off. I was not friendless, nor quite solitary at this period in Edinburgh. My aunt, Mrs. Campbell, and her beautiful daughter Margaret—so beautiful that she was commonly called Mary, Queen of Scots—used to receive me kindly of an evening, whenever I called; and it was to them—and with no small encouragement—that I first recited my poem when it was finished.”—“I had other friends also whose attachment was a solace to my life. Before I became known as an author, I was intimate with Francis Jeffrey, and with Thomas Brown, afterwards the successor of Dugald Stewart in the Moral Philosophy Chair of Edinburgh. I was also acquainted with Dr. Anderson, author of 'The Lives of the British Poets.'”

For a short time Campbell was absent from the Scottish metropolis, on a visit to Glasgow; on his return, having shown “The Pleasures of Hope” to some confidential friends, they suggested its immediate publication. But how? This was the question. At first it was proposed to publish by subscription, and the patronage of his own and the sister University of Edinburgh was promised; yet, after calculation of the probable expenses of printing and publishing, it seemed doubtful if the author would reap much substantial reward, and consequently he was advised to sell to the booksellers the copyright of his work.

With this in view, Dr. Anderson waited upon Mr. Mundell, (the only publisher with whom Campbell had, up to this time, realized any profitable connection,) and entered with him upon the merits of the Poem; and after the matter had been well weighed, considered, and reconsidered,

Mr Mundell offered for the copyright, *Sixty Pounds*, which the author was fain to accept.

Some time before the work actually appeared, it was announced "in the press;" and both subject and author afforded matter for speculation and conversation in the literary world. Some parties had already seen the manuscript, or parts of it, and these all spoke in favour of the production, so that the writer found his circle of acquaintance daily extending. On the 27th of April, 1799, "The Pleasures of Hope" appeared for the first time, its author being at that time just twenty-one years and nine months old. It fully equalled the expectations previously formed of it; the topics worked out in realizing the subject were the very matters at the time before the public,—the great Revolution in France—the Partition of Poland—the question of the Abolition of Negro Slavery—all these the writer had by a plastic hand made completely his own. Few generous minds failed to experience delight on reading Campbell's glowing language and rich imagery.

Madame de Staël was one of the foremost of the eminent literary characters of the day, who expressed her admiration of this poem. Some time afterwards, she told Campbell that she had been so captivated with the episode (Conrad and Ellenore), that she could read it twenty times over without lessening the effect which the first perusal had awakened in her mind.* The addition

*

"Stockholm, ce 5 Janvier, 1813.

"À M. THOMAS CAMPBELL.

"Pendant les dix années que m'ayent séparé de l'Angleterre, Monsieur, le Pöeme anglais qui m'a causé le plus d'émotion—la pöeme qui ne me quittait jamais—et que je relisai sans cesse pour adoucir mes chagrins par l'élévation de

of "The Pleasures of Hope" to British poesy soon became widely known, and few were the political réunions, on the liberal side at least, where some quotations were not made, from language which marked a generous heart and an ardent love of liberty.

Every line in this work is now as "familiar in our mouths as household words," yet it can be comprehended with what eagerness such strains as the following must have been caught up, and reëchoed throughout the length and breadth of the land:—

"Departed spirits of the mighty dead,
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled,
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van."

In a second edition (which was speedily followed by several others) new passages were felicitously introduced, particularly one descriptive of the dissolution of the body, and the flight of the soul to its original source; these served to cement the more closely the fabric already erected. Some smaller poems, the "Harper," "Gilderoy," and others, meeting with a favourable reception from the public, inspired their author with fresh courage and energy.

Various shadowy castles now floated through the poet's brain, but the bent of his inclination, in the spring of the year 1800, led him to celebrate the achievements of Scotia's mighty dead, in her struggles for independence and liberty; the work

l'âme, c'est Les Plaisirs de l'Espérance. L'épisode d'Ellenore surtout, allait tellement à mon cœur que je pourrais la relire vingt fois, sans en affaiblir l'impression. . . .

BARONNE DE STAËL, *Holstein.*"

was to have been called the "Queen of the North," and to enable him to collect *matériel*, he proposed making a personal visit to the Continent, for it was men as well as their writings he would converse with. Having arranged preliminaries, and being armed with letters of introduction to gentlemen eminent in various departments, he set sail for Leith, bound for Hamburg, on the 1st of June, 1800 (being accompanied to the vessel by Mr. Richardson, and his old pupil Mr. Cuninghame). After a protracted voyage of several days, he reached the port of Hamburg in safety, where he was received by the British residents with great kindness. In some instances fame had already preceded him; in other cases his letters of introduction obtained all he desired. To his new friends he frankly stated the object of his visit, and acting upon their suggestions, he remained in the port of disembarcation for some time, in order to gain a more accurate knowledge of German, and a greater facility in its dialogue, than he had previously attained. At this period the fever of politics ran high both at home and abroad, and Campbell, dissuaded from prosecuting his original plan of visiting Gottingen, Jena, and Weimar, yielded to the counsel of those who advised him, on the expiration of his sojourn at Hamburg, to proceed to Ratisbon, place himself under the protection of the venerable President of the Scotch College (Arbuthnot), and there in freedom from interruption, having enjoyed facility for study, afterwards in security sail down the Danube to Vienna. After a stay of some nine or ten weeks. Campbell set out for Ratisbon, where he arrived three days only before it was taken by the French; happily for him he gained a sanctuary in time, and

was, on his arrival, most kindly received by his compatriots—the monks of the Benedictine College, from whose walls he beheld sights of horror which nothing could obliterate from his recollection. His first introduction to the miseries of war was in company with his new acquaintances; from their hospice he beheld a charge of Klennan's cavalry upon the French under Grenier—he saw the fire given and returned, and heard distinctly the sound of the French *pas-de-charge* collecting the lines to attack in close column, then a park of artillery opened just beneath the walls of the monastery, and several drivers there stationed to convey the wounded in spring wagons, were killed in his sight. Campbell thus referred to the sad scene:—“This formed the most important epoch of my life in point of impressions, but these impressions of seeing numbers of men strewn dead on the field, or what was worse, seeing them in the act of dying, were so horrible to my memory, that I studied to banish them. At times, when I have been fevered and ill, I have awoke from nightmare, dreaming about these dreadful images.”

Campbell was detained in Ratisbon longer than he anticipated, and these scenes of strife and bloodshed were by no means conducive to quiet and steady reading; his mind also was harassed by uncertainty concerning the future; great difficulty existed in keeping up a communication with Great Britain; two armies were present in the country; there was a probability of long protracted war. These things produced no small depression of spirits. Some absurd rumours also were afloat, that his visit to the Continent (made at such a crisis) was for a political purpose—in other words,

he was suspected of being a spy : thus his state of suspense was increased by the fear that, even if war ceased, and the French dragoons were withdrawn, he might be detained a prisoner. These things, in combination, served to excite him and to induce great discomfort. At length, after many days of doubt, during which he was "cabin-ed" within the walls of Ratisbon (though it seems he did avail himself of an armistice, and penetrate as far as Munich), he obtained his passports, and, in the month of November, *viâ* Leipsic, returned to Hamburg, whence he proceeded to Altona, and passed the winter in study and retirement. To the reading of Kant's Philosophy many successive weeks were devoted, varied, for the sake of relaxation, by the perusal of the works of Schiller, Wieland, and Bürger, and occasional pedestrian excursions into the neighbouring country. Here he composed or revised for publication fourteen small pieces, which appeared successively in the "Morning Chronicle;" of these, only four have been preserved amongst his printed poems. As the winter drew to a close, and while in actual correspondence with a friend, touching a grand tour through Hungary and Turkey, the real state of matters on the Continent appeared. In a moment the crisis came. Great Britain, fearing a strong coalition against her, took measures to prevent it; and, on the 12th of March, her fleet appeared in the Sound, ready for any demonstration. This arrival produced great excitement amongst the English residents at Altona, and was increased materially by the fact of the town being situate on the Danish shore. It required no prophet or herald to warn foreigners that Altona was no place of safety for them. Campbell himself con-

vinced of the necessity of retiring from the scene, prepared to follow the example of such of the British subjects as were able to leave, and, accordingly, he secured a passage for Leith in a vessel called the Royal George. When the ship raised anchors and dropped down the river, she became an object of intense interest to many bystanders: some mourned that they had no homes to flee to; others felt deep uncertainty touching the events of a single day—whether famine, incarceration, or death. At the mouth of the Elbe, the Royal George was detained several days by adverse winds; and when, at last, they became favourable, much to the disappointment of the passengers, signal was given by the convoy to sail for Yarmouth Roads, instead of Leith, for the reason that most of the ships convoyed were English.

After a wearisome passage, and a narrow escape from a Danish privateer, who chased the ship almost into port, Campbell arrived at Yarmouth, and proceeded in the mail to London, where he was most cordially welcomed by Mr. Perry, of the “Morning Chronicle,” who declared, warmly, “I will be your friend; I will be all that you could wish me to be!” And nobly did he fulfil his promise: he took his *protégé* by the hand, encouraged him, and circulated the news of his arrival; so that, in a few days, under the patronage of Lord Holland, he was at once introduced to some of the most eminent literary characters of the time.

On the poet’s first *début* into London life, and within a fortnight after his arrival from the Continent, intelligence reached him, through Dr. Anderson, of the death of his father. This event, for a time, destroyed the will and the power of

enjoying the brilliant society into which he had been received, and actuated by feelings of sympathy and affection, he promptly proceeded to Edinburgh to console and comfort his mother. He performed the journey by sea; and during the voyage, one of his fellow passengers, a lady, informed him "that the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope' had been arrested in London for high treason and sent to the Tower." Amazed at the suggestion of his treason, no sooner had he seen his mother, and comforted her to the best of his ability, than he found some enemy had been at work—there was truth in the alleged rumor of his treasonable practices. Desirous to refute the calumny as speedily as possible, on the day succeeding his arrival, he waited upon the sheriff of Edinburgh, who at once expressed regret at his presence, saying, "There is a warrant out against you for high treason. It seems that you have been conspiring with General Moreau in Austria, and with the Irish at Hamburg to get a French army landed in Ireland, but I know there is a general unwillingness among those in power to punish your error, so take my advice and do not press yourself on my notice." Campbell urged upon the sheriff the absurdity of his (a mere boy) conspiring against the British Empire, and demanded proofs, when it was urged, "Oh, you attended Jacobin clubs at Hamburg, and came over thence in the same vessel with Donovan, who commanded a regiment of the rebels at Vinegar Hill;" to this it was answered that he (Campbell) had never heard of Jacobin clubs at Hamburg, and as to the rebel Donovan he did not know of his being a fellow passenger, until he saw him on deck. On further examination, and read-

ing the contents of papers found in the poet's trunk, which had been seized on its way from Yarmouth to Edinburgh, the sheriff began to see the groundlessness of the charge, and when he had read a copy of the "Mariners of England," found amongst the supposed treasonable papers, he said, "This comes of trusting to a Hamburg spy," and observing that the evening was cold and wet, he insisted upon Campbell remaining and partaking with him a bottle of wine, after which he dismissed him in high good humour. And thus, with a character honourably cleared, the young poet was restored to the good opinion of many who had been foolishly credulous in his guilt.

Campbell, on entering upon family prospects, found cause for great solicitude, yet he did not shrink from what he considered his duty to provide house and home for his mother and sisters; and with this praiseworthy object in view, he undertook some heavy literary task-works, the proceeds whereof he devoted entirely to their use.

In the autumn of this year (1801), Lord Minto, who had then recently returned from the Court of Vienna, where he had resided as British Envoy Extraordinary, invited him on a visit to Minto Castle. The invitation was accepted, and the result of the visit was so agreeable to both parties, that Campbell consented to take up his quarters for the ensuing season at his Lordship's mansion in Hanover Square.

On his arrival in the metropolis, all faces seemed to smile upon him. Cards of invitation from persons of the highest distinction were left for him, the world greeted him with its most seductive smile. Lords Minto and Holland vied with each other in their fostering care, and, as by the wave

of a fairy wand, he was received into the best and most intellectual society of the whole world.

The season was passed in one continual whirl of excitement and gayety. His happiest moments were those which he passed in quiet conversation with Telford, Mrs. Siddons, and the Kembles, of whose notice and friendship he was most justly proud.

At length tired of dust, spangle, and the gayety of fashionable life, he hailed with delight the termination of the fashionable year, and the prospect of repose. He had been solicited to spend the summer at Minto, and, after some hesitation, accepted this renewed offer of hospitality, and in due course proceeded northwards with his lordship; but on reaching Newcastle, tidings arrived that the scarlet fever had appeared at the castle. This induced a postponement of the visit, and the poet betook himself to Edinburgh, where he passed some time in Alison Square, with his mother and sisters, occupied in preparing for press the poems of Lochiel and Hohenlinden (which soon afterwards appeared, dedicated to Mr. Alison, Prebendary of Salisbury). The autumn was chiefly spent at Minto, during which period he was engaged in revising the proofs of a new edition of his poems, writing articles in prose for booksellers (a labour, as he himself said, little superior to compilation, and more connected with profit than reputation), editing an edition of Greek tragedies, collecting materials for a continuation of Hume and Smollett's England, and thus the winter passed away.

In the month of February, 1802, he proceeded to Liverpool, and after a *détour* through the Staffordshire potteries (under the escort of Mr. Ste-

venson), he proceeded to London on a visit to his stanch friend, Mr. Thomas Telford, the celebrated engineer, who at that time occupied a suite of apartments at the Salopian Hotel, in Charing Cross, and felt much anxiety on behalf of his young friend, wishing to bind him to a sort of compact to act as he and Mr. Alison might suggest, not because he had any fear of his success in the literary world, but because he knew that he was but partially acquainted with business rules and habits, upon which human happiness and worldly success so greatly depend.

The *locale* of Charing Cross was uncongenial to Campbell's taste ; the noise, dust, and crowd, made him sigh for a quiet, rural home ; and his remarks and letters to his friends at the time, manifest that the gayeties of a London life were very far from consonant to his feelings. He complained of being unable to fix himself to any thing, having one eternal round of invitations to occupy him, having entered " a style of life which neither suited purse nor health, not one day free of headaches, nor one night of tolerable rest."

In the month of June, the first quarto edition of " The Pleasures of Hope," with illustrations, and accompanied by several new pieces of poetry, appeared, and was so eagerly sought after that, added to the incense of praise he received, his spirits became so elevated and buoyed up by faith in his old creed, that industry and perseverance could surmount all difficulties, he made up his mind to get married, and take a partner for life. He had long cherished feelings of regard for his cousin, Matilda Sinclair, daughter of Mr. Robert Sinclair, for many years a wealthy merchant, and first magistrate of Greenock, but who at this time,

through severe losses, had contracted his sphere, and transferred his counting-house to Trinity Square, City, and his family to Park Street, Westminster. Here Campbell was allowed the *entrée*, and soon the old attachment ripened on both sides into an ardent flame. The young lady's hand was in due course solicited; he became an accepted suitor; a something was said about ways and means, for Mr. Sinclair candidly confessed he was unable to give any dowry. All difficulties, however, were made light of, scruples vanished, and the young couple were united in Hymen's bonds at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the 10th of September, 1802, in the presence of Mr. Sinclair's family, and a party of friends.

At the expiration of the honeymoon, the bride and bridegroom returned to London, and took up their residence in apartments in Pimlico, which had been furnished and prepared for them by Mr. Sinclair.

For many months life seemed more and more sunny; literary employment poured in upon him, and he was honoured by the offer of the Regent's Chair in the Russian University of Wilna. His friends, the Lords Minto and Holland, and Mr. Dugald Stewart, thought this a favourable opportunity for his advancement, but Campbell, though at first relishing the proposition, and even going so far as to have an interview on the subject with the Russian minister, on second thoughts, and hearing stipulations, felt that he could not abandon liberal opinions cherished from early youth, and inculcate views totally foreign to them, without much mental torture and sacrifice of independence; therefore he respectfully declined the distinction: besides, in a pecuniary point of view,

his prospects looked well; many of his articles appeared in the leading periodicals of the day, and though oftentimes anonymous, yet they afforded the means of living respectably, and thus he worked away on biographical notices of poets, statesmen, and philosophy, classics, and matters of general interest; not being idle, as many supposed, but working secretly, and oftentimes, from an over-fastidiousness, erasing in a moment the labours of an entire day.

On the 1st of July the poet became a father; the child was christened Thomas Telford, and his birth called forth feelings and language beautifully expressive of delight and tender affection. Soon after this event, his health and spirits suffered much through an awkward *contretemps* with Mr. Doig, the Scotch bookseller. The difficulty, however, was settled through friendly interference, yet the traces of harass and vexation remained behind, and change and country air was advised. After consultations with medical and other friends, Sydenham was selected as his future residence; and to this place, at Michaelmas (1804), the family removed, and were received with open arms by many of the principal residents in the neighbourhood; this became a sort of oasis in the desert,—here, to use Campbell's own language, "I contrived to support my mother, my wife, and children; life became tolerable to me, and even agreeable. I had always my town friends to come and partake of my humble fare of a Sunday; and among my neighbours, I had an elegant society among whom I counted sincere friends."

Yet with this domestic comfort, he had his moments of anxiety, especially as he was called upon to sustain alone the burden of supporting his

mother and sisters. Up to this period he had shared the produce of his brain, his only farm, with his family; he had allowed his mother an annuity of 70*l.*, but now his eldest brother, resident in America, wrote to say, that the remittances he had for sometime made for his mother, must for the future cease on account of his own slender means. Who can feel surprise at a young man, thus situated, becoming nervous and agitated touching the future? Two establishments to provide for, provisions dear, war prices prevailing in every department,—to use Campbell's own words—"I had never known in earnest the fear of poverty before, but now it came upon me like a ruthless fiend. If I were sentenced to live my life over again, and had the power of supplicating adversity to spare me, I would say, oh! adversity take any other shape. To meet these pressing demands I obtained literary engagements both in prose and poetry, but a malady came over me which put all poetry, and even imaginative prose, out of the question. My anxiety to wake in the morning, in order to be at my literary labours, kept me awake all night, and from less to more I became a victim to the disease called *coma vigil*." At this time he received a "stab in the dark," in the shape of an anonymous letter from Glasgow, written in a female hand, purporting to emanate from a society called the "*Glasgow Female Society*," which upbraided him in bitter terms for neglect of a near relative, leaving that relative, as it declared, to poverty and distress. Possibly, it may be said, he was over-sensitive; yet it was hard, after great exertion and sacrifices, that his conduct should be totally misrepresented, and reproaches be heaped upon him. Time, however,

healed them, and during the autumn we find him translating foreign correspondence, contributing to the "Philosophical Magazine," the "Star" newspaper,—attending daily in London,—subject at times to occasional fits of depression and fear, yet not without his sunny moments,—he had hopes of advancement, and was encouraged by persons of influence to believe that he would not be overlooked by a liberal ministry.

About this time the first idea of the "Specimens of the British Poets," suggested itself to his mind,—a work which it has been well said "established him on our library shelves as a prose writer, and is the test of his unrhymed, not unpoetical works."* He wrote to Sir Walter Scott on the subject, stating his plan, and proposing to divide both labour and profit. Sir Walter was highly pleased, and left him authority to arrange the details; but for a time the matter was broken off by a difference about terms with the booksellers.

In the month of June, 1805, his second son Alison was born. In the same year his circumstances were rendered more easy by a pension of 200*l.* per annum, conferred upon him by the Crown. Touching this mark of royal consideration, he left the following:—

"My pension was given to me under Charles Fox's administration. So many of my friends in power expressed a desire to see that favour conferred upon me, that I could never discover the precise individual to whom I was indebted for it. Lord Minto's interest I knew was not wanting; but I hope I may say, without ingratitude to

* This Work forms seven volumes in small 8vo. 1819.

others, that I believe Charles Fox and Lord Holland would have bestowed the boon without any other intervention." The use Campbell made of this addition to his income, was this—the one half he reserved for his own necessities, the other he generously divided between his mother and sisters.

Before the close of the year, the late Francis Horner, M. P., one of the poet's earliest friends, proposed to him to publish a new edition of his best poetical works by subscription, and volunteered his services in filling up the list. In writing shortly after he had obtained the poet's sanction, he said, "Very little exertion has been made, but we have got above 200*l.*, of which 60*l.* are from Oxford. I shall be very much disappointed if we do not put into the poet's purse more than 1000*l.*" The result was as anticipated, and with an easy mind and resources recruited, he went on his way rejoicing.

In the spring of 1806, Campbell met Mr. Fox at Lord Holland's at dinner; both were pleased with each other, and at parting, the premier said, "Mr. Campbell, you must come and see me at Saint Anne's Hill, and there we shall talk more about these matters," (referring to the heroic characters in Virgil, often much criticized as monotonous). Fox said privately in the ear of his nephew (Lord Holland), "I like Campbell, he is so right about Virgil;" and there can be no question that the poet was singularly happy at all times in his classical allusions, as Sidney Smith once said, after listening to some of his remarks, "What a vast field of literature that young man's mind has rolled over."

The poem of "Gertrude of Wyoming," which

had for some time divided Campbell's thoughts with other literary cares, was completed in the early part of 1809, and in March was shown to Mr. Alison and Lord Jeffrey, and was pronounced by them worthy of the writer's talent and acquired fame.

Lord Jeffrey, in writing to Campbell, said, "There is great beauty, and great tenderness and fancy in the work, and I am sure it will be very popular. The latter part is exquisitely pathetic, and the whole touched with those soft and skyish tints of purity and truth which fall like enchantment on all minds that can make any thing of such matters."

The public hailed with delight this new volume. Yet Campbell's joy was in a moment overcast and for a time destroyed by the sickening and death, by scarlet fever, of his son Alison, the child of many a fondly cherished hope; for some time his heart seemed crushed; the event sunk deep, and was never, even in after years, referred to without perceptible emotion; for weeks he was incapable of consecutive thought; and it was at last only through the kind sympathy of Mr. Alison that he became tranquillized and able to resume his duties, and at last set down to prepare a course of lectures for delivery at the Royal Institution.

At the commencement of the year 1812, the poet's mother died at Edinburgh, at the age of seventy-six. Mac Arthur Stewart, Campbell's highland cousin, insisted upon defraying the entire cost of her funeral, which was attended by more than two hundred people.

In the months of April and May, Campbell's Lectures on Poetry were delivered at the Royal Institution. They went off with great *éclat*, and obtained for him increased popularity, and a large

sum of money. Shortly afterwards he was presented to the Princess of Wales by Lady Charlotte Campbell, and subsequently received an invitation to a grand ball given by Her Royal Highness at Blackheath, where he had the honour of dancing a reel with Royalty.

Society exerted its claims upon Campbell very much during this period. Madame de Staël, in the spring of 1813, visited England, and the poet had the gratification of meeting her frequently. In writing to a friend at this time, and referring to the Lectures then recently read at the Royal Institution, he says, "I spent a day or two with Madame de Staël this spring, and read her my lectures—one of them against her own doctrines, in poetry. She battled hard with me, but was very good-natured and complimentary. Every now and then, she said, 'When you publish your lectures, they will make a great impression over all Europe; I know nothing in English but Burke's writings so striking.' This she said before Lord Harrowby and a large party; and if her praise was flattery, she at least committed herself."

During Campbell's residence at Ratisbon he had been kindly received by General Moreau, and presented to his young and beautiful wife. This lady, in 1813, visited London. In one of his letters, he says, "I have dined with Madame Moreau; she did me the honour of talking almost exclusively to me. I sate between Madame de Staël and the lovely 'widow.'" In another letter he says, "I have spent a pleasant day at Lord Holland's; we had the Marquis of Buckingham, Sergeant Best, (Lord Winford,) Major Stanhope, Sir James Mackintosh, and a *swan* at dinner.

Lord Byron came in the evening. It was one of the best parties I ever saw."

After a dinner party at Holland House, Lord Byron, in writing of the poet, at this time, said, "Campbell looks well, seems pleased, and dresses to sprucery; a blue coat becomes him, so does a new wig,—he really looked as if Apollo had sent him a birth-day suit, or a wedding garment. He was lively and witty. We were standing in the ante-saloon, when Lord H. brought out of the other room a vessel of some composition similar to that used in Catholic churches, and seeing us, he exclaimed, 'Here is some incense for you!' Campbell answered, 'Carry it to Lord Byron, he is used to it.'"

About this time Lawrence took a sketch of Campbell. The gifted knight caused the head to be engraved at a cost of 40*l.*, and having written his autograph on the proofs, presented them to the poet.

In the early part of March, in this year, he visited Madame de Staël, which procured him the acquaintance of many distinguished strangers.

At the peace of 1814, on the fall of Napoleon, the capture of Paris, and the restoration of the Bourbons, in common with many others, Campbell was seized with a desire to visit Paris. Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, the Baroness de Staël, had pressed him to join them, and on the 25th of August he embarked for Dieppe, where he spent a week, and then proceeded to Rouen, where he rested two days, having been received with great kindness by Professor Vitalis, and subsequently elected member of the Royal Academy of that place.

In announcing his arrival at Paris, Campbell

says, "You may imagine with what feelings I caught the first sight of Paris, and passed under Montmartre, the scene of the last battle between the French and allies. It was evening when we entered Paris. Next morning I met Mrs. Siddons, walked about with her, and then visited the Louvre together. Oh! how that immortal youth, Apollo, in all his splendour, majesty, and divinity, flashed upon us from the end of the gallery! What a torrent of ideas, classically associated with this godlike form, rushed upon me at this moment! My heart palpitated, my eyes filled with tears—I was dumb with emotion.

"Here are a hundred other splendid statues,—the Venus—the Menander—the Pericles—Cato and Portia, the father and daughter in an attitude of melting tenderness."

He remained nearly two months in Paris and having in that time contracted many friendships, which animated his studies, and ripened his tastes, (Baron Cuvier and the elder Schlegel amongst the number), he embarked at Calais, and after narrowly escaping shipwreck from the ignorance of the person in charge of the vessel, who was neither captain nor seaman, and who ran the ship within a few hundred yards of the Shakespeare cliff, to the terror of the passengers, one of whom was washed overboard and drowned, he arrived at Dover, and thence proceeded to Sydenham.

On the 25th of March, 1815, a welcome accession of fortune befell him by the death of Mac Arthur Stewart, of Ascog, in whose will he was left one of the specific legatees; the amount realized, after paying legacy duty and other expenses, was 4498*l.* 10*s.* (the interest of which is still enjoyed by the poet's son). It is said that Mr. Mac

Arthur Stewart, the testator, when giving instructions for his settlement, observed that. "*The poet ought to have a legacy, because he had been so kind as to give his mother sixty pounds yearly out of his pension.*" It will be out of place here to say much on the relationship between Mr. Stewart and the poet's family, but it was the deliberate opinion of many distinguished counsel, that if Campbell's elder brother had been aware of the law which rendered aliens to the crown of Great Britain incapable of inheriting entailed estates, or of holding land within the United Kingdom, and had made up his title as the nearest heir of tailzie, on the death of Mac Arthur Stewart, or before Mr. Campbell Stewart, his successor. obtained his act of naturalization, he might have been the proprietor of the old family estates, which were afterwards sold by the American heir for 78,000*l*.

The poet was now required at Edinburgh to look after this new acquisition, and on his arrival, after years of absence, was warmly greeted by many old friends, and by Lord Gillies, and Lord Alloway, two of Mr. Mac Arthur Stewart's executors. On leaving Edinburgh, he journeyed to Kinrieth, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Stewart, where he spent some "happy days;" thence he made a tour amongst his relatives in and near Glasgow.

During the years 1816 and 1817, he was occupied in preparing for the press *Specimens of the British Poets*, which, preceded by an *Essay on Poetry*, was published by Mr. Murray.

On the occasion of the lamented death of the Princess Charlotte, he wrote a monody, which was recited by Mrs. Bartley, at Drury Lane

Theatre, for the benefit of the performers who, through this national calamity, had suffered severely.

In 1818, Mr. Roscoe, on the part of the Royal Institution of Liverpool, concluded an arrangement with him for the delivery of twelve lectures on the poetry of Greece, for 150 guineas guaranteed, and the subscriptions above that sum, and in due course these lectures were delivered and listened to with a delight and enthusiasm long remembered by many who had the gratification of hearing them. The subscriptions increased the sum of 150 guineas to upwards of 340*l.*, and he received 100*l.* more for repeating them at Birmingham on his way home to London.

In 1820, Campbell, who had long wished to revisit Germany, was enabled to do so. On the 24th of May, he concluded an agreement with Mr. Colburn, the publisher, for the editorship of the "New Monthly," for three years certain, from the first of January ensuing, at 500*l.* per annum. This settled, he embarked for Holland, arrived at the port of Rotterdam, thence proceeded up the Rhine, and took up his quarters at Bonn, where he was most warmly received by the Schlegels, Professor Arndt, and other professors of the University; thence he made excursions into various districts bordering the Rhine, and after a sojourn of some weeks, revisited Ratisbon, and his old asylum, the Scotch College, and then by the Danube proceeded to Vienna, from which place, after an agreeable sojourn of some months, he returned to Bonn, thence to England, and arrived in London on the 24th of November, and immediately commenced arrangements for his editorial duties. He soon organized a staff, and with a full

conviction of the arduous undertaking in hand, he lent to it all his energies, and soon the "New Monthly" exhibited fresh spirit and power, and for the ten years following, during which he continued editor, was inferior to none of the magazines in public favour and estimation.

Having bidden farewell to Sydenham, which he often said was the "greenest spot in memory's waste," he settled down permanently in London, projecting new efforts in the cause of literature.

Now another domestic calamity befell him, an affliction which embittered many days, which otherwise, humanly speaking, would have been joyous and tranquil; his only son was pronounced, either from hereditary taint or accident at school, incapable of prosecuting his studies with advantage; every thing was done that affection could devise, struggles were made, sacrifices gladly undergone, no pecuniary expense spared. It was only after many alarms that Campbell could be brought to believe that the symptoms manifested, were any thing more than the effects of temper, or mere physical derangement.

In November, 1824, while his mind was still on the rack, alternating between hope and fear concerning his son's malady, appeared the poem of "Theodric." Considerable popularity was anticipated for it, which its author, however, did not live to see realized. While the work was in the press, in writing to his sister, he says, "I am sorry there should be any great expectation excited about the poem, which is not of a nature to gratify such expectation. It is truly a *domestic* and private story. I know very well what will be its fate; there will be an outcry and regret that there is nothing grand or romantic in it, and that

it is too humble and familiar. But I am prepared for this ; and I also know that when it recovers from the first buzz of such criticism, it will attain a steady popularity."

The founding of the University of London is the next feature of Campbell's life which deserves notice ; the idea, as is well known, entirely originated with him, and its realization he ever felt a source of satisfaction ; he looked upon the event, as he chose to say, as "the only important one in his life's little history."

From the occasion of his visit to the Universities of Bonn, Heidelberg, and Vienna, this subject had occupied most of his thoughts, and from time to time, as opportunity served, he mentioned the subject to his friends. At length his plans became matured, and he was enabled, at a public meeting summoned for that purpose, to set forth his scheme in a manner which exhibited not only its feasibility, but at once won over the entire audience to coöperation and an unanimous determination to carry out his suggestions.

After the matter had progressed, and his views been explained, we find him (in a letter dated April 30th, 1825,) thus referring to the subject:—"I have had a double quick time of employment since I saw you. In addition to the business of the magazine, I have had that of the University in a formidable shape. Brougham, who must have popularity among Dissenters, propounded the matter to them. The delegates of almost all the dissenting bodies in London came to a conference at his summons. At the first meeting it was decided that there should be *Theological* chairs, partly Church of England, and partly Presbyterian. I had instructed all friends of the Univer-

sity to resist any attempt to make us a Theological body; but Brougham, Hume, and John Smith, came away from the first meeting saying, 'We think with you, that the introduction of divinity will be mischievous; but we must yield to the Dissenters, with Irving at their head. We must have a *Theological* College.' I immediately waited on the Church of England men, who had already subscribed to the number of a hundred, and said to them, 'You see our paction is broken. I induced you to subscribe on the faith, that no ecclesiastical interest, English or Scotch, should predominate in our scheme; but the Dissenters are rushing in. What do you say?' They—that is, the Church of England friends of the scheme—concerted that I should go commissioned from them, to say at the conference, that either the Church of England must predominate, or else there must be no Church influence. I went with this commission; I debated the matter with the Dissenters. Brougham, Hume, and John Smith, who had before deserted me, changed sides, and came over to me. Irving, and his party stoutly opposed me; but I succeeded at last in gaining a complete victory. . . . The Dissenters themselves, I must say, behaved with extreme candour: they would not even suffer me to conclude my reply to Mr. Irving; but exclaimed, 'Enough, enough. We are convinced, and concede the point, that the University shall be without religious rivalship.' The scene concluded amicably: Lord Althorp appeared on the part of the Church, and coincided in the decision.

"A directory of the association for the scheme of the University is to meet in my house on Monday, and every thing promises well. You

cannot conceive what anxiety I have undergone, whilst I imagined that the whole beautiful project was likely to be reduced to a mere Dissenters' University. But I have no more reason to be dissatisfied with the Dissenters than with the hundred Church of England Subscribers, whose interests I have done my best to support. *I regard this as an eventful day in my life.*"

A few days afterwards he thus writes:—

"You will not grudge postage, to be told the agreeable news that Brougham and Hume have reported their having had a conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Liverpool; and that they expressed themselves not unfavourable to the plan of a great College in London. Of course, as ministers had not been asked to pledge themselves to support us, but only to give us a general idea of their disposition, we could only get what we sought, a general answer, but that being so favourable, is much. I was glad also to hear that both Mr. Robinson and Lord Liverpool approved highly of no rival theological chairs having been agreed upon. Mr. Robinson even differed from Mr. Hume, when the latter said, 'Of course getting a charter is not to be thought of.' 'I beg your pardon,' said Mr. Robinson, 'I think it might be thought of; and it is by no means an impossible supposition.'

"A copy of my scheme of education, but much mutilated and abridged, is submitted to their inspection. I mean, however, to transmit to them my scheme in an entire shape, and to publish it afterwards as a pamphlet. In the mean time, I must for a while retire and leave this business to other hands, now that it seems *safe* from any mischief which hitherto threatened it. I send you

this intelligence because it is an *event to me*, or at least a step in a promised event, which will be, perhaps, *the only* important one in my life's little history."

Subsequently he wrote:—"I rejoice to find the wisest Churchmen and the wisest Dissenters decidedly agreeing on this point, that we ought in this scheme religiously to avoid all chance of *religious controversy*. Mr. Irving said, that learning and science were the natural enemies of religion; but if he said so, I paid him home for it very well. He came and shook hands with me at the conclusion."

From this time, comparatively, all was plain sailing; difficulties were mastered, and the project daily advanced in popularity. Campbell's scheme of education was founded on the basis of the plans resorted to both in British and Foreign Universities, adapting the leading features of each to the advance of knowledge and the growing necessities of the age. In order to leave no system unnoticed, he determined to visit the University of Berlin, and ascertain whether its system and *curriculum* of education could with advantage be adopted in the London University. With this in view, on the 10th of September, he embarked for Germany, and in eighty hours arrived in safety at Hamburg. On the 21st, he wrote from Berlin, "I have just been through the University. I have taken the dimensions of its rooms, and got some books which give an account of its institutions. I have also given my letter of introduction to the librarian (Dr. Spiker), who has given me the liberty of getting out any books I may wish for. I told you, in my letter from Hamburg, that I should go to Leipsic; but I was soon after informed that Berlin is a place much preferable for my

object, and superadds other *agrémens*." He afterwards remarked—"I have got every piece of information respecting the University, and every book that I wished for. The librarian of the University in particular, Dr. Spiker, has sent me every book to my lodgings that I wanted to consult." . . . "I should have felt many inconveniences in many instances, had I not fortunately met with a couple of my countrymen, who are studying medicine here, although they have actually entered the London College of Surgeons.—These young men make me feel very old, for they pay me such attention that I think I must appear in their eyes as venerable as Nestor! They regulate their business for the day so as to keep themselves at my service—as they share it whenever they can be useful; so that I have no trouble but to eat and drink and go about to see sights. From anybody such attention would excite a kindly feeling; but from young men of most respectable attainments and gentlemanlike manners, it is even flattering. I am not suffered to carry my own cloak or umbrella, nor to bring any thing for myself that I want; and they offered even to write out a translation of some difficult German which I have had to get through to the amount of sixty very large-sized and small-printed quarto pages. As they are in very good circumstances, the offer was perfectly gratuitous; but I thought it would be unfair to allow them to sacrifice so much time from their own proper studies. Finally, my devoted friends have taken out their places for Hamburg, in order to be present at the dinner to be given me, whether it shall prove public or private." *

* These gentlemen were Mr. William Coulson of London, and Mr. E. J. Spry of Truro.

In the early part of the year 1826, Campbell received a communication from Glasgow, to the effect that it was desired he should become Lord Rector for the year ensuing, and adding that he "had a strong party among the students of Glasgow, who, if he accepted their invitation, would insure his election." After much hesitation, in consequence of domestic afflictions, he consented to allow himself to be put forward as a candidate. He was duly elected, by an immense majority, on the unanimous vote of the four nations. The fact was formally notified by Dr. Macfarlane, the Principal of the College, on the 15th of November, 1826.

Campbell greatly enjoyed this sun-burst of popular favour—not the less so because he knew that some of the professors had set up, in opposition to him, Mr. Canning and Sir Thomas Brisbane, and, actuated by feelings of political distrust, had exerted their utmost influence to secure the first-named gentleman's election. In consequence of Campbell's delicate state of health, his installation as Lord Rector did not take place until the 12th of April, when he delivered his inaugural address to an overflowing assembly of professors, students, and citizens, amongst whom, though divided in political sentiments, there seemed, at the time, to exist but one feeling of gratification. On the 13th of April, he wrote, "I delivered my inaugural speech yesterday with complete success; the enthusiasm was immense. I dined afterwards with the professors in the Faculty. . . . I find the rectorship will be no sinecure. I have sat four hours examining accounts, and hearing explanations from the Faculty, with Sir John Connel, the Dean of Faculty, my co-examiner and visitor,

to whom the professors are anxious to render their accounts."

As Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, Campbell exerted himself largely for the benefit of his constituents: the lectures, the funds, the library, the examinations, were inquired into; alterations made; grievances redressed; and no pains were deemed too great to render assistance to the commissioners then acting under a commission of inquiry on the affairs of the College. On the 14th of November, Campbell was reëlected Lord Rector for the year 1828, without one dissentient voice. During his second year of office, his wife, Mrs. Campbell, died. She expired on the 10th of May, and on the 15th of the same month the poet thus writes: ". . . I am alone; and I feel that I shall need to be some time alone—prostrated in heart before that Great Being who can alone forgive my errors; and in addressing whom, alone, I can frame resolutions in my heart to make my remaining life as pure as nature's infirmities may permit a soul to be, that believes in His existence, and goodness and mercy. . . ." As the poignancy of his grief subsided, we trace him in communication with Lord Aberdeen on the Commission of Inquiry, and doing his utmost to preserve the privileges of his students; and so grateful were "his boys," as he loved to call them, that, in addition to a handsome present of silver plate made to him, they resolved to strain every nerve to reëlect him for the third time,—an honour, the highest that could be conferred. No such instance of the kind had happened for a century previously. This honour, however, was not to be gained without a struggle: Sir Walter Scott became his competitor—put forward, as supposed,

by the Vice-Rector. Campbell, however, was re-elected for the year 1829; and, during this year, by his exertions, permanent advantages were conceded to the objects of his care—not the least of these being a free access, at all reasonable times, to the Museum and College Library.

The year 1830 was chiefly memorable to Campbell from the death of his friend, Sir Thomas Lawrence,—his declining the editorship of the “New Monthly Magazine,”—and active exertions made for the Poles, in whose behalf, in the year following, he organized “the Association of the Friends of Poland.”

During the years 1831-2, he became editor of the “Metropolitan Magazine.”

In the month of July, 1832, Campbell was invited to come forward as a candidate for the representation of a Scotch constituency in the House of Commons; but, after giving the subject full deliberation, he declined the honour (though his return seems to have been almost certain); and the grounds of his refusal seem to have rested on the multiplicity of engagements, among which the Polish Association seemed paramount. The amount of labour he underwent, and the money he spent on behalf of this oppressed people, exceeded far what either his social or pecuniary position justified.

In 1834, Campbell revisited Paris, where he was eagerly welcomed by many of the exiles from Poland. Thence he proceeded to Algiers, whence the letters were written which appeared in the pages of the “New Monthly Magazine.” He returned to Great Britain in 1835 *viâ* Paris, where he was presented to the late ex-King Louis Philippe, and thence, by way of Scotland, staying

at Edinburgh and Brougham Hall on the road, he arrived in London.

During the following years, he was engaged in a variety of subjects, which brought him money rather than fame ; among these, the *Life of Mrs. Siddons* and the *Life of Petrarch*, and lent his name editorially to some reprints. But the "oil was now seen to burn lower and lower in the lamp, and the social wit waxed faint, or moved perplexedly among old recollections, where it had formerly struck out bright creations. It was a sorrowful thing to see him gliding about like a shadow,—to hear that his health compelled him to retreat more and more from the world he had once so adorned." On the 26th June, 1838, he was presented at Court by the late Duke of Argyle, at the first levee after her Majesty's accession, the queen having previously accepted from him the present of his poems, and afterwards sent him her picture. The effect of the crowd and detention for about two hours among at least a thousand persons, brought on a fever, which, however, was overcome under medicine and repose.

In the winter of 1840, Campbell took, on lease, a house,—No. 8, Victoria Square, Pimlico,—where he proposed to spend the autumn of his days. Having now arrived at the age of sixty-three, and experienced during preceding years the misery of repeated changes of abode, and the discomfort of a solitary life, he determined upon realizing a long-cherished wish—to adopt a favorite niece (Mary Campbell) whom he had affectionately noticed from her infancy—the youngest daughter of his brother, Alexander Campbell, late of Glasgow, deceased. After obtaining her mother's consent, he wrote thus : "She need not come to

London till the middle of May, and then, in my new house, she shall be as welcome as the flowers of that month. It will be an amusement to me to instruct her mind whenever she chooses. But assure her, from me, that she need not fear being set to learn more than she really wishes; and she must not grieve at parting from her mother, for I will send her back on a visit to you as often as she likes."

In 1842, appeared "The Pilgrim of Glencoe," accompanied by a number of minor pieces; but the chief poem added nothing to his reputation, and its reception was not by any means cheering: the smaller productions were welcomed kindly as ever. Yet he was greatly disappointed. He had heard it said, a new poem by him was like a bill at sight. Now he began to realize the truth that old age was fast creeping upon him. Occasionally sunny days brightened his decline. He became restless, and somewhat careless in dress; he began to indulge much in change of scene; Dinan, on the Continent, Cheltenham, in England, and other places, were all tried, one after the other; and at last he determined to dispose of the lease of his house in London and become a denizen of Boulogne-sur-Mer, calculating that he would live there in greater seclusion and at a cheaper cost than in England.

One of the chief indications of decay was an unfounded dread of poverty. After the first blush of life had passed, he had been far more happy in his pecuniary circumstances than most poets or literary men could boast; for at this time, (1842), and for many years previously, his income was little less than 1100*l.* per annum—the interest on the legacy of 4500*l.* from the Ascog estates

produced 200*l.*; his pension 200*l.*; the profits of his works, between 600*l.* and 700*l.*; and, in 1843, on the death of his surviving sister, he received a sum of 800*l.*, the greater part of which, however, he sunk in an annuity, receiving for his "investment" only one pecuniary payment.

In June, 1843, a farewell party (as it turned out) was given to all his friends then in town, and in the month following he left his home never to return to it, except for a few days in order to dispose, at all hazards, of his lease in the house. On the 15th of July, he arrived at Boulogne, and was, by the kind assistance of Mr. Hamilton, the British consul, soon located with his niece at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, a quiet and well-regulated hotel, in the upper town. Here, after a month's residence, he took a house in the Haute Ville,—5, Rue Petit St. Jean. For some months he seemed contented and benefited by the change of air and scene, but the house lay high and exposed, and in November, when the cold weather set in, a feeling of indolence and torpor seemed (as he expressed it) to grow upon him; but this evidenced not merely the effect of the change of season, but the progress of disease—an affection of the liver; yet, now and then, though expressing a belief that the lease of life had almost expired, he would rally—be himself again—and tell his plans for the future. Though in seclusion and retirement, he purposed to show to the world he was not idle, and so he made efforts and strove until wearied nature told the plain but trying truth that his days were numbered. At times, when the weather was inviting, attended by his affectionate niece, he would walk a little way down the hill leading from the Haute Ville to the Bas Ville.

His favourite haunt about mid-day was the ramparts upon which his house abutted, but, at last, when winter set in chill and rigorous, he was fain to retire to his easy chair and a warm corner in his library. Here, in writing a work, entitled "Lectures on Classical Geography," intended to have been dedicated to his niece,—in reading the journals of the day,—in listening to some of his old favourite pieces of music,—the long evenings passed onwards. The new year arrived, but opened upon the sick man with little of a hopeful character. He was oppressed by a constant sensation of cold. He now began to drop all correspondence, and to decline seeing any of the many kind friends who called to proffer their services. As spring came on, and the weather grew gradually more mild and settled, he revived for a few weeks; but this was succeeded by a perceptible, though gradual, decay of strength. Towards the end of May, he became entirely confined to his bed, and the English physician (Dr. Allatt), who had been constant in his attendance, held out no hopes of ultimate recovery.

About three weeks prior to his death, he expressed a conviction that he would never again leave his bed alive; his niece endeavoured to cheer his spirits and to infuse hope, that if God so willed it, with care, he might live for many years; to this he answered, "For your sake I had wished I might live for some years longer, for you are now the only tie I have to this world; indeed, you are the dearest object I have on earth." To which Miss Campbell replied, "Oh! that is a *poetical flight*." He replied, "Nay, my dear, it is a *prosaic truth*!"

Every exertion that affectionate tenderness, or

woman's love, could devise, was lavished upon him; he was generally alive to all that passed; and though his sufferings at times were acute, no expressions of impatience ever escaped his lips.

About ten days before his dissolution, Dr. Beattie came from England to visit his old friend, and on his part zealously aided Miss Campbell in her labour of love, exerting to the utmost all his well-known professional skill and kindly sympathies, in striving to soothe the poet's dying pillow. As opportunity served, and the attention of the sufferer could be aroused, passages from the Scriptures, particularly from the Gospels and Epistles, were read, and his attention directed to the assurance of hope to the faithful believer through the Saviour's atonement. On several occasions he expressed to his niece a vivid sense of the beauty and sublimity of the Bible, particularly the Old Testament, and shed tears over the glowing language and poetic imagery of the sweet Psalmist of Israel.

On the 12th of June he became at times insensible, but towards evening rallied a little, and, addressing his niece, who was standing over his couch, said, "Come, let us sing praises to Christ;" then pointing to the bed-side, he added, "sit here." Miss Campbell said, "Shall I pray for you?" "Oh! yes," he replied, "let us pray for one another."

During the two following days he continued almost entirely in a state of stupor, occasionally naming friends long absent, and making observations, which from their total irrelevancy to all that was passing in his room, showed that his mind was no longer under his own control.

On the 15th instant, at a quarter past four in

the afternoon, he expired without the slightest perceptible struggle; indeed the sudden change of his countenance was the first indication that the spirit of the Bard of Hope had fled.

When the arrangements, required by the laws of France in cases of death, had been completed with the Commissaire de Police and his officials, the body was laid for several days in the drawing-room, crowned with a wreath of laurel, during which period it was visited by many strangers, English and French, and many acquaintances and friends of the deceased, all anxious to testify their kindly sympathies and take a last look at him who had so often cheered and elevated their hearts. After this manifestation of affection to his memory, the corpse was consigned to a coffin of lead, and having been duly sealed with the town seal of Boulogne, was deposited in an outer coffin of wood, upon the lid of which was inscribed, on a brass plate the following inscription:—

THOMAS CAMPBELL, LL.D.,
AUTHOR OF THE "PLEASURES OF HOPE,"
DIED JUNE XV., MDCCCXLIV.
AGED 67.

On the 27th of June, the body was embarked at midnight for London, and on its arrival in the metropolis was conveyed to the undertaker's house—thence to a chapel near the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, in which it remained until the 3d of July, the day of the funeral; a day well remembered by the many who witnessed the solemn ceremonial,—men of all gradations of rank, (not omitting the head of his clan, the Duke of Argyle, and the premier, the late lamented Sir Robert Peel); they all vied with each other in

paying a last tribute of respect to the merits of this admired genius.

Since Campbell's decease, a full-length statue, by Mr. W. C. Marshall, has been finished, and is proposed to be erected in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

We close this short sketch of the career of this gifted individual, by a few quotations from his own words at the age of sixty-one, recorded in *Reminiscences of the Poet by Members of his Family*. He spoke frequently, if led to it, of his feelings while writing his poems. When he wrote the "Pleasures of Hope," fame, he said, was every thing in the world to him: if any one had foretold to him *then*, how indifferent he would be *now* to fame and public opinion, he would have scouted the idea. He said he hoped he really did feel, with regard to his posthumous fame, that he left it, as well as all else about himself, to the mercy of God. "I believe when I am gone, justice will be done to me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue."

Another time, speaking of the insignificance which in one sense posthumous fame must have, he said, "When I think of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid above my head,—when I think of the momentous realities of that time, and of the awfulness of the account I shall have to give of myself, how CAN literary fame appear to me but as—nothing. Who will think of it then? If, at death, we enter on a new state of eternity, of what interest beyond his present life can a man's literary fame be to

him? Of none—when he thinks most solemnly about it.”—

“Farewell! if ’tis the muse’s boast to crown
With deathless fame, and virtue meets renown;
While yonder orbs their measured dance pursue,
The wise shall praise, the good shall copy YOU.”

The first of the two papers in this section is by Dr. J. H. J. van der Linde, who discusses the role of the 'feminine' in the development of the 'masculine' in the history of the human race. He argues that the 'feminine' is not a static concept, but one that has evolved over time, and that it is essential to the development of the 'masculine'.

Dr. van der Linde's argument is based on a number of key points. First, he argues that the 'feminine' is not a static concept, but one that has evolved over time. He points out that in the early stages of human development, the 'feminine' was a dominant force, but as the 'masculine' developed, it became a subordinate force. This process, he argues, was essential to the development of the human race. Second, he argues that the 'feminine' is essential to the development of the 'masculine'. He points out that without the 'feminine', the 'masculine' would be incomplete. Finally, he argues that the 'feminine' is a key factor in the development of the human race. He points out that the 'feminine' is the source of all life, and that it is essential to the development of the human race.

Dr. van der Linde's argument is a compelling one, and it is one that is worth considering. He points out that the 'feminine' is not a static concept, but one that has evolved over time, and that it is essential to the development of the 'masculine'. This is a point that is often overlooked, and it is one that is worth considering. He also points out that the 'feminine' is essential to the development of the 'masculine', and that without the 'feminine', the 'masculine' would be incomplete. This is a point that is also worth considering. Finally, he argues that the 'feminine' is a key factor in the development of the human race, and that it is essential to the development of the human race. This is a point that is also worth considering.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART THE FIRST.

ANALYSIS OF PART I.

THE Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate—the influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated—an allusion is made to the well-known fiction in Pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind—the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress—the seaman on his watch—the soldier marching into battle—allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science, or of taste—domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness—picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep—pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society—the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations—from these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas, we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence—description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague—apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement—the wrongs of Africa—the barbarous policy of Europeans in India—prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling
near?—

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.

With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly
light,

That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path or Glory's bright career.

Primeval HOPE, the Aöonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But HOPE, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits
bring!

What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought
away.

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest
shore!

Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the
world!

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer
smiles,

On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,

His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
'Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear!
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil!
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore—
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,

To wake each joyless morn and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men ;
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Know not a trace of Nature but the form ;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
Pierced the deep woods, and hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyænas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore ;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend !

Congenial HOPE ! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled
hour !

On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee 'light and wave thy golden wand.

“Go, child of Heaven ! (thy winged words
proclaim)

'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame !
Lo ! Newton, priest of Nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star !
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound :
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.

“The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bowers,
His winged insects, and his rosy flowers;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train,
With sounding horn, and counts them on the
plain—

So once, at Heaven’s command, the wanderers
came

To Eden’s shade, and heard their various name.

“Far from the world, in yon sequester’d clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime;
Calm as the fields of Heaven, his sapient eye
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high,
Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage:
‘Shall Nature bound to Earth’s diurnal span
The fire of God, th’ immortal soul of man?’

“Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-lighten’d
eye

To Wisdom’s walks, the sacred Nine are nigh:
Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian
height,

From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia’s daughters
swell

The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell;
Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow,
And Pythia’s awful organ peals below.

“Beloved of Heaven! the smiling Muse shall
shed

Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;

Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian power beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;
Enquire of guilty wanderers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

“When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy;
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;
While Beauty's deeply-pictured smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

“Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred
deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile;—
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassioned souls the joy of grief?

“Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be
given,
And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven;
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,

Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth,
Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan ;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man.

“Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's command,

When Israel march'd along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path—a never-setting star :
So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,
HOPE is thy star, her light is ever thine.”

Propitious Power! when rankling cares annoy

'The sacred home of Hymenean joy ;
When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—

Oh, there, prophetic HOPE! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—

There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.

What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses gray,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from Heaven propitious dews to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive
eyes,

And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
“Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

“And say, when summon'd from the world and
thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,

Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring HOPE the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile;
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart consign'd to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;

Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason; nor de-
stroy

The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.
Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the
gale

That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore,
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that
bore,

Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening
gaze:

Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in
vain,

Till Memory fled her agonizing brain;—
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight
sky,

And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never
knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half un-
true ;
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by,
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
'The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
Oh ! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm !
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine !—
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's
prayer.

HOPE ! when I mourn, with sympathizing
mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be ;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan, .
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of
Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day;
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damned rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane.
Wild Obi flies—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains
roam,
Truth. Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair.—
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd!
Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And HOPE, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern
wars

Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet
horn;

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,

Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country
save!—

Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—

Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd
spear,

Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high ca-
reer;—

HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as KOSCIUSKO fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage
there,

Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air—

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,

His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;

The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,

Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!

Hark, as the smouldering piles with thunder
fall,

A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!

Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,

And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven; ere Freedom found a
grave,

Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?

Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy
rod,

That smote the foes of Zion and of God;

That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car

Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?

Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCK-
BURN!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are
dark;

Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of HOPE untrue;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius and the powers of man;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine:—

“Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit Mind’s unwearied spring:
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No!—the wild wave contemns your sceptred
hand:

It roll’d not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature’s brow?
Shall war’s polluted banner ne’er be furl’d?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the
world?

What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?
Why then hath Plato lived—or Sidney died?

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio’s worth, or Tully’s name!
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!
Rapt in historic ardour, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remember’d shore,
Where Valour tuned, amidst her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet, and the Spartan song;
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
Of England’s glory, and Helvetia’s arms!
See Roman fire in Hampden’s bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valour left the world—to live no more?

No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

Yes! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay.

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic HOPE may
trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth,
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of nature as they play,
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below.

And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her
shame,

That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men! th' expected day
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away;
Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to
 bleed,

And holy men give Scripture for the deed;
Scourged, and debased, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!—

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heaved the floods, and fix'd the trembling
 land,

When life sprang startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all!
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee,
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?
Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil;
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No!—Nature stamp'd us in a heavenly mould!
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!
No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep!—

Lo! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
The quiver'd chief of Congo loved to reign;
With fires proportion'd to his native sky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;
Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumined zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods, his own!
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man!

The plunderer came!—alas! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief, on yonder Indian Isles;
For ever fall'n! no son of Nature now,
With Freedom charter'd on his manly brow!
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,
And when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
Starts, with a bursting heart, for evermore
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore!

The shrill horn blew; at that alarum knell
His guardian angel took a last farewell!
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind!
Poor fetter'd man! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallow'd vows to Guilt, the child of Woe,
Friendless thy heart; and canst thou harbour
there

A wish but death—a passion but despair?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral
fires!

So falls the heart at Thraldom's bitter sigh!
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty!

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!—
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run!
Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!
How long your tribes have trembled and obey'd!
How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd,

Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
Raged o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars bare,
With blazing torch and gory scymetar,—
Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale!
Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame,
When Brama's children perish'd for his name;
The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,
And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to
gain,
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape;
Children of Brama! then was Mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,
When freeborn Britons cross'd the Indian wave?
Ah, no!—to more than Rome's ambition true,
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming
store,
While famish'd nations died along the shore:

Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame!

But hark! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals!
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

“Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say,)
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew;
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning
hurl'd

His awful presence o'er the alarmed world;
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant
frame,

Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came;
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—
But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again!
He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on
high,

Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm!
Wide waves his flickering sword; his bright arms
glow

Like summer suns and light the world below!

Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,
Are shook; and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

“To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to overwhelm;
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,
The tenth Avatar comes! at Heaven's command
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallow'd wand!
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!—
Come, Heavenly Powers! primeval peace restore!
Love!—Mercy!—Wisdom!—rule for evermore!”

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART THE SECOND.

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

APOSTROPHE to the power of Love—its intimate connection with generous and social Sensibility—allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the Book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till love was superadded to its other blessings—the dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope is animated by refined attachment—this disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find—a summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents—even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not untended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and more distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the poem—the predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution—the baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts—allusion to the fate of a suicide—episode of Conrad and Ellenore—conclusion.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART II.

IN joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive
eye

Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd:—
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few!
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between;
'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild-bird caroll'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

True, the sad power to generous hearts may
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing; [bring
Barr'd from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command:
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn;
While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew;
Peace may depart—and life and nature seem
A barren path, a wildness, and a dream!

But can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius brightening into day?—

Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!—
If HOPE's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy
shrine,

Of hopeless love to murmur and repine!
But, should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,
Should Heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page,
No fears but such as fancy can assuage; [miss
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss,
(For love pursues an ever-devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace;)
Yet still may HOPE her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart.

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charm'd him in the fair of Greece.
To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face;
And as he sojourn'd on the Ægean isles,
Woo'd all their love, and treasured all their
smiles;

Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seem'd heavenly when combined!

Love on the picture smiled! Expression pour'd
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece adored!

So thy fair hand, enamour'd Fancy! gleans
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes;
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With Peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy Life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye!—
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds
asleep,

When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around.

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly
burns—

And down the vale his sober step returns ;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away ;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile
To watch the dying notes !—and start, and smile !

Let Winter come ! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep !
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath de-
form, [storm,

And the dim sun scarce wanders through the
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day !
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the fagots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall !

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by nature mark'd his own ;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began !
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man !

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home ;
And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale !
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,

While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the milky-way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour—
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish or a smile—
Thy woes, Arion! and thy simple tale,
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true,
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to
save,
And toil'd—and shriek'd—and perish'd on the
wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;
There on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father bless'd his darling child!
Oh! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died!

Or they will learn how generous worth sublimes
The robber Moor, and pleads for all his crimes!
How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear,
His hand, blood-stain'd, but ever, ever dear!
Hung on the tortured bosom of her lord,
And wept and pray'd perdition from his sword!
Nor sought in vain! at that heart-piercing cry
The strings of Nature crack'd with agony!
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world!

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the
wheel—

Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute ;
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,
From clime to clime descend, from age to age !

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood ;
There shall he pause with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died—that Cæsar might be great !
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy
shore ;

Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last !
File after file the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum !
Horseman and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang !
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh !
Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight !

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,
And HOPE attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day !

In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year ;
In those unmeasured worlds, she bids thee tell,
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
Whose names and natures, unreveal'd below,
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know ;
For, as Iona's saint, a giant form,
Throned on her towers, conversing with the storm,
(When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined,
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind,)
Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore ;
So, when thy pure and renovated mind
This perishable dust hath left behind,
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,
Like distant isles embosom'd in the main ;
Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrent ran ;
From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,
The throne of God,—the centre of the world !

Oh ! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
That suasive HOPE hath but a Siren tongue !
True ; she may sport with life's untutor'd day,
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part, like Ajut—never to return !

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage
The grief and passions of our greener age,
Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flower that hail'd the dawning of the day ;

Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
And weep their falsehood, though she loves them
still!

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,
The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child!
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
Smiled on his sire, and fill'd his heart with joy!
My Absalom! the voice of Nature cried,
Oh! that for thee thy father could have died!
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom!—my son!—my son!

Unfading HOPE! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture
fly

The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,

From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless
spheres,

A warning comes, unheard by other ears.

'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and
loud,

Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!

While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,

The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;

And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod

The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,

With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,

And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine

The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;

Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll

Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!

Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,

Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!

The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,

And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.

Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,

The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,

On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,

Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;

Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail

Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,

When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still

Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!

Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?

Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doom'd on his airy path a while to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Oh! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance, [expanse.
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—
There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;

A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and momentary fire,
Light to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore!—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause
For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing!
Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of
Heaven.

Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurell'd wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic
head.

What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if Heavenward HOPE remain;
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,

If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour;
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!
Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field:
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!
There as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the Moon lights her watch-tower in the
clouds.

Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild!
For oh! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.
Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!
When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow
drown'd,

'Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground'
Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of HOPE behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between,
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to
please!

Yes; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee:
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy!—
But why so short is Love's delighted hour?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower?
Why can no hymned charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel?
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate?—

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,

Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone !
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls ;
When, 'reft of all, yon widow'd sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years ;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe ?
No ! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—
Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you !
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again !

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu !
Daughter of Conrad ? when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell
Doom'd the long isles of Sidney-cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee ?
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part ;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd
low

The plaint that own'd unutterable woe ;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time !

“And weep not thus,” he cried, “young El-
lenore,
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more !

Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return !
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire ;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away ;
Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die !
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness—unassuaged by tears !

“ Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep ;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part !
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony !

“ Farewell ! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear ;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
'That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled ;
And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze ;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er ?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore ?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied ?

Ah! no; methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!
O'er friendless grief Compassion shall awake,
And smile on innocence, for Mercy's sake!"

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee?
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored a while in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship bless'd when life was new?

Eternal HOPE! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

"THE Pleasures of Hope" has now passed through nearly one hundred editions, been translated into all the chief continental languages, for many years been in use in school and college as a model for imitation, and is now familiar in the mouths of our millions as "household words;" so that panegyric or criticism may be here considered quite out of place.

No first production by any poet was ever more enthusiastically received, nor did any poem ever bring its author so large a pecuniary recompense: true it is the copyright was originally sold for the small sum of 50*l.*, to the firm of Mundell & Co., the publishers of Edinburgh; yet these gentlemen, acting in a most praiseworthy spirit, presented its author with 25*l.* upon the appearance of every edition of one thousand copies; and indeed, to their credit be it recorded, after publication of the sixth edition, they allowed him to print one on his own account, by subscription; this, of itself, produced 600*l.* Unhappily, some misunderstanding afterwards arose, which caused the discontinuance of these douceurs; yet on the whole first seven editions Campbell received for his 1100 lines no less a sum than 900*l.*

The work itself, besides having the rare merit in that age of metrical accuracy, great strength combined with natural simplicity of style and peculiar sweetness, had this further advantage in its favour, that the subjects interwoven with it were the very matters at the time peculiarly before the eye of the public; the great revolution in France, the partition of Poland, the abolition of negro slavery, all stood out in bold relief; and by the judicious way in which they were handled, became, as it were, the property of the writer, and awoke a responsive echo in the bosoms of tens of thousands.

"The Pleasures of Hope" appeared exactly when I was twenty-one years and nine months old. It gave me a general acquaintance in Edinburgh. Dr. Gregory, Henry Mackenzie, the author of the 'Man of Feeling;' Dugald Stewart, the Rev. Archibald Alison, the 'Man of Taste,' and Thomas

Telford, the engineer, became my immediate patrons."—*Note from Campbell's Autobiography.*

Campbell's acquaintance in Edinburgh, as he observes, was now general; and, to the list of distinguished friends already mentioned, were now added the names of Gillies, Henry Erskine, and Laing, the historian. There were many young men of talent, nevertheless, to whom he was still unknown, unless by the growing reputation of his Poem. Walter Scott and he were already acquainted; but to introduce him to the *élite* of his own private circle, Scott invited him to dinner. On his arrival at the hour appointed, Campbell met a strong muster of Mr. Scott's friends, among whom he was rather surprised to find himself a stranger. No introduction took place; but the subjects of conversation and the ability with which they were discussed, showed clearly that the guests, among whom he sat at table, were men of genius and talent. Great harmony prevailed; and where Scott presided, the conversation was sure to be edifying as well as pleasant. At length, when the cloth was removed and the loyal toasts were disposed of, Scott stood up, and, with a handsome and complimentary notice of the new poem, proposed a bumper to the "Author of the Pleasures of Hope." "The poem," he added, "is in the hands of all our friends; and the poet," pointing to a young gentleman on his right, "I have now the high honour of introducing to you as my guest."

The toast was received with enthusiasm. The eyes of the company were fixed on the young poet, and, although taken by surprise, he acknowledged the compliment with so much good taste and feeling, that after hearing him speak, no one felt surprised that so young a man had written "The Pleasures of Hope."

THEODRIC:

A DOMESTIC TALE.

THEORY

OF THE

THEODRIC.

'Twas sunset, and the Ranz des Vaches was sung,
And lights were o'er th' Helvetian mountains flung,
That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below ;
Warmth flush'd the wonted regions of the storm,
Where, Phœnix-like, you saw the eagle's form
That high in Heaven's vermilion wheel'd and
soar'd, [roar'd
Woods nearer frown'd, and cataracts dash'd and
From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin ;
Herds tinkling roam'd the long-drawn vales be-
tween,
And hamlets glitter'd white, and gardens flourish'd
green :

'Twas transport to inhale the bright sweet air!
The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare,
And roving with his minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds, and enamell'd moss.
Earth's features so harmoniously were link'd,
She seem'd one great glad form, with life instinct,
That felt Heaven's ardent breath, and smiled
below

Its flush of love, with consentaneous glow.

A Gothic church was near; the spot around
Was beautiful, ev'n though sepulchral ground;

For there nor yew nor cypress spread their gloom,
But roses blossom'd by each rustic tomb.

Amidst them one of spotless marble shone—

A maiden's grave—and 'twas inscribed thereon,
That young and loved she died whose dust was
there: [fair!

“Yes,” said my comrade, “young she died, and
Grace form'd her, and the soul of gladness play'd
Once in the blue eyes of that mountain-maid:
Her fingers witch'd the chords they pass'd along,
And her lips seem'd to kiss the soul in song:
Yet woo'd, and worshipp'd as she was, till few
Aspired to hope, 'twas sadly, strangely true,
That heart, the martyr of its fondness, burn'd
And died of love that could not be return'd.

Her father dwelt where yonder Castle shines
O'er clustering trees and terrace-mantling vines:
As gay as ever, the laburnum's pride
Waves o'er each walk where she was wont to
glide,—

And still the garden whence she graced her brow
As lovely blooms, though trode by strangers now.
How oft, from yonder window o'er the lake,
Her song of wild Helvetian swell and shake
Has made the rudest fisher bend his ear,
And rest enchanted on his oar to hear!
Thus bright, accomplish'd, spirited, and bland,
Well-born, and wealthy for that simple land,
Why had no gallant native youth the art
To win so warm—so exquisite a heart?

She, 'midst these rocks inspired with feelings strong
By mountain-freedom—music—fancy—song,
Herself descended from the brave in arms,
And conscious of romance-inspiring charms,
Dreamt of Heroic beings; hoped to find
Some extant spirit of chivalric kind;
And scorning wealth, look'd cold ev'n on the claim
Of manly worth, that lack'd the wreath of fame.

Her younger brother, sixteen summers old,
And much her likeness both in mind and mould,
Had gone, poor boy! in soldiership to shine,
And bore an Austrian banner on the Rhine.
'Twas when, alas! our Empire's evil star
Shed all the plagues, without the pride of war;
When patriots bled, and bitterer anguish cross'd
Our brave, to die in battles foully lost.
The youth wrote home the rout of many a day;
Yet still he said, and still with truth could say,
One corps had ever made a valiant stand,—
The corps in which he served,—THEODRIC'S band.
His fame, forgotten chief! is now gone by,
Eclipsed by brighter orbs in Glory's sky;
Yet once it shone, and veterans, when they show
Our fields of battle twenty years ago,
Will tell you feats his small brigade perform'd,
In charges nobly faced and trenches storm'd.
Time was, when songs were chanted to his fame,
And soldiers loved the march that bore his name
The zeal of martial hearts was at his call,
And that Helvetian's, UDOLPH'S, most of all.

'Twas touching, when the storm of war blew
wild,
To see a blooming boy,—almost a child,—
Spur fearless at his leader's words and signs,
Brave death in reconnoitring hostile lines,
And speed each task, and tell each message clear,
In scenes where war-train'd men were stunn'd with
fear.

THEODRIC praised him, and they wept for joy
In yonder house,—when letters from the boy
Thank'd Heaven for life, and more, to use his
phrase,

Than twenty lives—his own Commander's praise.
Then follow'd glowing pages, blazoning forth
The fancied image of his leader's worth,
With such hyperbolés of youthful style
As made his parents dry their tears and smile:
But differently far his words impress'd
A wondering sister's well-believing breast;—
She caught th' illusion, bless'd THEODRIC's name,
And wildly magnified his worth and fame;
Rejoicing life's reality contain'd
One, heretofore, her fancy had but feign'd,
Whose love could make her proud!—and time and
chance

To passion raised that day-dream of Romance.

Once, when with hasty charge of horse and man
Our arrière-guard had check'd the Gallic van,
THEODRIC, visiting the outposts, found
His UDOLPH wounded, weltering on the ground:

Sore crush'd,—half-swooning, half-upraised he lay,
And bent his brow, fair boy ! and grasp'd the clay.
His fate moved ev'n the common soldier's ruth—
THEODRIC succour'd him ; nor left the youth
To vulgar hands, but brought him to his tent,
And lent what aid a brother would have lent.

Meanwhile, to save his kindred half the smart
The war-gazette's dread blood-roll might impart,
He wrote th' event to them ; and soon could tell
Of pains assuaged and symptoms auguring well ;
And last of all, prognosticating cure,
Enclosed the leech's vouching signature.

Their answers, on whose pages you might note
'That tears had fall'n, whilst trembling fingers wrote,
Gave boundless thanks for benefits conferr'd,
Of which the boy, in secret, sent them word,
Whose memory Time, they said, would never blot ;
But which the giver had himself forgot.

In time, the stripling, vigorous and heal'd,
Resumed his barb and banner in the field,
And bore himself right soldier-like, till now
The third campaign had manlier bronzed his
brow,

When peace, though but a scanty pause for
breath,—

A curtain-drop between the acts of death,—
A check in frantic war's unfinish'd game,
Yet dearly bought, and direly welcome, came.
The camp broke up, and UDOLPH left his chief
As with a son's or younger brother's grief :

Her women fair ; her men robust for toil ;
Her vigorous souls, high-cultured as her soil ;
Her towns, where civic independence flings
The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and kings ;
Her works of art, resembling magic's powers ;
Her mighty fleets, and learning's beauteous bow-
ers,—

These he had visited, with wonder's smile,
And scarce endured to quit so fair an isle.
But how our fates from unmomentous things
May rise, like rivers out of little springs !
A trivial chance postponed his parting day,
And public tidings caused, in that delay,
An English Jubilee. 'Twas a glorious sight !
At eve stupendous London, clad in light,
Pour'd out triumphant multitudes to gaze ;
Youth, age, wealth, penury, smiling in the blaze ;
Th' illumined atmosphere was warm and bland,
And Beauty's groups, the fairest of the land,
Conspicuous, as in some wide festive room,
In open chariots pass'd with pearl and plume.
Amidst them he remark'd a lovelier mien
Than e'er his thoughts had shaped, or eyes had
seen ;

The throng detain'd her till he rein'd his steed,
And, ere the beauty pass'd, had time to read
The motto and the arms her carriage bore.
Led by that clue, he left not England's shore
Till he had known her ; and to know her well
Prolong'd, exalted, bound, enchantment's spell,

For with affections warm, intense, refined,
She mix'd such calm and holy strength of mind,
That, like Heaven's image in the smiling brook,
Celestial peace was pictured in her look.
Hers was the brow, in trials unperplex'd,
That cheer'd the sad, and tranquillized the vex'd;
She studied not the meanest to eclipse,
And yet the wisest listen'd to her lips;
She sang not, knew not Music's magic skill,
But yet her voice had tones that sway'd the will.
He sought—he won her—and resolved to make
His future home in England for her sake.

Yet, ere they wedded, matters of concern
To CÆSAR'S Court commanded his return,
A season's space,—and on his Alpine way,—
He reach'd those bowers, that rang with joy that
day:

The boy was half beside himself,—the sire,
All frankness, honour, and Helvetian fire,
Of speedy parting would not hear him speak;
And tears bedew'd and brighten'd JULIA'S cheek.

Thus, loth to wound their hospitable pride,
A month he promised with them to abide;
As blithe he trod the mountain-sward as they,
And felt his joy make ev'n the young more gay.
How jocund was their breakfast-parlour, fann'd
By yon blue water's breath,—their walks how
bland!

Fair JULIA seem'd her brother's soften'd sprite—
A gem reflecting Nature's purest light,—

And with her graceful wit there was inwrought
A wildly sweet unworldliness of thought,
That almost child-like to his kindness drew,
And twin with UDOLPH in his friendship grew.
But did his thoughts to love one moment range?—
No! he who had loved CONSTANCE could not
change!

Besides, till grief betray'd her undesign'd,
Th' unlikely thought could scarcely reach his mind,
That eyes so young on years like his should beam
Unwoo'd devotion back for pure esteem.

True she sang to his very soul, and brought
Those trains before him of luxuriant thought,
Which only Music's heaven-born art can bring,
To sweep across the mind with angel wing.
Once, as he smiled amidst that waking trance,
She paus'd o'ercome, he thought it might be
chance,

And, when his first suspicions dimly stole,
Rebuked them back like phantoms from his soul
But when he saw his caution gave her pain,
And kindness brought suspense's rack again,
Faith, honour, friendship, bound him to unmask
Truths which her timid fondness fear'd to ask.

And yet with gracefully ingenuous power
Her spirit met th' explanatory hour;—
Ev'n conscious beauty brighten'd in her eyes,
That told she knew their love no vulgar prize;
And pride like that of one more woman-grown,
Enlarg'd her mien, enrich'd her voice's tone.

'Twas then she struck the keys, and music made
That mock'd all skill her hand had e'er display'd
Inspired and warbling, rapt from things around,
She look'd the very Muse of magic sound,
Painting in sound the forms of joy and woe,
Until the mind's eye saw them melt and glow.
Her closing strain composed and calm she play'd,
And sang no words to give its pathos aid;
But grief seem'd lingering in its lengthen'd swell,
And like so many tears the trickling touches fell.
Of CONSTANCE then she heard THEODRIC speak,
And steadfast smoothness still possess'd her cheek
But when he told her how he oft had plann'd
Of old a journey to their mountain-land,
That might have brought him hither years before,
'Ah! then,' she cried, 'you knew not England's
shore!

And had you come,—and wherefore did you not?'
'Yes,' he replied, 'it would have changed our lot!'
Then burst her tears through pride's restraining
bands,

And with her handkerchief, and both her hands,
She hid her voice and wept.—Contrition stung
THEODRIC for the tears his words had wrung.
'But no,' she cried, 'unsay not what you've said,
Nor grudge one prop on which my pride is stay'd;
To think I could have merited your faith
Shall be my solace even unto death!'
'JULIA,' THEODRIC said, with purposed look
Of firmness, 'my reply deserved rebuke;

But by your pure and sacred peace of mind,
And by the dignity of womankind,
Swear that when I am gone you 'll do your best
To chase this dream of fondness from your breast.'

Th' abrupt appeal electrified her thought;—
She look'd to Heav'n as if its aid she sought,
Dried hastily the tear-drops from her cheek,
And signified the vow she could not speak.

Ere long he communed with her mother mild:
'Alas!' she said, 'I warn'd—conjured my child,
And grieved for this affection from the first,
But like fatality it has been nursed;
For when her fill'd eyes on your picture fix'd,
And when your name in all she spoke was mix'd,
'Twas hard to chide an over-grateful mind!
Then each attempt a likelier choice to find
Made only fresh-rejected suitors grieve,
And UDOLPH'S pride—perhaps her own—believe
That, could she meet, she might enchant ev'n you.
You came.—I augur'd the event, 'tis true,
But how was UDOLPH'S mother to exclude
The guest that claim'd our boundless gratitude?
And that unconscious you had cast a spell
On JULIA'S peace, my pride refused to tell:
Yet in my child's illusion I have seen,
Believe me well, how blameless you have been:
Nor can it cancel, howsoe'er it end,
Our debt of friendship to our boy's best friend.'
At night he parted with the aged pair;
At early morn rose JULIA to prepare

'The last repast her hands for him should make ;
And UDOLPH to convoy him o'er the lake.
The parting was to her such bitter grief,
That of her own accord she made it brief ;
But, lingering at her window, long survey'd
His boat's last glimpses melting into shade.

THEODRIC sped to Austria, and achieved
His journey's object. Much was he relieved
When UDOLPH's letters told that JULIA's mind
Had borne his loss, firm, tranquil, and resign'd.
He took the Rhenish route to England, high
Elate with hopes, fulfill'd their ecstasy,
And interchanged with CONSTANCE's own breath
The sweet eternal vows that bound their faith.

To paint that being to a grovelling mind
Were like portraying pictures to the blind.
'Twas needful ev'n infectious to feel
Her temper's fond and firm and gladsome zeal,
To share existence with her, and to gain
Sparks from her love's electrifying chain
Of that pure pride, which, lessening to her breast
Life's ills, gave all its joys a treble zest,
Before the mind completely understood
That mighty truth—how happy are the good !

Ev'n when her light forsook him, it bequeathed
Ennobling sorrow ; and her memory breathed
A sweetness that survived her living days,
As odorous scents outlast the censer's blaze.

Or, if a trouble dimm'd their golden joy,
'Twas outward dross, and not infused alloy :

Their home knew but affection's looks and speech—
A little Heaven, above dissension's reach.
But 'midst her kindred there was strife and gall;
Save one congenial sister, they were all
Such foils to her bright intellect and grace,
As if she had engross'd the virtue of her race.
Her nature strove th' unnatural feuds to heal,
Her wisdom made the weak to her appeal;
And, though the wounds she cured were soon
 unclosed,
Unwearied still her kindness interposed.

Oft on those errands though she went in vain,
And home, a blank without her, gave him pain,
He bore her absence for its pious end.—
But public grief his spirit came to bend;
For war laid waste his native land once more,
And German honour bled at every pore.
Oh! were he there, he thought, to rally back
One broken band, or perish in the wrack!
Nor think that CONSTANCE sought to move and
 melt

His purpose: like herself she spoke and felt:—
'Your fame is mine, and I will bear all woe
Except its loss!—but with you let me go
To arm you for, to embrace you from, the fight;
Harm will not reach me—hazards will delight!'
He knew those hazards better; one campaign
In England he conjured her to remain,
And she express'd assent, although her heart
In secret had resolved *they* should not part.

How oft the wisest on misfortune's shelves
Are wreck'd by errors most unlike themselves?
That little fault, *that* fraud of love's romance,
That plan's concealment, wrought their whole
mischance.

He knew it not preparing to embark,
But felt extinct his comfort's latest spark,
When, 'midst those number'd days, she made repair
Again to kindred worthless of her care.
'Tis true she said the tidings she would write
Would make her absence on his heart sit light;
But, haplessly, reveal'd not yet her plan,
And left him in his home a lonely man. [past:

Thus damp'd in thoughts, he mused upon the
'Twas long since he had heard from UDOLPH last,
And deep misgivings on his spirit fell
That all with UDOLPH's household was not well.
'Twas that too true prophetic mood of fear
That augurs griefs inevitably near,
Yet makes them not less startling to the mind
When come. Least look'd-for then of human kind
His UDOLPH ('twas, he thought at first, his sprite,)
With mournful joy that morn surprised his sight.
How changed was UDOLPH! Scarce THEODRIC
durst

Inquire his tidings,—he reveal'd the worst.
'At first,' he said, 'as JULIA bade me tell,
She bore her fate high-mindedly and well,
Resolved from common eyes her grief to hide,
And from the world's compassion saved our pride;

But still her health gave way to secret woe,
 And long she pined—for broken hearts die slow !
 Her reason went, but came returning, like
 The warning of her death-hour—soon to strike ;
 And all for which she now, poor sufferer ! sighs,
 Is once to see THEODRIC ere she dies.

Why should I come to tell you this caprice ?
 Forgive me ! for my mind has lost its peace.
 I blame myself, and ne'er shall cease to blame,
 That my insane ambition for the name
 Of brother to THEODRIC, founded all
 Those high-built hopes that crush'd her by their
 fall.

I made her slight her mother's counsel sage,
 But now my parents droop with grief and age :
 And, though my sister's eyes mean no rebuke,
 They overwhelm me with their dying look.
 The journey's long, but you are full of ruth ;
 And she who shares your heart, and knows its
 Has faith in your affection, far above [truth,
 'The fear of a poor dying object's love.'—
 'She has, my UDOLPH,' he replied, 'tis true ;
 And oft we talk of JULIA—oft of you.'
 Their converse came abruptly to a close ;
 For scarce could each his troubled looks compose,
 When visitants, to CONSTANCE near akin,
 (In all but traits of soul,) were usher'd in.
 They brought not her, nor 'midst their kindred
 band

The sister who alone, like her, was bland ;

But said—and smiled to see it gave him pain—
That CONSTANCE would a fortnight yet remain.
Vex'd by their tidings, and the haughty view
They cast on UDOLPH as the youth withdrew,
THEODRIC blamed his CONSTANCE's intent.—
The demons went, and left him as they went
To read, when they were gone beyond recall,
A note from her loved hand explaining all.
She said, that with their house she only staid
That parting peace might with them all be made;
But pray'd for leave to share his foreign life,
And shun all future chance of kindred strife.
He wrote with speed, his soul's consent to say:
The letter miss'd her on her homeward way.
In six hours CONSTANCE was within his arms:
Moved, flush'd, unlike her wonted calm of charms,
And breathless—with uplifted hands outspread—
Burst into tears upon his neck, and said,—
'I knew that those who brought your message
 laugh'd,
With poison of their own to point the shaft;
And this my own kind sister thought, yet loth
Confess'd she fear'd 'twas true you had been
 wroth.
But here you are, and smile on me: my pain
Is gone, and CONSTANCE is herself again.'
His ecstasy, it may be guess'd, was much:
Yet pain's extreme and pleasure's seem'd to touch.
What pride! embracing beauty's perfect mould;
What terror! lest his few rash words mistold

Had agonized her pulse to fever's heat :
But calm'd again so soon it healthful beat,
And such sweet tones were in her voice's sound,
Composed herself, she breathed composure round.

Fair being ! with what sympathetic grace
She heard, bewail'd, and pleaded JULIA'S case ;
Implored he would her dying wish attend,
'And go,' she said, 'to-morrow with your friend ;
I'll wait for your return on England's shore,
And then we'll cross the deep, and part no more.'

To-morrow both his soul's compassion drew
To JULIA'S call, and CONSTANCE urged anew
That not to heed her now would be to bind
A load of pain for life upon his mind.
He went with UDOLPH—from his CONSTANCE
went—

Stifling, alas ! a dark presentiment [mock
Some ailment lurk'd, ev'n whilst she smiled, to
His fears of harm from yester-morning's shock.
Meanwhile a faithful page he singled out,
To watch at home, and follow straight his route,
If aught of threaten'd change her health should
show.

—With UDOLPH then he reach'd the house of woe.

That winter's eve, how darkly Nature's brow
Scowl'd on the scenes it lights so lovely now !
The tempest, raging o'er the realms of ice,
Shook fragments from the rifted precipice ;
And, whilst their falling echoed to the wind,
The wolf's long howl in dismal discord join'd.

While white yon water's foam was raised in clouds
That whirl'd like spirits wailing in their shrouds :
Without was Nature's elemental din—
And beauty died, and friendship wept, within !

Sweet JULIA, though her fate was finish'd half,
Still knew him—smiled on him with feeble laugh—
And bless'd him, till she drew her latest sigh !
But lo ! while UDOLPH's bursts of agony,
And age's tremulous wailings, round him rose,
What accents pierced him deeper yet than those !
'Twas tidings, by his English messenger,
Of CONSTANCE—brief and terrible they were.
She still was living when the page set out
From home, but whether now was left in doubt.
Poor JULIA ! saw he then thy death's relief—
Stunn'd into stupor more than wrung with grief ?
It was not strange ; for in the human breast
Two master-passions cannot coexist,
And that alarm which now usurp'd his brain
Shut out not only peace, but other pain.
'Twas fancying CONSTANCE underneath the shroud
That cover'd JULIA made him first weep loud,
And tear himself away from them that wept.
Fast hurrying homeward, night nor day he slept,
Till, launch'd at sea, he dreamt that his soul's saint
Clung to him on a bridge of ice, pale, faint,
O'er cataracts of blood. Awake, he bless'd
The shore ; nor hope left utterly his breast,
Till reaching home, terrific omen ! there
The straw-laid street preluded his despair—

The servant's look—the table that reveal'd
His letter sent to CONSTANCE last, still seal'd—
Though speech and hearing left him, told too clear
That he had now to suffer—not to fear.

He felt as if he ne'er should cease to feel—
A wretch live-broken on misfortune's wheel:
Her death's cause—he might make his peace with
Heaven,

Absolved from guilt, but never self-forgiven.

The ocean has its ebbings—so has grief;
'Twas vent to anguish, if 'twas not relief,
To lay his brow ev'n on her death-cold cheek.
Then first he heard her one kind sister speak:
She bade him, in the name of Heaven, forbear
With self-reproach to deepen his despair:

''Twas blame,' she said, 'I shudder to relate,
But none of yours, that caused our darling's fate;
Her mother (must I call her such?) foresaw,
Should CONSTANCE leave the land, she would
withdraw

Our House's charm against the world's neglect—
The only gem that drew it some respect.

Hence, when you went, she came and vainly spoke
To change her purpose—grew incensed, and broke
With execrations from her kneeling child.

Start not! your angel from her knee rose mild,
Fear'd that she should not long the scene outlive,
Yet bade ev'n you th' unnatural one forgive.

Till then her ailment had been slight, or none;
But fast she droop'd, and fatal pains came on:

Foreseeing their event, she dictated [said—
And sign'd these words for you.' The letter
'THEODRIC, this is destiny above
Our power to baffle; bear it then, my love!
Rave not to learn the usage I have borne,
For one true sister left me not forlorn;
And though you're absent in another land,
Sent from me by my own well-meant command,
Your soul, I know, as firm is knit to mine
As these clasp'd hands in blessing you now join:
Shape not imagined horrors in my fate—
Ev'n now my sufferings are not very great;
And when your grief's first transports shall subside,
I call upon your strength of soul and pride
To pay my memory, if 'tis worth the debt,
Love's glorying tribute—not forlorn regret:
I charge my name with power to conjure up
Reflection's balmy, not its bitter cup.
My pardoning angel, at the gates of Heaven,
Shall look not more regard than you have given
To me; and our life's union has been clad
In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had.
Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast?
Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past?
No! imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,
There let me smile, amidst high thoughts at rest;
And let contentment on your spirit shine,
As if its peace were still a part of mine:
For if you war not proudly with your pain,
For you I shall have worse than lived in vain.

But I conjure your manliness to bear
My loss with noble spirit—not despair ;
I ask you by our love to promise this,
And kiss these words; where I have left a kiss,—
The latest from my living lips for yours.—
Words that will solace him while life endures :
For though his spirit from affliction's surge
Could ne'er to life, as life had been, emerge,
Yet still that mind whose harmony elate
Rang sweetness, even beneath the crush of fate,—
That mind in whose regard all things were placed
In views that soften'd them, or lights that graced,
That soul's example could not but dispense
A portion of its own bless'd influence ;
Invoking him to peace and that self-sway
Which Fortune cannot give, nor take away :
And though he mourn'd her long, 'twas with such
 woe
As if her spirit watch'd him still below.”

THIS appears to have originated on the occasion of the poet's visit to Germany in 1820, though the idea remained in embryo until 1824.

In July of that year, Campbell, for the first time, announced to a friend this work in the following terms:—"I have a new poem—'Theodric'—a very domestic story, finished in about five hundred lines, common heroic rhyme, so-so, I think. I am rather in good heart about it, though not over sanguine." In writing to his sister, he says: "I am sorry there should be any great expectation excited about the poem, which is not of a nature to gratify such expectation. It is truly a *domestic* and private story. I know very well what will be its fate: there will be an outcry and regret that there is nothing grand or romantic in the poem, and that it is too humble and familiar. But I am prepared for this; and I also know that when it recovers from the first buzz of such criticism, it will attain a steady popularity."

"Theodric" appeared in the month of November, and was received with a coldness which deeply wounded Campbell's sensitiveness, nor did he live to see it attain the popularity he anticipated. It has well been said that "a popular author has no rival so formidable as his former self, and no comparison to sustain half so dangerous as that which is always made between the average merit of his new work and the remembered beauties of his old ones."

"Theodric" is in every way a "domestic story," and has been described by the Edinburgh Review of January, 1825, as an attempt at a very difficult kind of poetry, and one in which the most complete success can hardly ever be so splendid and striking as to make amends for the difficulty. "It is entitled 'A domestic story,'—and it is so—turning upon few incidents—embracing few characters—dealing in no marvels and no terrors—displaying no stormy passions—without complication of plot, or hurry of action—with no atrocities to shudder at, or feats of noble daring to stir the spirits of the

ambitious,—it passes quietly on through the shaded paths of private life, conversing with gentle natures and patient sufferings, and unfolding, with serene pity and sober triumph, the pangs which are fated at times to wring the breast of innocence and generosity, and the courage and comfort which generosity and innocence can never fail to bestow. The taste and the feeling which led to the selection of such topics could not but impress their character on the style in which they are treated. It is distinguished accordingly by a fine and tender finish both of thought and of diction; by a chastened elegance of words and images; a mild dignity and tempered pathos in the sentiments, and a general tone of simplicity and directness in the conduct of the story, which, joined to its great brevity, tends at first perhaps to disguise both the richness and the force of the genius required for its production. But though not calculated to strike at once on the dull pallid ear of an idle and occupied world, it is of all others, perhaps, the kind of poetry best fitted to win on our softer hours, and to sink deep into vacant bosoms, unlocking all the sources of fond recollection, and leading us gently on through the mazes of deep and engrossing meditation, and thus ministering to a deeper enchantment and more lasting delight than can ever be inspired by the louder and more importunate strains of more ambitious authors.

“There are, no doubt, peculiar, and perhaps insuperable, difficulties in the management of themes so delicate, and requiring so fine and so restrained a hand: nor are we prepared to say that Mr. Campbell has on this occasion entirely escaped them. There are passages that are somewhat *fade* there are expressions that are trivial; but the prevailing character is sweetness and beauty, and it prevails over all that is opposed to it.”

In judging of this poem, it should not be concealed that it was written during intense anxiety touching the malady which at that time threatened his only surviving child, and though “Theodric” has failed to add another wreath to Campbell’s laurels, yet it must be conceded there do shine in it brilliant flashes of genius which relieve its hasty transitions and the simplicity of the subject.

TRANSLATIONS.

[THE following are a few only of Campbell's Translations from the Greek; they were written at the age of sixteen, during his collegiate career, and their beauty and elegance went far to win for him the notice and friendship of the Professors.]

MARTIAL ELEGY.

FROM THE GREEK OF TYRTÆUS.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land!
But oh! what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields!
The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam;
His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe;
While scorn'd and scowl'd upon by every face,
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed! dishonouring manhood's
form,
All ills shall cleave to him:—Affliction's storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,

He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children, like himself, inured to shame.

But we will combat for our fathers' land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand,
To save our children:—fight ye side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,
Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant
 might;
Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unblest'd)
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head dishevell'd in the dust,
And venerable bosom bleeding bare.

But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
And beautiful in death the boy appears,
The hero boy, that dies in blooming years:
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears,
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
For having perish'd in the front of war.

SONG OF HYBRIAS THE CRETAN.

My wealth 's a burly spear and brand,
And a right good shield of hides untann'd,
Which on my arm I buckle:
With these I plough, I reap, I sow,
With these I make the sweet vintage flow,
And all around me truckle.

But your wights that take no pride to wield
A massy spear and well-made shield,
Nor joy to draw the sword:
Oh, I bring those heartless, hapless drones,
Down in a trice on their marrow-bones,
To call me King and Lord.

FRAGMENT.

FROM THE GREEK OF ALCMAN.

THE mountain summits sleep: glens, cliffs, and
caves—
Are silent—all the black earth's reptile brood—
The bees—the wild beasts of the mountain wood:
In depths beneath the dark red ocean's waves
Its monsters rest, whilst wrapt in bower and
spray [the day.
Each bird is hush'd that stretch'd its pinions to

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATIONS FROM
MEDEA.

Σκαιὸς δὲ λέγων, κούδεν τι σοφὸς
Τὸς πρόσθε βροτοὺς οὐκ ἂν ἕμαρτοίς.

Medea, v. 194, p. 33, Glasg. edit.

TELL me, ye bards, whose skill sublime
First charm'd the ear of youthful Time,
With numbers wrapt in heavenly fire,
Who bade delighted Echo swell
The trembling transports of the lyre.
The murmur of the shell—
Why to the burst of Joy alone
Accords sweet Music's soothing tone?
Why can no bard, with magic strain,
In slumbers steep the heart of pain?
While varied tones obey your sweep,
The mild, the plaintive, and the deep,
Bends not despairing Grief to hear
Your golden lute, with ravish'd ear?
Has all your art no power to bind
The fiercer pangs that shake the mind,
And lull the wrath at whose command
Murder bares her gory hand?
When flush'd with joy, the rosy throng
Weave the light dance, ye swell the song!
Cease, ye vain warblers! cease to charm!
The breast with other raptures warm!
Cease! till your hand with magic strain
In slumbers steep the heart of pain!

SPEECH OF THE CHORUS,

IN THE SAME TRAGEDY,

TO DISSUADE MEDEA FROM HER PURPOSE OF PUTTING HER
CHILDREN TO DEATH, AND FLYING FOR
PROTECTION TO ATHENS.

O HAGGARD queen ! to Athens dost thou guide
Thy glowing chariot, steep'd in kindred gore ;
Or seek to hide thy foul infanticide
Where Peace and Mercy dwell for evermore :

The land where Truth, pure, precious, and sublime,
Woos the deep silence of sequester'd bowers,
And warriors, matchless since the first of time,
Rear their bright banners o'er unconquer'd
towers !

Where joyous youth, to Music's mellow strain,
Twines in the dance with nymphs for ever fair,
While Spring eternal on the liliated plain,
Waves amber radiance through the fields of air !

The tuneful Nine (so sacred legends tell) [among
First waked their heavenly lyre these scenes
Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell ;
Still in your vales they swell the choral song !

But there the tuneful, chaste, Pierian fair,
The guardian nymphs of green Parnassus, now
Sprung from Harmonia, while her graceful hair
Waved in high auburn o'er her polish'd brow !

ANTISTROPHE I.

Where silent vales, and glades of green array,
The murmuring wreaths of cool Cephissus lave,
There, as the muse hath sung, at noon of day,
The Queen of Beauty bow'd to taste the wave;

And bless'd the stream, and breathed across the
land [bowers;
The soft sweet gale that fans yon summer
And there the sister Loves, a smiling band,
Crown'd with the fragrant wreaths of rosy
flowers!

"And go," she cries, "in yonder valleys rove,
With Beauty's torch the solemn scenes illumine;
Wake in each eye the radiant light of Love,
Breathe on each cheek young Passion's tender
bloom!

Entwine, with myrtle chains, your soft controul,
To sway the hearts of Freedom's darling kind!
With glowing charms enrapture Wisdom's soul,
And mould to grace ethereal Virtue's mind."

STROPHE II.

The land where Heaven's own hallowed waters
play, [good,
Where friendship binds the generous and the
Say, shall it hail thee from thy frantic way,
Unholy woman! with thy hands embrued

In thine own children's gore! Oh! ere they bleed,
Let Nature's voice thy ruthless heart appall!
Pause at the bold, irrevocable deed—
The mother strikes—the guiltless babes shall
fall!

Think what remorse thy maddening thoughts shall
sting,
When dying pangs their gentle bosoms tear!
Where shalt thou sink, when lingering echoes ring
The screams of horror in thy tortured ear?

No! let thy bosom melt to Pity's cry,—
In dust we kneel—by sacred Heaven implore—
O! stop thy lifted arm, ere yet they die,
Nor dip thy horrid hands in infant gore!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Say, how shalt thou that barbarous soul assume,
Undamp'd by horror at the daring plan?
Hast thou a heart to work thy children's doom?
Or hands to finish what thy wrath began?

When o'er each babe you look a last adieu,
And gaze on Innocence that smiles asleep,
Shall no fond feeling beat to Nature true,
Charm thee to pensive thought—and bid thee
weep?

When the young suppliants clasp their parent
 dear,
 Heave the deep sob, and pour the artless
 prayer—
Ay! thou shalt melt;—and many a heart-shed
 tear
 Gush o'er the harden'd features of despair!

Nature shall throb in every tender string,—
 Thy trembling heart the ruffian's task deny;—
Thy horror-smitten hands afar shall fling.
 The blade, undrench'd in blood's eternal dye.

CHORUS.

Hallow'd Earth! with indignation
 Mark, oh mark, the murderous deed!
Radiant eye of wide creation,
 Watch th' accurs'd infanticide!

Yet, ere Colchia's rugged daughter
 Perpetrate the dire design,
And consign to kindred slaughter
 Children of thy golden line!

Shall mortal hand, with murder gory,
 Cause immortal blood to flow?
Sun of Heaven!—array'd in glory
 Rise, forbid, avert the blow!

In the vales of placid gladness
Let no rueful maniac range;
Chase afar the fiend of Madness,
Wrest the dagger from Revenge!

Say, hast thou, with kind protection,
Rear'd thy smiling race in vain;
Fostering Nature's fond affection,
Tender cares, and pleasing pain?

Hast thou, on the troubled ocean,
Braved the tempest loud and strong,
Where the waves, in wild commotion,
Roar Cyanean rocks among?

Didst thou roam the paths of danger,
Hymenean joys to prove?
Spare, O sanguinary stranger,
Pledges of thy sacred love!

Ask not Heaven's commiseration,
After thou hast done the deed;
Mercy, pardon, expiation,
Perish when thy victims bleed.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD;

OR,

"THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

I.

OH ! once the harp of Innisfail
 Was strung full high to notes of gladness ;
 But yet it often told a tale
 Of more prevailing sadness.
 Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
 As winds that moan at night forlorn
 Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
 When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,
 The harper told, how lone, how far
 From any mansion's twinkling star,
 From any path of social men,
 Or voice, but from the fox's den,
 The lady in the desert dwelt ;
 And yet no wrongs, nor fears she felt :
 Say, why should dwell in place so wild,
 O'Connor's pale and lovely child ?

II.

Sweet lady ! she no more inspires
 Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,

As, in the palace of her sires,
She bloom'd a peerless flower.
Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
The royal broche, the jewell'd ring,
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,
Like dew on lilies of the spring.
Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne,
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
While yet in Leinster unexplored,
Her friends survive the English sword;
Why lingers she from Erin's host,
So far on Galway's shipwreck'd coast;
Why wanders she a huntress wild—
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

III.

And fix'd on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildness;
And wherefore do they then return
To more than woman's mildness?
Dishevell'd are her raven locks;
On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
And oft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Placed 'midst the foxglove and the moss,
Behold a parted warrior's cross!
That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady, at her shieling door,
Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet,

For, lo! to love-lorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

IV.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
A son of light—a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad;
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tassell'd horn beside him laid;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade!
Sweet mourner! these are shadows vain
That cross the twilight of her brain;
Yet she will tell you, she is blest,
Of Connocht Moran's tomb possess'd,
More richly than in Aghrim's bower,
When bards high praised her beauty's power,
And kneeling pages offer'd up
The mórat in a golden cup.

V.

“A hero's bride! this desert bower,
It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call—‘My love lies bleeding?’”
“This purple flower my tears have nursed;
A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
I love it, for it was the first
That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.

Oh! hearken, stranger, to my voice!
This desert mansion is my choice!
And blest, though fatal, be the star
That led me to its wilds afar:
For here these pathless mountains free
Gave shelter to my love and me;
And every rock and every stone
Bore witness that he was my own.

VI.

O'Connor's child, I was the bud
Of Erin's royal tree of glory;
But woe to them that wrapt in blood
The tissue of my story!
Still as I clasp my burning brain,
A death-scene rushes on my sight;
It rises o'er and o'er again,
The bloody feud—the fatal night,
When chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
They call'd my hero basely born;
And bade him choose a meaner bride
Than from O'Connor's house of pride.
Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery;
Witness their Eath's victorious brand,
And Cathal of the bloody hand;
Glory (they said) and power and honour
Were in the mansion of O'Connor:
But he, my loved one, bore in field
A humbler crest, a meaner shield.

VII.

Ah, brothers! what did it avail,
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the Pale,
And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry!
And what was it to love and me,
That barons by your standard rode;
Or beal-fires for your jubilee
Upon a hundred mountains glow'd?
What though the lords of tower and dome
From Shannon to the North-sea foam,—
Thought ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied?
No:—let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
But ties around this heart were spun,
That could not, would not, be undone!

VIII.

At bleating of the wild watch-fold
Thus sang my love—'Oh, come with me:
Our bark is on the lake, behold
Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree.
Come far from Castle-Connor's clans:—
Come with thy belted forester,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild-fowl and the honey-comb;

And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech by thy side.
Then come, my love!—How could I stay?
Our nimble stag-hounds track'd the way,
And I pursued, by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

IX.

And fast and far, before the star
Of day-spring, rush'd we through the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
Of Castle-Connor fade.
Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore;
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more,
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear;
While I, his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But, oh, that midnight of despair!
When I was doom'd to rend my hair:
The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow!
The night, to him, that had no morrow!

X.

When all was hush'd at even tide,
I heard the baying of their beagle:
Be hush'd! my Connocht Moran cried,
'Tis but the screaming of the eagle.

Alas! 'twas not the eyrie's sound;
Their bloody bands had track'd us out;
Up-listening starts our couchant hound—
And, hark! again, that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
Spare—spare him—Brazil—Desmond fierce!
In vain—no voice the adder charms;
Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms:
Another's sword has laid him low—
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ah me! it was a brother's!
Yes, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And o'er his burial turf they trod,
And I beheld—oh God! oh God!—
His life-blood oozing from the sod.

XI.

Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
Alas! my warrior's spirit brave
Nor mass nor ulla-lulla heard,
Lamenting, soothe his grave.
Dragg'd to their hated mansion back,
How long in thraldom's grasp I lay
I know not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day.
One night of horror round me grew;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'Twas but when those grim visages,

The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
And check'd my bosom's power to sob,
Or when my heart with pulses drear
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

XII.

But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire;
I woke and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round.
Clad in the helm and shield they came;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.
The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay;
That standard, with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave,—that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

XIII.

And go! (I cried) the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappalled bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek,

Go!—and return no more!
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.
O stranger! by my country's loss!
And by my love! and by the cross!
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that sever'd nature's yoke,
But that a spirit o'er me stood,
And fired me with the wrathful mood
And frenzy to my heart was given,
To speak the malison of heaven.

XIV.

They would have cross'd themselves, all mute;
They would have pray'd to burst the spell;
But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down powerless fell!
And go to Athunree! (I cried)
High lift the banner of your pride!
But know that where its sheet unrolls,
The weight of blood is on your souls!
Go where the havoc of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountain fern!
Men shall no more your mansion know;
The nettles on your hearth shall grow!
Dead, as the green oblivious flood
That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood!

Away! away to Athunree!
Where, downward when the sun shall fall,
The raven's wing shall be your pall!
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face!

XV.

A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam,
Peal'd in the blood-red heaven.
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw:
But now, behold! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's plumed partisans;
Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom:
A sudden storm their plumage toss'd,
A flash of lightning o'er them cross'd,
And all again was gloom!

XVI.

Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vow'd to rove
This desert place a huntress bold;
Nor would I change my buried love

For any heart of living mould.
No! for I am a hero's child;
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish, for my warrior's sake—
'The flower of love lies bleeding.' ”

THIS small piece was suggested by Campbell seeing a flower in his own garden at Sydenham, called “Love lies bleeding;” to this circumstance we owe the touching narrative of O'Connor's Child, composed in December, 1809, and published in the spring of the following year. It has been considered by many good judges as the most highly finished of all Campbell's minor pieces.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
 When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and
 crown;
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
 But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of
 war,
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
 'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
 A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
 Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
 Oh weep, but thy tears cannot number the dead:
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
 Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth, [torn!
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the
north?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the
blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of
heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!

For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it
stood, [brood.

And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshall'd my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
They are true to the last of their blood and their
breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the
rock !

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel ! beware of the day ;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal ;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive
king.

Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my
sight :

Rise, rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !

'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores. [moors :
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
 Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
 His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
 Accursed be the fagots, that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to
 beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
 Tho' my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their
 gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name, [fame.
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND:

A NAVAL ODE.

I.

YE Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow:
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THIS naval ode was written at Altona, in the winter of 1800, when the poet was twenty-three years of age; it appeared first in the *Morning Chronicle* with the following title, "Alteration of the old ballad 'Ye Gentlemen of England,' composed on the prospect of a Russian war," and signed, "Amator Patriæ." At this time the South Eastern and Southern coasts of England were first fortified with martello towers as a defence against foreign invasion; to this fact reference is elegantly made in the lines

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep."

The subject was first suggested by hearing the air of the old ballad before mentioned played at the house of a friend in Scotland; and when the rumour of war with Russia became a general topic of conversation among the British at Altona, it aroused Campbell's patriotism, and hence the result in verse.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

OF Nelson and the North,
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.—

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line:
 It was ten of April morn by the chime:
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death;
 And the boldest held his breath,
 For a time.—

III.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak !' our captain cried ; when each
gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave ;
'Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—

So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'—

VI.

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died ;—
With the gallant good Riou ;¹
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

1805.

¹ Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his despatches.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

1802.

THIS poem was composed in the year 1802, and printed anonymously with "Lochiel," being dedicated to the Rev. A. Alison. It has been described as "the only representation of a modern battle which possesses either interest or sublimity."

Washington Irving, in a "Biographical Sketch of Campbell," appended to "The Poetry and History of Wyoming, containing Campbell's 'Gertrude,'" speaks of this piece and Lochiel, as "Exquisite gems, sufficient of themselves to establish his title to the sacred name of poet;" and Sir Walter Scott, during a visit of the same gifted individual to Abbotsford, made the following observation—"And there's that glorious little poem too of 'Hohenlinden;' after he had written it he did not seem to think much of it, but considered some of it d—d drum and trumpet lines. I got him to recite it to me, and I believe that the delight I felt and expressed had an effect in inducing him to print it.

"The fact is," added he, "Campbell is in a manner a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. *He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.*"

GLENARA.

O HEARD ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and
wail?

'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear ;
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud ;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud :
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around ;
They march'd all in silence,—they look'd on the
ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and
hoar :

“Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn :
Why speak ye no word !”—said Glenara the stern.

“And tell me, I charge you ! ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your
brows ?”

So spake the rude chieftain :—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd.

“I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,”
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and
loud :

“And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem :
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !”

O ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was
seen ;

When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in
scorn,

’Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of
Lorn :

“I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief:
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem ;
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !”

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal’d where his lady was
found ;

From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne—
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn !

THIS poem of "Glenara," written in the year 1797, at the age of nineteen, was suggested by the following tradition:—"Maclean, of Duart, having determined to get rid of his wife, 'Ellen of Lorn,' had her treacherously conveyed to a rock in the sea, where she was left to perish by the rising tide. He then announced to her kinsmen 'his sudden bereavement,' and exhorted them to join in his grief. In the mean time the lady was accidentally rescued from the certain death that awaited her, and restored to her father. Her husband, little suspecting what had happened, was suffered to go through the solemn mockery of a funeral. At last, when the bier rested at the 'gray stone of her cairn,' on examination of the coffin by her kinsmen, it was found to contain stones, rubbish, &c., whereupon Maclean was instantly sacrificed by the Clan Dougal and thrown into the ready-made grave."

This wild and romantic story has been rendered immortal by the late Joanna Baillie, in "*The Family Legend*."

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and
 chill;

FOR his country he sigh'd, when at twilight re-
 pairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill :
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger ;
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not to me.

Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the
 sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh !

Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;

But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no
more !

Oh cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase
me ?

Never again shall my brothers embrace me ?
They died to defend me or live to deplore !

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood ?
Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its fall ?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ;
And where is the bosom friend dearer than all ?
Oh ! my sad heart ! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without mea-
sure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw ;
Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !
Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields,—sweetest isle of the ocean !
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devo-
tion,—
Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh !¹

1800.

¹ Ireland my darling, Ireland for ever.

"WHILE tarrying at Hamburg, I made acquaintance with some of the refugee Irishmen who had been concerned in the rebellion of 1798. Among these was Anthony Mac Cann, an honest, excellent man, who is still, I believe, alive, at least I left him in prosperous circumstances at Altona a few years ago. [Mac Cann is since dead; Campbell and he met last in the autumn of 1825.] When I first knew him he was in a situation much the reverse; but Anthony commanded respect, whether he was rich or poor. It was in consequence of meeting him one evening on the banks of the Elbe, lonely and pensive at the thoughts of his situation, that I wrote the 'Exile of Erin.' . . .

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
 And I'll give thee a silver pound,
 To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water?"
 "O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

And fast before her father's men
 Three days we've fled together,
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.

His horsemen hard behind us ride;
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride
 When they have slain her lover?"—

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
 "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—

It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.—

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:

Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.—

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief,
“Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—oh my daughter!”—

'Twas vain:—the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

SOUL of the Poet! wheresoe'er,
 Reclaim'd from earth, thy genius plume
 Her wings of immortality :
 Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
 And with thine influence illumine
 The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
 Discord and Strife, at BURNS's name,
 Exorcised by his memory ;
 For he was chief of bards that swell
 The heart with songs of social flame,
 And high delicious revelry.

And Love's own strain to him was given,
 To warble all its ecstasies
 With Pythian words unsought, unwill'd,—
 Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,
 The choicest sweet of Paradise,
 In life's else bitter cup distill'd.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
 To Mary's soul, in Heaven above,

But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
 The landscape and the livelong day
 That smiled upon their mutual love?—
 Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skill'd one flame alone to fan :
 His country's high-soul'd peasantry
 What patriot-pride he taught!—how much
 To weigh the inborn worth of man!
 And rustic life and poverty
 Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him, in his clay-built cot, the Muse
 Entranced, and show'd him all the forms,
 Of fairy-light and wizard gloom,
 (That only gifted Poet views,)
 The Genii of the floods and storms,
 And martial shades from Glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
 The swain whom BURNS'S song inspires!
 Beat not his Caledonian veins,
 As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
 With all the spirit of his sires,
 And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile, tann'd
 By many a far and foreign clime,
 Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep
 In memory of his native land.

With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamp'd by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms,
In BURNS's carol sweet recalls
The scenes that bless'd him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings :
Let high Philosophy control,
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling, at the trumpet's breath,
Rose, thistle, harp ; 'tis she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is cross'd with mournful sword and plume,
When public grief begins to fade,
And only tears of kindred fall,
Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb,
And greet with fame thy gallant shade?

Such was the soldier—BURNS, forgive
 That sorrows of mine own intrude
 In strains to thy great memory due.
 In verse like thine, oh! could he live,
 The friend I mourn'd—the brave—the good—
 Edward that died at Waterloo!¹

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song!
 That couldst alternately impart
 Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
 And brand each vice with satire strong,
 Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
 Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell! and ne'er may Envy dare
 To wring one baleful poison drop
 From the crush'd laurels of thy bust:
 But while the lark sings sweet in air,
 Still may the grateful pilgrim stop,
 To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

1815.

¹ Major Edward Hodge, of the 7th Hussars, who fell at the head of his squadron in the attack of the Polish Lancers.

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the
bower

Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree :
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been.
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew,
From each wandering sunbeam, a lonely embrace,
For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the
place,
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart !
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart !
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and
bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combined
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul, like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit ! for wisdom con-
demns
When the faint and the feeble deplore ;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore !
Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of
disdain,
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate !
Yea ! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again :
To bear is to conquer our fate.

1800.

THE scene visited was the ruin of "Kirnan;" situate in the vale of Glassary, about a mile and a half from the ancient manse of Kilmichael. His grandfather, Archibald Campbell, had been the last occupant; and he, when somewhat beyond the flower of youth, contracted marriage with Margaret, daughter of Stuart the laird of Ascog, in the island of Bute, widow of John Mac Arthur, of Milton, whose lands abutted upon the Kirnan estate. Upon Mr. A. Campbell's decease, Robert, his eldest son, appears to have inherited the family mansion, and in process of time to have disposed of it to John Mac Arthur, his half-brother, in order to liquidate debts incurred by profuse Highland hospitality, a love of military display, and a numerous train of retainers.

Mr. Mac Arthur, on the completion of his purchase, still continued to reside at Milton, the new property being incorporated with the old. The house at Kirnan gradually fell out of repair, became uninhabitable, and finally lay ruinous and deserted; a melancholy subject for contemplation to a stranger, but doubly so to one who saw in the "roofless abode" an evident picture of the decayed prosperity of his own family.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had
lower'd, [sky ;
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-
power'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the
slain ;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me
back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young ;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-
reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I
swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never
to part ;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of
heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and
worn ;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to
stay ;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art—

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam ;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the prophet's theme !

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle, cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam:

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,

Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun !
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go ;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
The vassals of his will?—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day ;
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang.
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again :
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe ;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire ;

Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

A DREAM

WELL may sleep present us fictions,
 Since our waking moments teem
 With such fanciful convictions
 As make life itself a dream.—
 Half our daylight faith's a fable ;
 Sleep disports with shadows too,
 Seeming in their turn as stable
 As the world we wake to view.
 Ne'er by day did Reason's mint
 Give my thoughts a clearer print
 Of assured reality,
 Than was left by Phantasy
 Stamp'd and colour'd on my sprite,
 In a dream of yesternight.

In a bark, methought, lone steering,
 I was cast on Ocean's strife ;
 This, 'twas whisper'd in my hearing,
 Meant the sea of life.
 Sad regrets from past existence
 Came like gales of chilling breath ;

Shadow'd in the forward distance
Lay the land of Death.
Now seeming more, now less remote,
On that dim-seen shore, methought,
I beheld two hands a space
Slow unshroud a spectre's face ;
And my flesh's hair upstood,—
'Twas mine own similitude.—

But my soul revived at seeing
Ocean, like an emerald spark,
Kindle, while an air-dropt being
Smiling steer'd my bark
Heaven-like—yet he look'd as human
As supernal beauty can,
More compassionate than woman,
Lordly more than man.
And as some sweet clarion's breath
Stirs the soldier's scorn of death—
So his accents bade me brook
The spectre's eyes of icy look,
Till it shut them—turn'd its head,
Like a beaten foe, and fled.

“Types not this.” I said, “fair spirit !
That my death hour is not come ?
Say, what days shall I inherit ?—
Tell my soul their sum.”
“No,” he said, “yon phantom's aspect,

Trust me would appall thee worse,
Held in clearly measured prospect:—
Ask not for a curse!
Make not, for I overhear
Thine unspoken thoughts as clear
As thy mortal ear could catch
The close-brought tickings of a watch—
Make not the untold request
That's now revolving in thy breast.

'Tis to live again, remeasuring
Youth's years, like a scene rehearsed,
In thy second life-time treasuring
Knowledge from the first.
Hast thou felt, poor self-deceiver!
Life's career so void of pain,
As to wish its fitful fever
New begun again?
Could experience, ten times thine,
Pain from Being disentwine—
Threads by Fate together spun?
Could thy flight Heaven's lightning shun?
No, nor could thy foresight's glance
'Scape the myriad shafts of Chance.

Wouldst thou bear again Love's trouble—
Friendship's death-dissever'd ties;
Toil to grasp or miss the bubble
Of Ambition's prize?

Say thy life's new guided action
Flow'd from Virtue's fairest springs—
Still would Envy and Detraction
Double not their stings?
Worth itself is but a charter
To be mankind's distinguish'd martyr."
—I caught the moral, and cried, "Hail!
Spirit! let us onward sail
Envyng, fearing, hating none—
Guardian Spirit, steer me on!"

1824

VALEDICTORY STANZAS

TO

J. P. KEMBLE, Esq.

COMPOSED FOR A PUBLIC MEETING, HELD JUNE, 1817.

PRIDE of the British stage,
 A long and last adieu !
 Whose image brought th' heroic age
 Revived to Fancy's view.
 Like fields refresh'd with dewy light
 When the sun smiles his last,
 Thy parting presence makes more bright
 Our memory of the past ;
 And memory conjures feelings up
 That wine or music need not swell,
 As high we lift the festal cup
 To Kemble—fare thee well !

His was the spell o'er hearts
 Which only Acting lends,—
 The youngest of the sister Arts,
 Where all their beauty blends :
 For ill can Poetry express
 Full many a tone of thought sublime,

And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come,—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,
But ne'er eclipse the charm,
When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.
What soul was not resign'd entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor,—
What English heart was not on fire
With him at Agincourt?
And yet a majesty possess'd
His transport's most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of the breast
The Graces gave their zone.

High were the task—too high,
Ye conscious bosoms here!
In words to paint your memory
Of Kemble and of Lear;
But who forgets that white discrowned head,
Those bursts of Reason's half-extinguish'd glare,
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair,
If 'twas reality he felt?

Had Shakspeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumph'd to have seen !

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And sister magic came.
Together at the Muse's side
The tragic paragons had grown—
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne,
And undivided favour ran
From heart to heart in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of man
In lovelier woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome,
Robust and richly graced,
Your KEMBLE's spirit was the home
Of genius and of taste ;
Taste, like the silent dial's power,
That, when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven.
At once ennobled and correct,
His mind survey'd the tragic page,
And what the actor could effect,
The scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth :
And must we lose them now !
And shall the scene no more shew forth
His sternly-pleasing brow !
Alas, the moral brings a tear !—
'Tis all a transient hour below ;
And we that would detain thee here,
Ourselves as fleetly go !
Yet shall our latest age
This parting scene review :
Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu !

ADVERTISING
GERTRUDE OF WYOMING

Gertrude of Wyoming, the first woman to be elected to the Wyoming Legislature, was born in 1842 in the town of Laramie, Wyoming. She was a member of the Wyoming Territorial Legislature from 1873 to 1875, and was the first woman to hold that office. She was also a member of the Wyoming Territorial Board of Education, and was the first woman to hold that office. She was a strong advocate of women's rights, and was instrumental in the passage of the Wyoming Suffrage Act of 1890, which granted women the right to vote in Wyoming.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING

Gertrude of Wyoming was a pioneer in the field of women's rights. She was the first woman to be elected to the Wyoming Legislature, and was a strong advocate of women's rights. She was instrumental in the passage of the Wyoming Suffrage Act of 1890, which granted women the right to vote in Wyoming. She was also a member of the Wyoming Territorial Board of Education, and was the first woman to hold that office. She was a strong advocate of women's rights, and was instrumental in the passage of the Wyoming Suffrage Act of 1890, which granted women the right to vote in Wyoming.

Gertrude of Wyoming was a pioneer in the field of women's rights. She was the first woman to be elected to the Wyoming Legislature, and was a strong advocate of women's rights. She was instrumental in the passage of the Wyoming Suffrage Act of 1890, which granted women the right to vote in Wyoming. She was also a member of the Wyoming Territorial Board of Education, and was the first woman to hold that office. She was a strong advocate of women's rights, and was instrumental in the passage of the Wyoming Suffrage Act of 1890, which granted women the right to vote in Wyoming.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Most of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. The Scenery and Incidents of the following Poem are connected with that event. The testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. ISAAC WELD informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in 1796.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

PART I.

I.

ON Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming !
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall,
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall ;
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land ! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's
shore !

II.

Delightful Wyoming ! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forest brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew ;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

III.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree :
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men ;
While hearkening, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and
then,
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

IV.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard, but in transatlantic story rung,
For here the exile met from every clime,
And spoke in friendship every distant tongue :
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung
Were but divided by the running brook ;
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

V.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native roundelay—
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away ?

Green Albin!¹ what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs² rolling from the mountain bay,
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan³
 roar!

VI.

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!
Yet found he here a home and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee:
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life,—to plant fair Freedom's
 tree!

VII.

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor seal'd in blood a fellow creature's doom,
Nor mourn'd the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, beloved of all,
Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall:
And Albert was their judge, in patriarchal hall.

¹ Scotland.

² The Gaelic appellation for the porpoise.

³ The great whirlpool of the western Hebrides.

VIII.

How reverend was the look, serenely aged,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervours were assuaged,
Undimm'd by weakness' shade, or turbid ire!
And though, amidst the calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

IX.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet, oh Nature! is there nought to prize,
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life?
And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathize?—
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,
Or bless'd his noonday walk—she was his only child.

X.

The rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's cheek—
What though these shades had seen her birth, her
sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,

And many a halcyon day he lived to see
Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart—but she
Was gone—and Gertrude climb'd a widow'd
father's knee.

XI.

A loved bequest,—and I may half impart—
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
That living flower uprose beneath his eye,
Dear as she was from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden
play,
To time when, as the ripening years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to
day.

XII.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms :
(Unconscious fascination, undesign'd !)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind ;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclined,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind :)
All uncompanion'd else her heart had gone
Till now, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue
summer shone.

XIII.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bower,
Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament ;
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm that help'd to light
A boy, who seem'd, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by
night.

XIV.

Yet pensive seem'd the boy for one so young—
The dimple from his polish'd cheek had fled ;
When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,
Th' Oneyda warrior to the planter said,
And laid his hand upon the stripling's head,
“ Peace be to thee ! my words this belt approve ;
The paths of peace my steps have hither led :
This little nursling, take him to thy love,
And shield the bird unfledged, since gone the
parent dove.

XV.

Christian ! I am the foeman of thy foe ;
Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace :
Upon the Michigan, three moons ago,
We launch'd our pirogues for the bison chase,
And with the Hurons planted for a space,

With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk ;
But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,
And though they held with us a friendly talk,
The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their toma-
hawk !

XVI.

It was encamping on the lake's far port,
A cry of Areouski¹ broke our sleep,
Where storm'd an ambush'd foe thy nation's fort,
And rapid, rapid whoops came o'er the deep ;
But long thy country's war-sign on the steep
Appear'd through ghastly intervals of light,
And deathfully their thunders seem'd to sweep,
Till utter darkness swallow'd up the sight,
As if a shower of blood had quench'd the fiery
fight !

XVII.

It slept—it rose again—on high their tower
Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies,
Then down again it rain'd an ember shower,
And louder lamentations heard we rise :
As when the evil Manitou that dries
Th' Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,
In vain the desolated panther flies,
And howls amidst his wilderness of fire :
Alas ! too late, we reach'd and smote those Hu-
rons dire !

¹ The Indian God of War.

XVIII.

But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,
So died their warriors by our battle-brand ;
And from the tree we, with her child, unbound
A lonely mother of the Christian land :—
Her lord—the captain of the British band—
Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay.
Scarce knew the widow our delivering hand ;
Upon her child she sobb'd, and swoon'd away,
Or shriek'd unto the God to whom the Christians
pray.

XIX.

Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
Of fever-balm and sweet sagamité :
But she was journeying to the land of souls,
And lifted up her dying head to pray
That we should bid an ancient friend convey
Her orphan to his home of England's shore ;
And take, she said, this token far away,
To one that will remember us of yore,
When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's Julia
wore.

XX.

And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rush'd
With this lorn dove."—A sage's self-command
Had quell'd the tears from Albert's heart that
gush'd ;
But yet his cheek—his agitated hand—
That shower'd upon the stranger of the land

No common boon, in grief but ill beguiled
A soul that was not wont to be unmann'd :
“ And stay,” he cried, “ dear pilgrim of the wild
Preserver of my old, my boon companion's child !

XXI.

Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,
On earth's remotest bounds how welcome here ;
Whose mother oft, a child, has fill'd these arms.
Young as thyself, and innocently dear,
Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer.
Ah, happiest home of England's happy clime !
How beautiful ev'n now thy scenes appear,
As in the noon and sunshine of my prime !
How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years
of time !

XXII.

And Julia ! when thou wert like Gertrude now,
Can I forget thee, favourite child of yore ?
Or thought I, in thy father's house, when thou
Wert lightest-hearted on his festive floor,
And first of all his hospitable door
To meet and kiss me at my journey's end ?
But where was I when Waldegrave was no more ?
And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend
In woes, that ev'n the tribe of deserts was thy
friend !”

XXIII.

He said—and strain'd unto his heart the boy ;—
Far differently, the mute Oneyda took

His calumet of peace and cup of joy ;
As monumental bronze unchanged his look ;
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook ;
Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier
The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

XXIV.

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdain'd to grow ;
As lives the oak unwither'd on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below ;
He scorn'd his own, who felt another's woe :
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or laced his moccasins, in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly
tongue.

XXV.

“ Sleep, wearied one ! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,
Oh ! tell her spirit that the white man's hand
Hath pluck'd the thorns of sorrow from thy feet ;
While I in lonely wilderness shall greet
Thy little foot-prints—or by traces know
The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
And pour'd the lotus-horn, or slew the mountain
roe.

XXVI.

Adieu! sweet scion of the rising sun!
But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock,
Then come again—my own adopted one!
And I will graft thee on a noble stock:
The crocodile, the condor of the rock,
Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars;
And I will teach thee in the battle's shock,
To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars,
And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars!"

XXVII.

So finish'd he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran;
(And song is but the eloquence of truth:)
Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man;
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan
In woods required, whose trained eye was keen,
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan
His path by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

XXVIII.

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side—
His pirogue launch'd—his pilgrimage begun—
Far, like the red-bird's wing he seem'd to
glide;
Then dived, and vanish'd in the woodlands
dun.

Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmer'd in the sun ;
But never more to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hail'd, with bark and plumage
bright.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

PART II.

I

A VALLEY from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlook'd his lawn ;
And waters to their resting-place serene
Came freshening, and reflecting all the scene :
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves ;)
So sweet a spot of earth, you might (I ween)
Have guess'd some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for
themselves.

II.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas open'd by the wandering stream ;
Both where at evening Alleghany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam :
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem ;
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote low'd far from human home.

III.

But silent not that adverse eastern path,
Which saw Aurora's hills th' horizon crown :
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath,
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown,)
Like tumults heard from some far distant town ;
But softening in approach he left his gloom,
And murmur'd pleasantly, and laid him down
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

IV.

It seem'd as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspired those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem'd to love whate'er they look'd upon ;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast,
(As if for heavenly musing meant alone ;)
Yet so becomingly th' expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the
last.

V.

Nor guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that look'd from such a face !
Enthusiast of the woods ! when years apace

Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

VI.

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
That thus apostrophized its viewless scene :
" Land of my father's love, my mother's birth !
The home of kindred I have never seen !
We know not other—oceans are between :
Yet say, far friendly hearts ! from whence we came,
Of us does oft remembrance intervene ?
My mother sure—my sire a thought may claim ;—
But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

VII.

And yet, loved England ! when thy name I trace
In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,
How can I choose but wish for one embrace
Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong
My mother's looks,—perhaps her likeness strong ?
Oh, parent ! with what reverential awe,
From features of thy own related throng,
An image of thy face my soul could draw !
And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw ! "

VIII.

Yet deem not Gertrude sigh'd for foreign joy ;
To soothe a father's couch her only care,

And keep his reverend head from all annoy :
For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair ;
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatmen caroll'd to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appear'd in momentary view.

IX.

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore ;
Tradition had not named its lonely spot ;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their fathers' dust, or lift, perchance of yore,
Their voice to the great Spirit :—rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decay'd
by time.

X.

But high in amphitheatre above,
Gay-tinted woods their massy foliage threw ;
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove
As if instinct with living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue ;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swell'd anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony begin.

XI.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The lingering noon, where flowers a couch had
 strown;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the pine-tree half o'ergrown;
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles
 alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her
 sweetest tears.

XII.

And nought within the grove was heard or seen
But stock-doves plaining through its gloom pro-
 found,
Or winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round;
When, lo! there enter'd to its inmost ground
A youth, the stranger of a distant land;
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound;
But late th' equator suns his cheek had tann'd,
And California's gales his roving bosom fann'd.

XIII.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,

Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space
Those downcast features:—she her lovely face
Uplift on one, whose lineaments and frame
Wore youth and manhood's intermingled grace:
Iberian seem'd his boot—his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks be-
came.

XIV.

For Albert's home he sought—her finger fair
Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.
Returning from the copse he soon was there;
And soon has Gertrude hied from dark green
wood;
Nor joyless, by the converse, understood
Between the man of age and pilgrim young,
That gay congeniality of mood,
And early liking from acquaintance sprung;
Full fluently conversed their guest in England's
tongue.

XV.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
Unfold,—and much they loved his fervid strain,
While he each fair variety retraced
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main.
Now happy Switzer's hills—romantic Spain,—
Gay lilied fields of France,—or, more refined,
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign;
Nor less each rural image he design'd
Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind.

XVI.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws ;
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak,—
The loneliness of earth that overawes,—
Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak
Nor living voice nor motion marks around ;
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado
 sound.

XVII.

Pleased with his guest, the good man still would
 ply
Each earnest question, and his converse court ;
But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why
A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.
“ In England thou hast been,—and, by report,
An orphan's name (quoth Albert) may'st have
 known.
Sad tale !—when latest fell our frontier fort,—
One innocent—one soldier's child—alone
Was spared, and brought to me, who loved him as
 my own.

XVIII.

Young Henry Waldegrave ! three delightful years
These very walls his infant sports did see,
But most I loved him when his parting tears
Alternately bedew'd my child and me :

His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee ;
Nor half its grief his little heart could hold ;
By kindred he was sent for o'er the sea,
They tore him from us when but twelve years old,
And scarcely for his loss have I been yet con-
soled !”

XIX.

His face the wanderer hid—but could not hide
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell ;
“And speak ! mysterious stranger ! (Gertrude
cried)
It is !—it is !—I knew—I knew him well !
’Tis Waldegrave’s self, of Waldegrave come to
tell !”

A burst of joy the father’s lips declare !
But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell ;
At once his open arms embraced the pair,
Was never group more blest in this wide world
of care.

XX.

“And will ye pardon then (replied the youth)
Your Waldegrave’s feigned name, and false attire ?
I durst not in the neighbourhood, in truth,
The very fortunes of your house inquire ;
Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire
Impart, and I my weakness all betray,
For had I lost my Gertrude and my sire,
I meant but o’er your tombs to weep a day,
Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass
away.

XXI.

But here ye live, ye bloom,—in each dear face,
The changing hand of time I may not blame ;
For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,
And here, of beauty perfected the frame :
And well I know your hearts are still the same—
They could not change—ye look the very way,
As when an orphan first to you I came.
And have ye heard of my poor guide I pray ?
Nay, wherefore weep ye, friends, on such a joyous
day ? ”

XXII.

“ And art thou here ? or is it but a dream ?
And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou, leave us
more ? ”—

“ No, never ! thou that yet dost lovelier seem
Than aught on earth—than ev’n thyself of
yore—

I will not part thee from thy father’s shore ;
But we shall cherish him with mutual arms,
And hand in hand again the path explore
Which every ray of young remembrance warms,
While thou shalt be my own, with all thy truth
and charms ! ”

XXIII.

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
Where all was odorous scent and harmony,

And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight :
There, if, O gentle Love ! I read aright
The utterance that seal'd thy sacred bond,
'Twas listening to these accents of delight,
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression's power to paint, all languishingly
fond—

XXIV.

“ Flower of my life, so lovely and so lone !
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
Scorning, and scorn'd by fortune's power, than
own

Her pomp and splendours lavish'd at my feet !
Turn not from me thy breath more exquisite
Than odours cast on heaven's own shrine—to
please—

Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,
When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas.”

XXV.

'Then would that home admit them—happier far
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon,
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flush'd in the darkening firmament of June ;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not portray ;
For never did the hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

PART III.

I.

O LOVE! in such a wilderness as this,
 Where transport and security entwine,
 Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
 And here thou art a god indeed divine.
 Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine,
 The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!
 Roll on, ye days of raptured influence, shine!
 Nor, blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
 Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time
 expire.

II.

Three little moons, how short! amidst the grove
 And pastoral savannas they consume!
 While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove,
 Delights, in fancifully wild costume,
 Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume;
 And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;
 But not to chase the deer in forest gloom,
 'Tis but the breath of heaven—the blessed air—
 And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to
 share.

III.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note,
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing;
Yet who, in Love's own presence, would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring;
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?
No!—nor let fear one little warbler rouse;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
That shade ev'n now her love, and witness'd first
her vows.

IV.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,
Where welcome hills shut out the universe,
And pines their lawny walk encompass round;
There, if a pause delicious converse found,
'Twas but when o'er each heart th' idea stole,
(Perchance a while in joy's oblivion drown'd)
That come what may, while life's glad pulses
roll,
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

V.

And in the visions of romantic youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!
But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!
And must I change my song? and must I show,

Sweet Wyoming! the day when thou wert doom'd,
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bowers laid low!
When where of yesterday a garden bloom'd,
Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes
gloom'd!

VI.

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driven,
When Transatlantic Liberty arose,
Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaven,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes,
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes;
Her birth-star was the light of burning plains;¹
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins—
And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

VII.

Yet, ere the storm of death had raged remote,
Or siege unseen in heaven reflects its beams,
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note,
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly
dreams!

Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams
Portentous light! and music's voice is dumb;
Save where the fife its shrill reveillé screams,
Or midnight streets reëcho to the drum,
That speaks of maddening strife, and bloodstain'd
fields to come.

¹ Alluding to the miseries that attended the American civil war.

VIII.

It was in truth a momentary pang ;
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe !
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,
A husband to the battle doom'd to go !
"Nay meet not thou (she cried) thy kindred foe !
But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand !"
"Ah, Gertrude, thy beloved heart, I know,
Would feel like mine the stigmatizing brand !
Could I forsake the cause of Freedom's holy band !

IX.

But shame—but flight—a recreant's name to
 prove,
To hide in exile ignominious fears ;
Say, ev'n if this I brook'd, the public love
Thy father's bosom to his home endears :
And how could I his few remaining years,
My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child ?"
So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers :
At last that heart to hope is half beguiled,
And, pale through tears suppress'd, the mournful
 beauty smiled.

X.

Night came,—and in their lighted bower, full late,
The joy of converse had endured—when, hark !
Abrupt and loud, a summons shook their gate ;
And heedless of the dog's obstrep'rous bark,

A form had rush'd amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor:
Of aged strength his limbs retain'd the mark;
But desolate he look'd, and famish'd poor,
As ever shipwreck'd wretch lone left on desert
shore.

XI.

Uprisen, each wondering brow is knit and
arch'd:
A spirit from the dead they deem him first:
To speak he tries; but quivering, pale, and
parch'd,
From lips, as by some powerless dream accursed
Emotions unintelligible burst;
And long his filmed eye is red and dim:
At length the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst
Had half assuaged, and nerved his shuddering
limb,
When Albert's hand he grasp'd;—but Albert
knew not him—

XII.

“And hast thou then forgot,” (he cried forlorn,
And eyed the group with half indignant air,)
“O! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
When I with thee the cup of peace did share?
Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
That now is white as Appalachia's snow;
But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,

And age hath bow'd me, and the torturing foe,
Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer
know!"

XIII.

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew ;
"Bless thee my guide!"—but backward, as he
came,
The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew.
And grasp'd his arm, and look'd and look'd him
through.
'Twas strange—nor could the group a smile control—
The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view :
At last delight o'er all his features stole,
"It is—my own," he cried, and clasp'd him to his
soul.

XIV.

"Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd
men,
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack ;
Nor foeman then, nor cougar's crouch I fear'd,¹
For I was strong as mountain cataract :

¹ Cougar, the American tiger.

And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd,
Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts
appear'd?

XV.

Then welcome be my death-song, and my death !
Since I have seen thee, and again embraced."
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath ;
But with affectionate and eager haste,
Was every arm outstretch'd around their guest,
To welcome and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet placed ;
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds with fever'd joy that more profusely
bled.

XVI.

" But this is not a time,"—he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—
" This is no time to fill the joyous cup,
The Mammoth comes,—the foe,—the Monster
Brandt,—
With all his howling desolating band ;—
These eyes have seen their blade and burning pine
Awake at once, and silence half your land.
Red is the cup they drink ; but not with wine :
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning
shine !

XVII.

Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth :

Accursed Brandt ! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth :
No ! not the dog that watch'd my household
 hearth,
Escaped that night of blood, upon our plains !
All perish'd !—I alone am left on earth !
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No !—not a kindred drop that runs in human
 veins !

XVIII.

But go !—and rouse your warriors, for, if right
These old bewilder'd eyes could guess, by signs
Of striped and starred banners, on yon height
Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines—
Some fort embattled by your country shines :
Deep roars th' innavigable gulf below
Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.
Go ! seek the light its warlike beacons show ;
Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the
 foe ! ”

XIX.

Scarce had he utter'd—when Heaven's verge
 extreme
Reverberates the bomb's decending star,—
And sounds that mingled laugh,—and shout,—
 and scream,—
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd ;
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar ;

While rapidly the marksman's shot prevail'd :
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet
wail'd.

XX.

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare ;
Or swept, far seen, the tower, whose clock
unrung
Told legible that midnight of despair.
She faints,—she falters not,—th' heroic fair,—
As he the sword and plume in haste array'd.
One short embrace—he clasp'd his dearest care—
But hark ! what nearer war-drum shakes the
glade ?
Joy, joy ! Columbia's friends are trampling through
the shade !

XXI.

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,
Far rung the groves and gleam'd the midnight
grass,
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm ;
As warriors wheel'd their culverins of brass,
Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines :
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,
His plumed host the dark Iberian joins—
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle
shines.

XXII.

And in the buskin'd hunters of the deer,
To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal
throng:—
Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and
cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle-song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts,
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts.—

XXIII.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr light the conflagration throws ;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one the uncover'd crowd to silence sways ;
While, though the battle flash is faster driven,—
Unaw'd, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven,—
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be
forgiven.

XXIV.

Short time is now for gratulating speech :
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight, yon distant towers to reach,

Look'd not on thee the rudest partisan
With brow relax'd to love? And murmurs ran,
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave
adieu!

XXV.

Past was the flight, and welcome seem'd the tower,
That like a giant standard-bearer frown'd
Defiance on the roving Indian power,
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embrasure emboss'd, and armour crown'd,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green ;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant
scene.

XXVI.

A scene of death ! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow ;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seem'd to blow :
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe !
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of
snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild
alarm !

XXVII.

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu !
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners
flew ;

Ah ! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murd'rous
deeds,

Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambush'd foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert—Albert falls ! the dear old father
bleeds !

XXVIII.

And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swoon'd ;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,
These drops ?—Oh, God ! the life-blood is her own !
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
“ Weep not, O Love ! ”—she cries, “ to see me
bleed—

Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate ; for scarce I heed
These wounds ;—yet thee to leave is death, is
death indeed !

XXIX.

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress ;

And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh !
 think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in
 dust !

XXX.

Go, Henry, go not back when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven ; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last ?
No ! I shall love thee still, when death itself is
 past.—

XXXI.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge ;—but shall there then be none.
In future times—no gentle little one,
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me ?
Yet seems it, ev'n while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love ! to die beholding thee !

XXXII.

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips! but still their
 bland
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwell
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing, as he knelt,—
Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words;—but knew not
 what they were.

XXXIII.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between
'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touch'd by the music, and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd:—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as pass'd each much-loved
 shroud—
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud

XXXIV.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell, o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid

His face on earth ;—him watch'd, in gloomy
ruth,
His woodland guide : but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name :
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watch'd, beneath its folds, each burst that
came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

XXXV.

“And I could weep ;” —th' Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun :
“ But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe!
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death,)
Shall light us to the foe :
And we shall share, my Christian boy!
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

XXXVI.

But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep :—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,

Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most :
She was the rainbow to thy sight !
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight !

XXXVII.

To-morrow let us do or die !
But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
Ah ! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world ?
Seek we thy once-loved home ?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers :
Unheard their clock repeats its hours !
Cold is the hearth within their bowers !
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead !

XXXVIII.

Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft ?
Ah ! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp,—for there—
The silence dwells of my despair !

XXXIX.

But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shall dry thy tears;
Ev'n from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief!"

IN 1809, "Gertrude" appeared, dedicated to Campbell's steady friend, Lord Holland. The cordial reception it received formed a bright epoch in the Poet's life. On the same day the work was published appeared also an article in the *Edinburgh Review* opening with a brilliant eulogium on the taste and talent of the author. "We rejoice once more," said the writer, "to see a polished and pathetic poem in the old style of English pathos and poetry. This is of the pitch of the 'Castle of Indolence,' and the finer parts of Spenser, with more feeling in many places than the first, and more condensation and diligent finishing than the latter." Then pointing attention to the admired poetry of the day, there was added: "We have endeavoured on former occasions to do justice to the force and originality of these brilliant productions, as well as to the genius fitted for higher things of

their authors; and have little doubt of being soon called upon for a renewed tribute of applause. But we cannot help saying, in the mean time, that the work before us belongs to a class which comes nearer to our conception of pure and perfect poetry. Such productions do not, indeed, strike so strong a blow as the vehement effusions of our modern Trouveurs; but they are calculated, we think, to please more deeply, and to call out more permanently those traits of nature in which the delight of poetry will be found to consist. They may not be so loudly nor so universally applauded, but their fame will probably endure longer, and they will be oftener recalled to mingle with the reveries of solitary leisure, or the consolations of real sorrow. There is a sort of poetry, no doubt, as there is a sort of flowers, which can bear the broad sun and the ruffling winds of the world: which thrive under the hands and eyes of indiscriminate multitudes, and please as much in hot and crowded saloons as in their own sheltered repositories; but the finer and the purer sorts blossom only in the shade, and never give out their sweets but to those who seek them amid the quiet and seclusion of the scenes which gave them birth. There are torrents and cascades which attract the admiration of tittering parties, and of which even the busy must turn aside to catch a transient glance; but the haunted stream steals through a still and solitary landscape, and its beauties are never revealed but to him who strays in calm contemplation, by its course, and follows its wanderings with undiminished and unimpatient admiration."

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE HIGHLAND
SOCIETY OF LONDON, WHEN MET TO COM-
MEMORATE THE 21ST OF MARCH, THE
DAY OF VICTORY IN EGYPT.

PLEDGE to the much-loved land that gave us
birth !

Invincible romantic Scotia's shore !

Pledge to the memory of her parted worth !

And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore !

And be it deem'd not wrong that name to give,

In festive hours, which prompts the patriot's
sigh !

Who would not envy such as Moore to live ?

And died he not as heroes wish to die ?

Yes, though too soon attaining glory's goal,

To us his bright career too short was given ;

Yet in a mighty cause his phœnix soul

Rose on the flames of victory to Heaven !

How oft (if beats in subjugated Spain

One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn

For him !—How oft on far Corunna's plain

Shall British exiles weep upon his urn !

Peace to the mighty dead!—our bosom thanks
In sprightlier strains the living may inspire!
Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,
Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire!

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurl'd,
Dear symbol wild! on Freedom's hills it grows,
Where Fingal stemm'd the tyrants of the world,
And Roman eagles found unconquer'd foes.

Joy to the band¹ this day on Egypt's coast,
Whose valour tamed proud France's tricolor,
And wrench'd the banner from her bravest host,
Baptiz'd Invincible in Austria's gore!

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand,
When, bayonet to bayonet opposed,
First of Britannia's host her Highland band
Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost
closed!

Is there a son of generous England here
Or fervid Erin?—he with us shall join,
To pray that in eternal union dear,
The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine!

Types of a race who shall th' invader scorn,
As rocks resist the billows round their shore;
Types of a race who shall to time unborn
Their country leave unconquer'd as of yore!

1809.

¹ The 42d Regiment.

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS
LATEST KILLED IN RESISTING THE
REGENCY AND THE DUKE
OF ANGOULEME

BRAVE men who at the Trocadero fell—
Beside your cannons conquer'd not, though slain,
There is a victory in dying well
For Freedom,—and ye have not died in vain ;
For, come what may, there shall be hearts in
Spain

To honour, ay, embrace your martyr'd lot,
Cursing the Bigot's and the Bourbon's chain,
And looking on your graves, though trophied not,
As holier hallow'd ground than priests could make
the spot !

What though your cause be baffled—freemen cast
In dungeons—dragg'd to death, or forced to flee ;
Hope is not wither'd in affliction's blast—
The patriot's blood's the seed of Freedom's tree ;
And short your orgies of revenge shall be,
Cowl'd demons of the Inquisitorial cell !
Earth shudders at your victory,—for ye

Are worse than common fiends from Heaven that
fell,

The baser, ranker sprung, *Autochthones* of Hell!

Go to your bloody rites again—bring back
The hall of horrors and the assessor's pen,
Recording answers shriek'd upon the rack ;
Smile o'er the gaspings of spine-broken men ;—
Preach, perpetrate damnation in your den ;—
Then let your altars, ye blasphemers ! peal
With thanks to Heaven, that let you loose again,
To practise deeds with torturing fire and steel
No eye may search—no tongue may challenge or
reveal !

Yet laugh not in your carnival of crime
Too proudly, ye oppressors !—Spain was free,
Her soil has felt the foot-prints, and her clime
Been winnow'd by the wings of Liberty ;
And these even parting scatter as they flee
Thoughts—influences, to live in hearts unborn,
Opinions that shall wrench the prison-key
From Persecution—show her mask off-torn,
And tramp her bloated head beneath the foot of
Scorn.

Glory to them that die in this great cause ;
Kings, Bigots, can inflict no brand of shame,
Or shape of death, to shroud them from ap-
plause :—

No!—manglers of the martyr's earthly frame!
Your hangmen fingers cannot touch his fame!
Still in your prostrate land there shall be some
Proud hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal
flame.

Long trains of ill may pass unheeded, dumb,
But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come.

1823.

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaïans!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance!
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the
free:

For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet's
slaves

May be wash'd out in blood from our forefathers
graves.

Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah! what though no succour advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances

Are stretch'd in our aid—be the combat our
own !

And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone ;
For we've sworn by our Country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragg'd from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we shall be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not ;
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe
not !

Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide—waves engulf—fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us :
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves ;
But we've smote them already with fire on the
waves,

And new triumphs on land are before us,
To the charge !—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall ye blush for its story,
Or brighten your lives with its glory.
Our women, oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in
their hair ?

Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken

Till we've trampled the turban, and shown our-
selves worth
Being sprung from and named for the godlike of
earth.
Strike home, and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
Her inlands, her isles of the Ocean ;
Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's
spring :
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguish'd in sadness ;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-
waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that deliver'd their
charms,
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

ODE TO WINTER.

WHEN first the fiery-mantled sun
 His heavenly race began to run ;
 Round the earth and ocean blue,
 His children four the Seasons flew.
 First, in green apparel dancing,
 The young Spring smiled with angel grace ;
 Rosy Summer next advancing,
 Rush'd into her sire's embrace :—
 Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
 For ever nearest to his smiles,
 On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
 On India's citron-cover'd isles :
 More remote and buxom-brown,
 The Queen of vintage bow'd before his
 throne ;
 A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
 A ripe sheaf bound her zone.
 But howling Winter fled afar,
 To hills that prop the polar star,
 And loves on deer-borne car to ride
 With barren Darkness by his side,
 Round the shore where loud Lofoden
 Whirls to death the roaring whale,

Round the hall where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale;
Save when adown the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form:—
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-cover'd shield.
Oh, sire of storms! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity,
Archangel! power of desolation!
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart?
Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruin'd year;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;—
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend.—
But chiefly spare, O king of clouds!
The sailor on his airy shrouds;
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep.

Milder yet thy snowy breezes
Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
Oh, winds of Winter! list ye there
To many a deep and dying groan;
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.
Alas! ev'n your unhallow'd breath
May spare the victim fallen low;
But man will ask no truce to death,—
No bounds to human woe.

LINES.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARTLEY AT DRURY-LANE THEA-
TRE, ON THE FIRST OPENING OF THE HOUSE
AFTER THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS
CHARLOTTE, 1817.

BRITONS! although our task is but to show
The scenes and passions of fictitious woe,
Think not we come this night without a part
In that deep sorrow of the public heart,
Which like a shade hath darken'd every place,
And moisten'd with a tear the manliest face!
The bell is scarcely hush'd in Windsor's piles,
That toll'd a requiem from the solemn aisles,

For her, the royal flower, low laid in dust,
That was your fairest hope, your fondest trust.
Unconscious of the doom, we dreamt, alas!
That ev'n these walls, ere many months should
 pass,
Which but return sad accents for her now,
Perhaps had witness'd her benignant brow,
Cheer'd by the voice you would have raised on
 high,
In bursts of British love and loyalty.
But, Britain! now thy chief, thy people mourn,
And Claremont's home of love is left forlorn:—
There, where the happiest of the happy dwelt
The 'scutcheon glooms, and royalty hath felt
A wound that every bosom feels its own,—
The blessing of a father's heart o'erthrown—
The most beloved and most devoted bride
Torn from an agonized husband's side,
Who "long as Memory holds her seat" shall view
That speechless, more than spoken last adieu,
When the fix'd eye long look'd connubial faith,
And beam'd affection in the trance of death.
Sad was the pomp that yesternight beheld,
As with the mourner's heart the anthem swell'd;
While torch succeeding torch illumed each high
And banner'd arch of England's chivalry.
The rich plumed canopy, the gorgeous pall,
The sacred march, and sable-vested wall,—
These were not rites of inexpressive show,
But hallow'd as the types of real woe!

Daughter of England! for a nation sighs,
A nation's heart, went with thine obsequies!—
And oft shall time revert a look of grief
On thine existence, beautiful and brief.
Fair spirit! send thy blessing from above
On realms where thou art canonized by love!
Give to a father's, husband's bleeding mind,
The peace that angels lend to human kind;
To us who in thy loved remembrance feel
A sorrowing, but a soul-ennobling zeal—
A loyalty that touches all the best
And loftiest principles of England's breast!
Still may thy name speak concord from the tomb—
Still in the Muse's breath thy memory bloom!
They shall describe thy life—thy form portray;
But all the love that mourns thee swept away,
'Tis not in language or expressive arts
To paint—ye feel it, Britons, in your hearts!

LINES ON THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.

By strangers left upon a lonely shore,
 Unknown, unhonour'd, was the friendless dead ;
 For child to weep, or widow to deplore,
 There never came to his unburied head :—
 All from his dreary habitation fled.
 Nor will the lantern'd fisherman at eve
 Launch on that water by the witches' tower,
 Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave
 Round its dark vaults a melancholy bower
 For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour.

They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate !
 Whose crime it was, on Life's unfinish'd road,
 To feel the step-dame buffetings of fate,
 And render back thy being's heavy load.
 Ah ! once, perhaps, the social passions glow'd
 In thy devoted bosom—and the hand
 That smote its kindred heart, might yet be prone
 To deeds of mercy. Who may understand
 Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown ?—
 He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone.

1801.

REULLURA.¹

STAR of the morn and eve,
 Reullura shone like thee,
 And well for her might Aodh grieve,
 The dark-attired Culdee.
 Peace to their shades! the pure Culdees
 Were Albyn's earliest priests of God,
 Ere yet an island of her seas
 By foot of Saxon monk was trod,
 Long ere her churchmen by bigotry
 Were barr'd from wedlock's holy tie.
 'Twas then that Aodh, famed afar,
 In Iona preach'd the word with power,
 And Reullura, beauty's star,
 Was the partner of his bower.

But, Aodh, the roof lies low,
 And the thistle-down waves bleaching,
 And the bat flits to and fro
 Where the Gaël once heard thy preaching;
 And fallen is each column'd aisle
 Where the chiefs and the people knelt.

¹ Reullura, in Gaëlic, signifies "beautiful star."

"Twas near that temple's goodly pile
That honoured of men they dwelt.
For Aodh was wise in the sacred law,
And bright Reullura's eyes oft saw
The veil of fate uplifted.

Alas, with what visions of awe
Her soul in that hour was gifted—
When pale in the temple and faint,
With Aodh she stood alone
By the statue of an aged Saint!
Fair sculptured was the stone,
It bore a crucifix;

Fame said it once had graced
A Christain temple, which the Picts
In the Britons' land laid waste:
The Pictish men, by St. Columb taught,
Had hither the holy relic brought,
Reullura eyed the statue's face,
And cried, "It is, he shall come,
Even he, in this very place,
To avenge my martyrdom.

For, woe to the Gaël people!
Ulvfagre is on the main,
And Iona shall look from tower and steeple
On the coming ships of the Dane;
And, dames and daughters, shall all your locks
With the spoiler's grasp entwine?
No! some shall have shelter in caves and
rocks,

And the deep sea shall be mine.
Baffled by me shall the Dane return,
And here shall his torch in the temple burn
Until that holy man shall plough
The waves from Innisfail.
His sail is on the deep e'en now,
And swells to the southern gale."

"Ah! know'st thou not, my bride,"
The holy Aodh said,
"That the Saint whose form we stand beside
Has for ages slept with the dead?"
"He liveth, he liveth," she said again,
"For the span of his life tenfold extends
Beyond the wonted years of men.

He sits by the graves of well-loved friends
That died ere thy grandsire's grandsire's birth:
The oak is decay'd with age on earth,
Whose acorn-seed had been planted by him;

And his parents remember the day of dread
When the sun on the cross look'd dim,
And the graves gave up their dead.

Yet preaching from clime to clime,

He hath roam'd the earth for ages,
And hither he shall come in time

When the wrath of the heathen rages,
In time a remnant from the sword—

Ah! but a remnant to deliver;
Yet, blest be the name of the Lord!

His martyrs shall go into bliss for ever.

Lochlin,¹ appall'd, shall put up her steel,
And thou shalt embark on the bounding keel ;
Safe shall thou pass through her hundred ships,
 With the Saint and a remnant of the Gaël,
And the Lord will instruct thy lips
 To preach in Innisfail.”²

The sun, now about to set,
 Was burning o'er Tiree,
And no gathering cry rose yet
 O'er the isles of Albyn's sea,
Whilst Reullura saw far rowers dip
 Their oars beneath the sun,
And the phantom of many a Danish ship,
 Where ship there yet was none.
And the shield of alarm was dumb,
Nor did their warning till midnight come,
When watch-fires burst from across the main,
 From Rona, and Uist, and Skye,
To tell that the ships of the Dane
 And the red-hair'd slayers were nigh.

Our islemen arose from slumbers,
 And buckled on their arms ;
But few, alas ! were their numbers
 To Lochlin's mailed swarms.
And the blade of the bloody Norse
 Has fill'd the shores of the Gaël

¹ Denmark.² Ireland.

With many a floating corse,
And with many a woman's wail.
They have lighted the islands with ruin's torch,
And the holy men of Iona's church
In the temple of God lay slain;
All but Aodh, the last Culdee,
But bound with many an iron chain,
Bound in that church was he.
And where is Aodh's bride?
Rocks of the ocean flood!
Plunged she not from your heights in pride,
And mock'd the men of blood?
Then Ulvfagre and his bands
In the temple lighted their banquet up,
And the print of their blood-red hands
Was left on the altar cup.
'Twas then that the Norseman to Aodh said,
"Tell where thy church's treasure's laid,
Or I'll hew thee limb from limb."
As he spoke the bell struck three,
And every torch grew dim
That lighted their revelry.

But the torches again burnt bright,
And brighter than before,
When an aged man of majestic height
Enter'd the temple door.
Hush'd was the revellers' sound,
They were struck as mute as the dead,
And their hearts were appall'd by the very sound

Of his footsteps' measured tread.
Nor word was spoken by one beholder,
Whilst he flung his white robe back o'er his
 shoulder,
And stretching his arms—as eath
 Unriveted Aodh's bands,
As if the gyves had been a wreath
 Of willows in his hands.

All saw the stranger's similitude
 To the ancient statue's form ;
The Saint before his own image stood,
 And grasp'd Ulvfagre's arm.
Then up rose the Danes at last to deliver
 Their chief, and shouting with one accord,
They drew the shaft from its rattling quiver.
 They lifted the spear and sword,
And levell'd their spears in rows.
But down went axes and spears and bows,
When the Saint with his crosier sign'd,
 The archer's hand on the string was stopt,
And down, like reeds laid flat by the wind,
 Their lifted weapons dropt.
The Saint then gave a signal mute,
 And though Ulvfagre will'd it not,
He came and stood at the statue's foot,
 Spell-riveted to the spot,
Till hands invisible shook the wall,
 And the tottering image was dash'd
Down from its lofty pedestal.

On Ulvfagre's helm it crash'd—
Helmet, and skull, and flesh, and brain,
It crush'd as millstones crush the grain.
Then spoke the Saint, whilst all and each
Of the Heathen trembled round,
And the pauses amidst his speech
Were as awful as the sound:

“Go back, ye wolves! to your dens” (he cried).
“And tell the nations abroad,
How the fiercest of your herd has died,
That slaughter'd the flock of God.
Gather him bone by bone,
And take with you o'er the flood
The fragments of that avenging stone
That drank his heathen blood.
These are the spoils from Iona's sack,
The only spoils ye shall carry back;
For the hand that uplifteth spear or sword
Shall be wither'd by palsy's shock,
And I come in the name of the Lord
To deliver a remnant of his flock.”

A remnant was call'd together,
A doleful remnant of the Gaël,
And the Saint in the ship that had brought him
hither
Took the mourners to Innisfail.
Unscathed they left Iona's strand,
When the opal morn first flush'd the sky,

For the Norse dropt spear, and bow, and brand,
And look'd on them silently ;
Safe from their hiding-places came
Orphans and mothers, child and dame :
But, alas ! when the search for Reullura spread,
No answering voice was given,
For the sea had gone o'er her lovely head,
And her spirit was in Heaven.

1824.

THE TURKISH LADY.

'TWAS the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly
Left to dew the freshen'd air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose ;
Ev'n a captive spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
Came an Eastern lady bright :
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and loved an English knight.

" Tell me, captive, why in anguish
Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,
Where poor Christians as they languish
Hear no sound of Sabbath bell ?"—

" 'Twas on Transylvania's Bannet,
When the Crescent shone afar,

Like a pale disastrous planet
O'er the purple tide of war—

In that day of desolation,
Lady, I was captive made;
Bleeding for my Christian nation
By the walls of high Belgrade."

"Captive! could the brightest jewel
From my turban set thee free?"

"Lady, no!—the gift were cruel,
Ransom'd, yet if reft of thee.

Say, fair princess! would it grieve thee
Christian climes should we behold?"—

"Nay, bold knight! I would not leave thee
Were thy ransom paid in gold!"

Now in Heaven's blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,
When to quit her father's mansion
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu!

"Fly we then, while none discover!
Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride!"—
Soon at Rhodes the British lover
Clasp'd his blooming Eastern bride.

THE BRAVE ROLAND.

THE brave Roland!—the brave Roland!—
 False tidings reach'd the Rhenish strand
 That he had fall'n in fight ;
 And thy faithful bosom swoon'd with pain,
 O loveliest maid of Allémayne !
 For the loss of thine own true knight.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil,
 In yon Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale ?
 For her vow had scarce been sworn,
 And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,
 When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung—
 'Twas her own dear warrior's horn !

Woe ! woe ! each heart shall bleed—shall break !
 She would have hung upon his neck,
 Had he come but yester-even !
 And he had clasp'd those peerless charms,
 That shall never, never fill his arms,
 Or meet him but in heaven.

Yet Roland the brave—Roland the true—
 He could not bid that spot adieu ;
 It was dear still midst his woes ;

For he loved to breathe the neighbouring air,
And to think she bless'd him in her prayer,
When the Halleluiah rose.

There's yet one window of that pile,
Which he built above the Nun's green isle ;
Thence sad and oft look'd he
(When the chant and organ sounded slow)
On the mansion of his love below,
For herself he might not see.

She died !—he sought the battle-plain ;
Her image fill'd his dying brain,
When he fell and wish'd to fall :
And her name was in his latest sigh,
When Roland, the flower of chivalry,
Expired at Roncevall.

1820.

THE SPECTRE BOAT.

A BALLAD.

LIGHT rued false Ferdinand to leave a lovely
maid forlorn,
Who broke her heart and died to hide her blush-
ing cheek from scorn.
One night he dreamt he woo'd her in their wonted
bower of love,
Where the flowers sprang thick around them, and
the birds sang sweet above.

But the scene was swiftly changed into a church-
yard's dismal view,
And her lips grew black beneath his kiss, from
love's delicious hue.
What more he dreamt, he told to none ; but shud-
dering, pale, and dumb,
Look'd out upon the waves, like one that knew
his hour was come.

'Twas now the dead watch of the night—the helm
was lashed a-lee,
And the ship rode where Mount Ætna lights the
deep Levantine sea ;

When beneath its glare a boat came, row'd by a
woman in her shroud,
Who, with eyes that made our blood run cold,
stood up and spoke aloud:—

“Come, Traitor, down, for whom my ghost still
wanders unforgiven!
Come down, false Ferdinand, for whom I broke
my peace with heaven!” —
It was vain to hold the victim, for he plunged to
meet her call,
Like the bird that shrieks and flutters in the gazing
serpent's thrall.

You may guess the boldest mariner shrunk
daunted from the sight,
For the Spectre and her winding-sheet shone blue
with hideous light;
Like a fiery wheel the boat spun with the waving
of her hand,
And round they went, and down they went, as the
cock crew from the land.

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

If any white-wing'd Power above
My joys and griefs survey,
The day when thou wert born, my love—
He surely bless'd that day.

I laugh'd (till taught by thee) when told
Of Beauty's magic powers,
That ripen'd life's dull ore to gold,
And changed its weeds to flowers.

My mind had lovely shapes portray'd ;
But thought I earth had one
Could make even Fancy's visions fade
Like stars before the sun ?

I gazed, and felt upon my lips
The unfinish'd accents hang :
One moment's bliss, one burning kiss,
To rapture changed each pang.

And though as swift as lightning's flash
Those tranced moments flew,
Not all the waves of time shall wash
Their memory from my view.

But duly shall my raptured song,
And gladly shall my eyes,
Still bless this day's return, as long
As thou shalt see it rise.

SONG.

OH, how hard it is to find
The one just suited to our mind ;
And if that one should be
False, unkind, or found too late,
What can we do but sigh at fate,
And sing, Woe's me—Woe's me?

Love's a boundless burning waste,
Where Bliss's stream we seldom taste,
And still more seldom flee
Suspense's thorns, Suspicion's stings ;
Yet somehow Love a something brings
That's sweet—ev'n when we sigh 'Woe's me!'

ADELGITHA.

THE ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad pale ADELGITHA came,
When forth a valiant champion bounded,
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, deliver'd from her danger ;
But when he knelt to claim her glove—
“Seek not,” she cried, “oh ! gallant stranger,
For hapless ADELGITHA's love.

For he is in a foreign far land
Whose arms should now have set me free ;
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that's dead, or false to me.”

“Nay ! say not that his faith is tainted !” —
He raised his vizor—At the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted ;
It was indeed her own true knight !

LINES

ON RECEIVING A SEAL WITH THE CAMPBELL.
 CREST, FROM K. M—, BEFORE HER
 MARRIAGE.

THIS wax returns not back more fair
 Th' impression of the gift you send,
 Than stamp'd upon my thoughts I bear
 The image of your worth, my friend!—

We are not friends of yesterday ;—
 But poets' fancies are a little
 Disposed to heat and cool, (they say,)—
 By turns impressible and brittle.

Well! should its frailty e'er condemn
 My heart to prize or please you less,
 Your type is still the sealing gem,
 And *mine* the waxen brittleness.

What transcripts of my weal and woe
 This little signet yet may lock,—
 What utterances to friend or foe,
 In reason's calm or passion's shock!

What scenes of life's yet curtain'd stage
May own its confidential die,
Whose stamp awaits th' unwritten page,
And feelings of futurity!—

Yet wheresoe'er my pen I lift
To date the epistolary sheet,
The blest occasion of the gift
Shall make its recollection sweet;

Sent when the star that rules your fates
Hath reach'd its influence most benign—
When every heart congratulates,
And none more cordially than mine.

So speed my song—mark'd with the crest
That erst the advent'rous Norman wore,
Who won the Lady of the West
The daughter of Macaillan Mor.

Crest of my sires! whose blood it seal'd
With glory in the strife of swords,
Ne'er may the scroll that bears it yield
Degenerate thoughts or faithless words!

Yet little might I prize the stone,
If it but typed the feudal tree
From whence, a scattered leaf, I'm blown
In Fortune's mutability.

No!—but it tells me of a heart
Allied by friendship's living tie;
A prize beyond the herald's art—
Our soul-sprung consanguinity!

KATH'RINE! to many an hour of mine
Light wings and sunshine you have lent;
And so adieu, and still be thine
The all-in-all of life—Content!

1817.

GILDEROY.

THE last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me:
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows' tree!

The bell has toll'd; it shakes my heart;
The trumpet speaks thy name;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame?

No bosom trembles for thy doom;
No mourner wipes a tear;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier.

Oh, Gilderoy ! bethought we then
So soon, so sad to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumph'd o'er my heart ?

Your locks they glitter'd to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim ;
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb !

Ah ! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound ;
Or hear, upon the scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue ;
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you !

A long adieu ! but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn ?

Yes ! they will mock thy widow's tears,
And hate thine orphan boy ;
Alas ! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound
That wraps thy mouldering clay,
And weep and linger on the ground,
And sigh my heart away.

STANZAS

ON THE THREATENED INVASION.

1803.

OUR bosoms we'll bare for the glorious strife,
And our oath is recorded on high,
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or crush'd in its ruins to die!
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right
hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust—
God bless the green Isle of the brave!
Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
It would rouse the old dead from their grave!
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right
hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

In a Briton's sweet home shall a spoiler abide,
Profaning its loves and its charms?
Shall a Frenchman insult the loved fair at our
side?

To arms! oh, my Country, to arms!
'Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right
hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

Shall a tyrant enslave us, my countrymen!—No!
His head to the sword shall be given—
A death-bed repentance be taught the proud foe,
And his blood be an offering to Heaven!
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right
hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

THE RITTER BANN.

The Ritter Bann from Hungary
 Came back, renown'd in arms,
 But scorning jousts of chivalry,
 And love and ladies' charms.

While other knights held revels, he
 Was rapt in thoughts of gloom,
 And in Vienna's hostelrie
 Slow paced his lonely room.

There enter'd one whose face he knew,—
 Whose voice, he was aware,
 He oft at mass had listen'd to
 In the holy house of prayer.

'Twas the Abbot of St. James's monks,
 A fresh and fair old man:
 His reverend air arrested even
 The gloomy Ritter Bann.

But seeing with him an ancient dame
 Come clad in Scotch attire,
 The Ritter's colour went and came,
 And loud he spoke in ire:

“Ha! nurse of her that was my bane,
Name not her name to me;
I wish it blotted from my brain:
Art poor?—take alms, and flee.”

“Sir Knight,” the abbot interposed,
“This case your ear demands;”
And the crone cried, with a cross enclosed
In both her trembling hands,

“Remember, each his sentence waits;
And he that shall rebut
Sweet Mercy’s suit, on him the gates
Of Mercy shall be shut.

You wedded, undispensed by Church,
Your cousin Jane in Spring;—
In Autumn, when you went to search
For churchman’s pardoning,

Her house denounced your marriage-band,
Betroth’d her to De Grey,
And the ring you put upon her hand
Was wrench’d by force away.

Then wept your Jane upon my neck,
Crying, ‘Help me, nurse, to flee
To my Howel Bann’s Glamorgan hills;’
But word arrived—ah me!—

You were not there ; and 'twas their threat,
By foul means or by fair,
To-morrow morning was to set
The seal on her despair.

I had a son, a sea-boy, in
A ship at Hartland Bay,
By his aid from her cruel kin
I bore my bird away.

To Scotland from the Devon's
Green myrtle shores we fled ;
And the Hand that sent the ravens
To Elijah, gave us bread.

She wrote you by my son, but he
From England sent us word
You had gone into some far countrie,
In grief and gloom he heard.

For they that wrong'd you, to elude
Your wrath, defamed my child ;
And you—ay, blush, Sir, as you should—
Believed, and were beguiled.

To die but at your feet, she vow'd
To roam the world ; and we
Would both have sped and begg'd our bread,
But so it might not be.

For when the snow-storm beat our roof,
She bore a boy, Sir Bann,
Who grew as fair your likeness' proof
As child e'er grew like man.

'Twas smiling on that babe one morn
While heath bloom'd on the moor,
Her beauty struck young Lord Kinghorn
As he hunted past our door.

She shunn'd him, but he raved of Jane,
And roused his mother's pride :
Who came to us in high disdain,—
'And where 's the face,' she cried,

Has witch'd my boy to wish for one
So wretched for his wife?—
Dost love thy husband? Know, my son
Has sworn to seek his life.'

Her anger sore dismayed us,
For our mite was wearing scant,
And, unless that dame would aid us,
There was none to aid our want.

So I told her, weeping bitterly,
What all our woes had been ;
And, though she was a stern ladie,
The tears stood in her een.

And she housed us both, when, cheerfully,
My child to her had sworn,
That even if made a widow, she
Would never wed Kinghorn."——

Here paused the nurse, and then began
The abbot, standing by:—
“Three months ago a wounded man
To our abbey came to die.

He heard me long, with ghastly eyes
And hand obdurate clench'd,
Spoke of the worm that never dies,
And the fire that is not quench'd.

At last by what this scroll attests
He left atonement brief,
For years of anguish to the breasts
His guilt had wrung with grief.

‘There lived,’ he said, ‘a fair young dame
Beneath my mother’s roof;
I loved her, but against my flame
Her purity was proof.

I feign’d repentance, friendship pure;
That mood she did not check,
But let her husband’s miniature
Be copied from her neck,

As means to search him ; my deceit
Took care to him was borne
Nought but his picture's counterfeit,
And Jane's reported scorn.

The treachery took : she waited wild ;
My slave came back and lied
Whate'er I wish'd ; she clasp'd her child,
And swoon'd, and all but died.

I felt her tears for years and years
Quench not my flame, but stir ;
The very hate I bore her mate
Increased my love for her.

Fame told us of his glory, while
Joy flush'd the face of Jane ;
And while she bless'd his name, her smile
Struck fire into my brain.

No fears could damp ; I reach'd the camp,
Sought out its champion ;
And if my broad-sword fail'd at last,
'Twas long and well laid on.

This wound's my meed, my name's Kinghorn,
My foe's the Ritter Bann.'——
The wafer to his lips was borne,
And we shrived the dying man.

He died not till you went to fight
The 'Turks at Warradein ;
But I see my tale has changed you pale."—
The abbot went for wine ;

And brought a little page who pour'd
It out, and knelt and smiled ;—
The stunned knight saw himself restored
To childhood in his child ;

And stoop'd and caught him to his breast,
Laugh'd loud and wept anon,
And with a shower of kisses press'd
The darling little one.

"And where went Jane ?"—" To a nunnery, Sir—
Look not again so pale—
Kinghorn's old dame grew harsh to her."—
"And has she ta'en the veil ?"—

"Sit down, Sir," said the priest, "I bar
Rash words."—They sat all three,
And the boy play'd with the knight's broad star,
As he kept him on his knee.

"Think ere you ask her dwelling-place,"
The abbot further said ;
"Time draws a veil o'er beauty's face
More deep than cloister's shade.

Grief may have made her what you can
Scarce love perhaps for life."

"Hush, abbot," cried the Ritter Bann,
"Or tell me where's my wife."

The priest undid two doors that hid
The inn's adjacent room,
And there a lovely woman stood,
Tears bathed her beauty's bloom.

One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumber'd hours of pain;
Such was the throb and mutual sob
Of the knight embracing Jane.

1823.

SONG.

"MEN OF ENGLAND."

MEN of England! who inherit
 Rights that cost your sires their blood!
 Men whose undegenerate spirit
 Has been proved on field and flood:—

By the foes you've fought uncounted,
 By the glorious deeds ye've done,
 Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
 Navies conquer'd—kingdoms won.

Yet, remember, England gathers
 Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
 If the freedom of your fathers
 Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
 Where no public virtues bloom?
 What avail in lands of slavery,
 Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?

Pageants!—Let the world revere us
 For our people's rights and laws,
 And the breasts of civic heroes
 Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sidney's matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a hundred Agincourts !

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crown'd and mitred tyranny ;—
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we !

SONG.

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

Enough, while memory tranced and glad
Paints silently the fair,
That each should dream of joys he's had,
Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
From hallow'd thoughts so dear ;
But drink to her that each loves most,
As she would love to hear.

THE HARPER.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah
 was nigh,
 No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
 No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
 And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to
 part,
 She said, (while the sorrow was big at her heart,)
 Oh! remember your Sheelah when far, far away:
 And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
 And he constantly loved me, although I was poor;
 When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless
 away,
 I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was
 so cold,
 And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
 How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,
 And he lick'd me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his
case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I play'd a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind ?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful, and kind ?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er :—
“ Oh whither,” she cried, “ hast thou wander'd,
my lover,
Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore ?
What voice did I hear ? 'twas my Henry that
sigh'd ! ”
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
When bleeding, and low, on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded
Hussar !

From his bosom that heaved, the last torrent was
streaming,

And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a
scar !

And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war !

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight !
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war !

" Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrow-
ful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hus-
sar ! "

" Thou shalt live," she replied, " Heaven's mercy
relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to
mourn ! "—

" Ah no ! the last pang of my bosom is heaving !
No light of the morn shall to Henry return !

Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true !

Ye babes of my love, that await me afar ! "—
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded
Hussar !

LOVE AND MADNESS.

AN ELEGY. WRITTEN IN 1795.

HARK! from the battlements of yonder tower¹
 The solemn bell has toll'd the midnight hour!
 Roused from drear visions of distemper'd sleep,
 Poor B———k wakes—in solitude to weep!

“Cease, Memory, cease (the friendless mourner
 cried)
 To probe the bosom too severely tried!
 Oh! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray
 Through the bright fields of Fortune's better day,
 When youthful HOPE, the music of the mind,
 Tuned all its charms, and E———n was kind!

Yet, can I cease, while glows this trembling
 frame,
 In sighs to speak thy melancholy name!
 I hear thy spirit wail in every storm!
 In midnight shades I view thy passing form!
 Pale as in that sad hour when doom'd to feel,
 Deep in thy perjured heart, the bloody steel!

¹ Warwick Castle.

Demons of Vengeance ! ye at whose command
I grasp'd the sword with more than woman's hand.
Say ye, did Pity's trembling voice controul,
Or horror damp the purpose of my soul ?
No ! my wild heart sat smiling o'er the plan,
Till Hate fulfill'd what baffled love began !

Yes ; let the clay-cold breast that never knew
One tender pang to generous nature true,
Half-mingling pity with the gall of scorn,
Condemn this heart, that bled in love forlorn !

And ye, proud fair, whose soul no gladness
warms,
Save Rapture's homage to your conscious charms !
Delighted idols of a gaudy train,
Ill can your blunter feelings guess the pain,
When the fond, faithful heart, inspired to prove
Friendship refined, the calm delight of Love,
Feels all its tender strings with anguish torn,
And bleeds at perjured Pride's inhuman scorn.

Say, then, did pitying Heaven condemn the
deed,
When Vengeance bade thee, faithless lover !
bleed ?
Long had I watch'd thy dark foreboding brow,
What time thy bosom scorn'd its dearest vow !
Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover changed,
Still thy cold look was scornful and estranged,

Till from thy pity, love, and shelter thrown,
I wander'd hopeless, friendless, and alone!

Oh! righteous Heaven! 'twas then my tortured
soul

First gave to wrath unlimited controul!
Adieu the silent look! the streaming eye!
The murmur'd plaint! the deep heart-heaving
sigh! [deeds;
Long-slumbering Vengeance wakes to better
He shrieks, he falls, the perjured lover bleeds!
Now the last laugh of agony is o'er,
And pale in blood he sleeps, to wake no more!

'Tis done! the flame of hate no longer burns:
Nature relents, but, ah! too late returns!
Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel?
Trembling and faint, I drop the guilty steel!
Cold on my heart the hand of terror lies,
And shades of horror close my languid eyes!

Oh! 'twas a deed of Murder's deepest grain!
Could B——k's soul so true to wrath remain?
A friend long true, a once fond lover fell?—
Where Love was foster'd could not Pity dwell?

Unhappy youth! while yon pale crescent glows
To watch on silent Nature's deep repose,
Thy sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,
Foretells my fate, and summons me to come!

Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand,
Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand!

Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid melancholy frame!
Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close,
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose!
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne
Where, lull'd to slumber, Grief forgets to mourn!"

PROPERLY a monody on Miss Broderick. Written at the age of nineteen, at Downie, Argyllshire, during the poet's residence as tutor to the son of Colonel Napier, now Sir William Napier, of Milliken, who resided at that time with his mother on his grandfather's estate at Downie. The monody was transmitted to London to James Thompson, Esq., of Clitheroe, Lancashire, in a letter dated September 15, 1796, of which the following is an extract:—"I believe I hinted in my last that I proposed submitting a monody, lately finished, to your inspection. The subject is the unhappy fair one, who, you may remember, was tried about twelve months ago for the murder of Errington. Some of my critical friends have blamed me for endeavouring to recommend such a woman to sympathy; but from the moment I heard Broderick's story I could not refrain from admiring her, even amid the horror of the rash deed she committed. Errington was an inhuman villain to forsake her, and he deserved his fate; not by the laws of his country, but of friendship, which he had so heinously broken through."

HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT'S hallow'd ground? Has earth a clod
 Its maker meant not should be trod
 By man, the image of his God
 Erect and free,
 Unscourged by Superstition's rod
 To bow the knee?

That's hallow'd ground—where, mourn'd and
 miss'd,
 The lips repose our love has kiss'd:—
 But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
 Yon churchyard's bowers?
 No! in ourselves their souls exist,
 A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
 Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
 The spot where love's first links were wound,
 That ne'er are riven,
 Is hallow'd down to earth's profound,
 And up to Heaven!

For time makes all but true love old ;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould ;
 And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
 In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep ?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap !
In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom ;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb :

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high ?—
To live in hearts we leave behind,
 Is not to die.

Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right ?
He's dead alone that lacks her light !
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
 The sword he draws :—
What can alone ennoble fight ?
 A noble cause !

Give that ! and welcome War to brace
Her drums ! and rend Heaven's reeking space !
The colours planted face to face,
 The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven ! but Heaven rebukes my zeal.
The cause of Truth and human weal,
 O God above !
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love ! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
 Where they are not—
The heart alone can make divine
 Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august ?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
 Belie the vaunt,
That men can bless one pile of dust
 With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man !
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan !
But there's a dome of nobler span,
 A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
 Its space is Heaven !

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
 The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
 By mortal ears.

Fair stars ! are not your beings pure ?
Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure ?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
 Aspect above ?
Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
 Of heavenly love !

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time :
That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
 Immortal dawn.

What's hallow'd ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallow'd ground.

SONG.

WITHDRAW not yet those lips and fingers,
Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell;
Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
And death seems in the word—Farewell.
The hour that bids us part and go,
It sounds not yet,—oh! no, no, no!

Time, whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness,
Flies like a courser nigh the goal;
To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,
When thou art parted from my soul?
Our hearts shalt beat, our tears shall flow,
But not together—no, no, no!

CAROLINE.

PART I.

I 'LL bid the hyacinth to blow,
 I'll teach my grotto green to be ;
 And sing my true love, all below
 The holly bower and myrtle tree

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,
 The sweet South wind shall wander by,
 And with the music of his wing
 Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower.
 Thou spirit of a milder clime,
 Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
 Of mountain heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
 Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
 Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
 Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,
Whatever isles of ocean fann'd,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wandering wind of fairy-land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,
Where Heaven and Love their sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould:

From some green Eden of the deep,
Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endear'd, undoubting, undeceived:

From some sweet paradise afar,
Thy music wanders, distant, lost—
Where Nature lights her leading star,
And love is never, never cross'd.

Oh gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless Hours
In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than Cherub loves,
And let the name be CAROLINE.

CAROLINE.

PART II.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

GEM of the crimson-colour'd Even,
 Companion of retiring day,
 Why at the closing gates of Heaven,
 Beloved star, dost thou delay ?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
 When soft the tear of twilight flows ;
 So due thy plighted love returns,
 To chambers brighter than the rose :

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
 So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
 Sure some enamour'd orb above
 Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,
 When all unheavenly passions fly,
 Chased by the soul-subduing power
 Of Love's delicious witchery.

O! sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise, and long delay,
When Caroline herself is here!

Shine on her chosen green resort,
Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
And wanton flowers, that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where, winnow'd by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet, to wander far,
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my Ruling Star!

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

O LEAVE this barren spot to me !
 Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !
 Though bush or floweret never grow
 My dark unwarming shade below ;
 Nor summer bud perfume the dew
 Of rosy blush, or yellow hue !
 Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
 My green and glossy leaves adorn ;
 Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
 Th' ambrosial amber of the hive ;
 Yet leave this barren spot to me :
 Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
 The sky grow bright, the forest green ;
 And many a wintry wind have stood
 In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
 Since childhood in my pleasant bower
 First spent its sweet and sportive hour ;
 Since youthful lovers in my shade
 Their vows of truth and rapture made ;
 And on my trunk's surviving frame
 Carv'd many a long-forgotten name.

Oh ! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground ;
By all that Love has whisper'd here,
Or beauty heard with ravish'd ear ;
As Love's own altar honour me :
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy
delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my
sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing
streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine
remote,

And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's
note
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June:
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of nature first breathed on my
mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore;
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks,
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless
stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

SONG.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

STANZAS TO PAINTING.

O THOU by whose expressive art
 Her perfect image Nature sees
 In union with the Graces start,
 And sweeter by reflection please !

In whose creative hand the hues
 Fresh from yon orient rainbow shine ;
 I bless thee, Promethèan muse !
 And call thee brightest of the Nine !

Possessing more than vocal power,
 Persuasive more than poet's tongue ;
 Whose lineage, in a raptured hour,
 From Love, the Sire of Nature, sprung ;

Does Hope her high possession meet ?
 Is joy triumphant, sorrow flown ?
 Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet
 When all we love is all our own.

But oh ! thou pulse of pleasure dear,
 Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part ;
 Lone absence plants a pang severe,
 Or death inflicts a keener dart.

Then for a beam of joy to light
In memory's sad and wakeful eye!
Or banish from the noon of night
Her dreams of deeper agony.

Shall Song its witching cadence roll?
Yea, even the tenderest air repeat,
That breathed when soul was knit to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat?

What visions rise! to charm, to melt!
The lost, the loved, the dead are near!
Oh, hush that strain too deeply felt!
And cease that solace too severe!

But thou, serenely silent art!
By heaven and love wast taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart,
The sacred image of a friend.

All is not lost! if, yet possessest,
To me that sweet memorial shine:—
If close and closer to my breast
I hold that idol all divine.

Or, gazing through luxurious tears,
Melt o'er the loved departed form,
Till death's cold bosom half appears
With life, and speech, and spirit warm.

She looks ! she lives ! this trancèd hour,
Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
Or glory's wealthy diadem.

Yes, Genius, yes ! thy mimic aid
A treasure to my soul has given,
Where beauty's canonizèd shade
Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven,

No spectre forms of pleasure fled,
Thy softening, sweetening, tints restore ;
For thou canst give us back the dead,
E'en in the loveliest looks they wore.

Then blest be Nature's guardian Muse,
Whose hand her perish'd grace redeems !
Whose tablet of a thousand hues
The mirror of creation seems.

From Love began thy high descent ;
And lovers, charm'd by gifts of thine,
Shall bless thee mutely eloquent ;
And call thee brightest of the Nine !

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,
 Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
 Read you not the wrong you 're doing
 In my cheek's pale hue ?
 All my life with sorrow strewing,
 Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banish'd, bosoms plighted,
 Still our days are disunited ;
 Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
 Now half-quench'd appears,
 Damp'd, and wavering, and benighted,
 'Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
 Lips that thrill at your caressing,
 Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
 Soon you 'll make them grow
 Dim, and worthless your possessing,
 Not with age, but woe !

ABSENCE.

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,
It is not doubting what thou art,
But 'tis the too, too long endurance
Of absence, that afflicts my heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
When each is lonely doom'd to weep,
Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
Or riches buried in the deep.

What though, untouch'd by jealous madness,
Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck ;
Th' undoubting heart, that breaks with sadness,
Is but more slowly doom'd to break.

Absence ! is not the soul torn by it
From more than light, or life, or breath ?
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,
The pain without the peace of death !

LINES

INSCRIBED ON THE MONUMENT LATELY FINISHED
BY MR. CHANTREY,

Which has been erected by the Widow of Admiral Sir
G. Campbell, K. C. B. to the memory of her Husband.

To him, whose loyal, brave, and gentle heart,
Fulfill'd the hero's and the patriot's part,—
Whose charity, like that which Paul enjoin'd,
Was warm, beneficent, and unconfined,—
This stone is rear'd: to public duty true,
The seaman's friend, the father of his crew—
Mild in reproof, sagacious in command,
He spread fraternal zeal throughout his band,
And led each arm to act, each heart to feel,
What British valour owes to Britain's weal.
These were his public virtues :—but to trace
His private life's fair purity and grace,
To paint the traits that drew affection strong
From friends, an ample and an ardent throng,
And, more, to speak his memory's grateful claim,
On her who mourns him most, and bears his name—
O'ercomes the trembling hand of widow'd grief,
O'ercomes the heart, unconscious of relief,
Save in religion's high and holy trust,
Whilst placing their memorial o'er his dust.

STANZAS

ON THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

HEARTS of oak that have bravely deliver'd the
brave, [grave,
And uplifted old Greece from the brink of the
'Twas the helpless to help, and the hopeless to
save,

That your thunderbolts swept o'er the brine :
And as long as yon sun shall look down on the
wave,

The light of your glory shall shine.

For the guerdon ye sought with your bloodshed
and toil,

Was it slaves, or dominion, or rapine, or spoil?
No! your lofty emprise was to fetter and foil

The uprooter of Greece's domain!

When he tore the last remnant of food from her
soil,

Till her famish'd sank pale as the slain !

Yet, Navarin's heroes ! does Christendom breed
The base hearts that will question the fame of
your deed ?

Are they men?—let ineffable scorn be their meed,
And oblivion shadow their graves!—
Are they women?—to Turkish serails let them
speed;
And be mothers of Mussulman slaves.

Abettors of massacre! dare ye deplore
That the death-shriek is silenced on Hellas's shore?
That the mother aghast sees her offspring no more
By the hand of Infanticide grasp'd!
And that stretch'd on yon billows distain'd by
their gore
Missolonghi's assassins have gasp'd?

Prouder scene never hallow'd war's pomp to the
mind,
Than when Christendom's pennons wooed social
the wind, [bined,
And the flower of her brave for the combat com-
Their watch-word, humanity's vow: [kind
Not a sea-boy that fought in that cause, but man-
Owes a garland to honour his brow!

Nor grudge, by our side, that to conquer or fall
Came the hardy rude Russ, and the high-mettled
Gaul:

For whose was the genius, that plann'd at its call,
Where the whirlwind of battle should roll?
All were brave! but the star of success over all
Was the light of our Codrington's soul.

That star of thy day-spring, regenerate Greek !
Dimm'd the Saracen's moon, and struck pallid his
cheek :

In its fast flushing morning thy Muses shall speak
When their lore and their lutes they reclaim :
And the first of their songs from Parnassus's
peak

Shall be "*Glory to Codrington's name !*"

1828.

LINES

ON REVISITING A SCOTTISH RIVER.

AND call they this Improvement!—to have
changed,
My native Clyde, thy once romantic shore,
Where Nature's face is banish'd and estranged,
And heaven reflected in thy wave no more ;
Whose banks, that sweeten'd May-day's breath
before,
Lie sere and leafless now in summer's beam,
With sooty exhalations cover'd o'er ;
And for the daisied green-sward, down thy stream
Unsightly brick lanes smoke, and clanking engines
gleam.

Speak not to me of swarms the scene sustains ,
One heart free tasting Nature's breath and bloom
Is worth a thousand slaves to Mammon's gains.
But whither goes that wealth, and gladdening
whom ?

See, left but life enough and breathing-room
The hunger and the hope of life to feel,
Yon pale Mechanic bending o'er his loom,
And Childhood's self as at Ixion's wheel,
From morn till midnight task'd to earn its little
meal.

Is this Improvement?—where the human breed
Degenerate as they swarm and overflow,
Till Toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed,
And man competes with man, like foe with foe,
Till Death, that thins them, scarce seems public
woe ?

Improvement!—smiles it in the poor man's eyes,
Or blooms it on the cheek of Labour?—No—
To gorge a few with Trade's precarious prize,
We banish rural life, and breathe unwholesome
skies.

Nor call that evil slight ; God has not given
This passion to the heart of man in vain,
For Earth's green face, th' untainted air of Heaven,
And all the bliss of Nature's rustic reign.
For not alone our frame imbibes a stain
From foetid skies ; the spirit's healthy pride

Fades in their gloom—And therefore I complain,
That thou no more through pastoral scenes shouldst
glide,
My Wallace's own stream, and once romantic
Clyde!

1827.

THE "NAME UNKNOWN."¹

IN IMITATION OF KLOPSTOCK.

PROPHETIC pencil! wilt thou trace
A faithful image of the face,
Or wilt thou write the "Name Unknown,"
Ordain'd to bless my charmèd soul,
And all my future fate control,
Unrival'd and alone?

Delicious Idol of my thought!
Though sylph or spirit hath not taught
My boding heart thy precious name;
Yet musing on my distant fate,
To charms unseen I consecrate
A visionary flame.

[¹ These lines were written in Germany.]

Thy rosy blush, thy meaning eye,
Thy virgin voice of melody,
Are ever present to my heart ;
Thy murmur'd vows shall yet be mine,
My thrilling hand shall meet with thine,
And never, never part.

Then fly, my days, on rapid wing
Till Love the viewless treasure bring
While I, like conscious Athens, own
A power in mystic silence seal'd,
A guardian angel unreveal'd,
And bless the "Name Unknown!"

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

I HAD a heart that doted once in passion's bound-
 less pain,
 And though the tyrant I abjured, I could not
 break his chain;
 But now that Fancy's fire is quench'd, and ne'er
 can burn anew,
 I've bid to Love, for all my life, adieu! adieu!
 adieu!

I've known, if ever mortal knew, the spells of
 Beauty's thrall,
 And if my song has told them not, my soul has
 felt them all;
 But Passion robs my peace no more, and Beauty's
 witching sway
 Is now to me a star that's fall'n—a dream that's
 pass'd away.

Hail! welcome tide of life, when no tumultuous
 billows roll,
 How wondrous to myself appears this halcyon
 calm of soul!

The wearied bird blown o'er the deep would
sooner quit its shore,
Than I would cross the gulf again that time has
brought me o'er.

Why say they Angels feel the flame?—Oh, spirits
of the skies!

Can love like ours, that dotes on dust, in heavenly
bosoms rise?—

Ah no! the hearts that best have felt its power,
the best can tell,

That peace on earth itself begins, when Love has
bid farewell.

1830.

LINES

ON THE CAMP HILL, NEAR HASTINGS.

In the deep blue of eve,
Ere the twinkling of stars had begun,
Or the lark took his leave
Of the skies and the sweet setting sun,

I climb'd to yon heights,
Where the Norman encamp'd him of old,
With his bowmen and knights,
And his banner all burnish'd with gold.

At the Conqueror's side
There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand,
In pavilion wide;
And they chaunted the deeds of Roland.

Still the ramparted ground
With a vision my fancy inspires,
And I hear the trump sound,
As it marshal'd our Chivalry's sires.

On each turf of that mead
Stood the captors of England's domains,
That ennobled her breed,
And high-mettled the blood of her veins.

Over hauberk and helm
As the sun's setting splendour was thrown,
Thence they look'd o'er a realm—
And to-morrow beheld it their own.

[The preceding "Lines" were composed in the year 1831, and their subject (to use the poet's own words) "is a spot of ground, not far from the Castle of Hastings, on which I have ascertained, by a comparison of histories, the camp of William the Conqueror must have been placed the evening before he defeated Harold."]

LINES ON POLAND.

AND have I lived to see thee sword in hand
 Uprise again, immortal Polish Land!—
 Whose flag brings more than chivalry to mind,
 And leaves the tri-color in shade behind;
 A theme for uninspired lips too strong;
 That swells my heart beyond the power of song:—
 Majestic men, whose deeds have dazzled faith,
 Ah! yet your fate's suspense arrests my breath:
 Whilst envying bosoms, bared to shot and steel,
 I feel the more that fruitlessly I feel.

Poles! with what indignation I endure
 Th' half-pitying servile mouths that call you poor;
 Poor! is it England mocks you with her grief,
 Who hates, but dares not chide, th' *Imperial*
 Thief?

France with her soul beneath a Bourbon's thrall,
 And Germany that has no soul at all,—
 States, quailing at the giant overgrown,
 Whom dauntless Poland grapples with alone!
 No, ye are rich in fame e'en whilst ye bleed:
 We cannot aid you—we are poor indeed!

In Fate's defiance—in the world's great eye,
 Poland has won her immortality ;
 The Butcher, should he reach her bosom now,
 Could not tear Glory's garland from her brow ;
 Wreathed, filleted, the victim falls renown'd,
 And all her ashes will be holy ground !

But turn, my soul, from presages so dark :
 Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark
 That's fann'd by Heaven to mock the Tyrant's
 rage :

She, like the eagle, will renew her age,
 And fresh historic plumes of Fame put on,—
 Another Athens after Marathon,—
 Where eloquence shall fulmine, arts refine,
 Bright as her arms that now in battle shine.
 Come—should the heavenly shock my life destroy,
 And shut its flood-gates with excess of joy ;
 Come but the day when Poland's fight is won—
 And on my grave-stone shine the morrow's
 sun—

The day that sees Warsaw's cathedral glow
 With endless ensigns ravish'd from the foe,—
 Her woman lifting their fair hands with thanks,
 Her pious warriors kneeling in their ranks,
 The 'scutcheon'd walls of high heraldic boast,
 The odorous altars' elevated host,
 The organ sounding through the aisles' long
 glooms,
 The mighty dead seen sculptured o'er their tombs ;

(John, Europe's saviour—Poniatowski's fair
Resemblance—Kosciusko's shall be there ;)
The taper'd pomp—the hallelujah's swell,
Shall o'er the soul's devotion cast a spell,
Till visions cross the rapt enthusiast's glance,
And all the scene becomes a waking trance.
Should Fate put far—far off that glorious scene,
And gulfs of havoc interpose between,
Imagine not, ye men of every clime,
Who act, or by your sufferance share, the crime—
Your brother Abel's blood shall vainly plead
Against the "*deep damnation*" of the deed.
Germans, ye view its horror and disgrace
With cold phosphoric eyes and phlegm of face.
Is Allemagne profound in science, lore,
And minstrel art?—her shame is but the more
To doze and dream by governments oppress'd,
The spirit of a book-worm in each breast.
Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line,
And talk of Constitutions o'er your wine :
But all your vows to break the tyrant's yoke
Expire in Bacchanalian song and smoke :
Heavens ! can no ray of foresight pierce the leads
And mystic metaphysics of your heads,
To show the self-same grave Oppression delves
For Poland's rights is yawning for yourselves ?
See, whilst the Pole, the vanguard aid of France,
Has vaulted on his barb, and couch'd the lance,
France turns from her abandon'd friends afresh,
And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh ;

Buys, ignominious purchase! short repose,
With dying curses, and the groans of those
That served, and loved, and put in her their
trust.

Frenchmen! the dead accuse you from the dust—
Brows laurell'd—bosoms mark'd with many a scar
For France—that wore her Legion's noblest
star,

Cast dumb reproaches from the field of Death
On Gallic honour: and this broken faith
Has robb'd you more of Fame—the life of life—
Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife!
And what of England—is she steep'd so low
In poverty, crest-fall'n, and palsied so,
That we must sit much wroth, but timorous more,
With murder knocking at our neighbour's
door!—

Not murder mask'd and cloak'd, with hidden knife,
Whose owner owes the gallows life for life;
But *Public Murder*!—that with pomp and gaud,
And royal scorn of Justice, walks abroad
To wring more tears and blood than e'er were
wrung

By all the culprits Justice ever hung!
We read the diadem'd Assassin's vaunt,
And wince, and wish we had not hearts to pant
With useless indignation—sigh, and frown,
But have not hearts to throw the gauntlet down.
If but a doubt hung o'er the grounds of fray,
Or trivial rapine stopp'd the world's highway:

Were this some common strife of States embroil'd ;—

Britannia on the spoiler and the spoil'd
Might calmly look, and, asking time to breathe,
Still honourably wear her olive wreath.

But this is Darkness combating with Light ;
Earth's adverse Principles for empire fight ;
Oppression, that has belted half the globe,
Far as his knout could reach or dagger probe,
Holds reeking o'er our brother-freemen slain
That dagger—shakes it at us in disdain :
Talks big to Freedom's states of Poland's thrall,
And, trampling one, contemns them one and all.

My country ! colours not thy once proud brow
At this affront ?—Hast thou not fleets enow
With Glory's streamer, lofty as the lark,
Gay fluttering o'er each thunder-bearing bark,
To warm the insulter's seas with barbarous blood,
And interdict his flag from Ocean's flood ?
Ev'n now far off the sea-cliff, where I sing,
I see, my Country and my Patriot King !
Your ensign glad the deep. Becalm'd and slow
A war-ship rides ; while Heaven's prismatic bow
Uprisen behind her on th' horizon's base,
Shines flushing through the tackle, shrouds, and
stays,
And wraps her giant form in one majestic blaze.
My soul accepts the omen ; Fancy's eye
Has sometimes a veracious augury :

The Rainbow types Heaven's promise to my sight;
The Ship, Britannia's interposing Might!
But if there should be none to aid you, Poles,
Ye'll but to prouder pitch wind up your souls,
Above example, pity, praise, or blame,
To sow and reap a boundless field of Fame.
Ask aid no more from Nations that forget
Your championship—old Europe's mighty debt.
Though Poland, Lazarus-like, has burst the gloom,
She rises not a beggar from the tomb :
In Fortune's frown, on Danger's giddiest brink,
Despair and Poland's name must never link,
All ills have bounds—plague, whirlwind, fire, and
flood :

Ev'n Power can spill but bounded sums of blood.
States caring not what Freedom's price may be,
May late or soon, but must at last be free ;
For body-killing tyrants cannot kill
The public soul—the hereditary will
That downward, as from sire to son it goes,
By shifting bosoms more intensely glows :
Its heirloom is the heart, and slaughter'd men
Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again.
Poland recasts—though rich in heroes old—
Her men in more and more heroic mould ;
Her eagle ensign best among mankind
Becomes, and types her eagle-strength of mind :
Her praise upon my faltering lips expires ;
Resume it, younger bards, and nobler lyres !

CAMPBELL's hatred of tyranny, and his exertions in the cause of the oppressed, and particularly the unfortunate Poles, will not lightly pass away from the memory of those who so largely benefited by his labours.

During his lifetime some of the most eminent of the ancient *noblesse* of Poland expressed a grateful sense of obligation due to him. At his funeral there were not wanting sincere mourners for his loss (some of whom scattered "kindred dust" upon his coffin). After his decease, Lord Dudley Stuart, as Vice-President of the Polish Association, forwarded to Campbell's executors a tribute of condolence, from which the following passage is extracted:—

"Nor did Mr. Campbell content himself with a mere abstract feeling of sympathy for the friendless and destitute Poles. No, his purse was open to them with a liberality far more in accordance with his generous nature than with the extent of his means: and early in the year 1832, in conjunction with the Polish poet Niemcewicz and the celebrated Prince Czartoryski, he founded this Association for the purpose of diffusing and keeping alive in the public mind a lively interest for ill-fated Poland. His pathetic, eloquent, and fervid address to our countrymen, throughout the empire, as our first president, on behalf of that unfortunate country, was eminently effective and successful. By imparting a knowledge of the objects of the parent society, he conciliated much powerful support from men of all parties in the state."

A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YEAR.

THE more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages ;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals, lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But, as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding ;
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness ;
And those of Youth, a *seeming length*,
Proportion'd to their sweetness.

SONG.

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying!

Yet, remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing ;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries ;
Longest stays, when sorest chidden ;
Laughs and flies, when press'd and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever!

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel ;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ringdove's neck from changing ?
No ! nor fetter'd Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

MARGARET AND DORA.

MARGARET's beauteous—Grecian arts
Ne'er drew form completer,
Yet why, in my heart of hearts,
Hold I Dora's sweeter ?

Dora's eyes of heavenly blue
Pass all painting's reach,
Ringdoves' notes are discord to
The music of her speech.

Artists ! Margaret's smile receive,
And on canvas show it ;
But for perfect worship leave
Dora to her poet.

THE POWER OF RUSSIA.

So all this gallant blood has gush'd in vain !
 And Poland, by the Northern Condor's beak
 And talons torn, lies prostrated again.
 O British patriots, that were wont to speak
 Once loudly on this theme, now hush'd or
 meek !

O heartless men of Europe—Goth and Gaul,
 Cold, adder-deaf to Poland's dying shriek ;—
 That saw the world's last land of heroes fall—
 The brand of burning shame is on you all—all—
 all !

But this is not the drama's closing act !
 Its tragic curtain must uprise anew.
 Nations, mute accessories to the fact !
 That Upas-tree of power, whose fostering dew
 Was Polish blood, has yet to cast o'er you
 The lengthening shadow of its head elate—
 A deadly shadow, darkening Nature's hue.
 To all that's hallow'd, righteous, pure and
 great,
 Wo ! wo ! when they are reach'd by Russia's
 withering hate.

Russia, that on his throne of adamant,
Consults what nation's breast shall next be
gored :

He on Polonia's Golgotha will plant
His standard fresh ; and horde succeeding horde,
On patriot tomb-stones he will whet the sword,
For more stupendous slaughters of the free.
Then Europe's realms, when their best blood is
pour'd,
Shall miss thee, Poland ! as they bend the knee,
All—all in grief, but none in glory, likening thee.

Why smote ye not the Giant whilst he reel'd ?
O fair occasion, gone for ever by !
To have lock'd his lances in their northern
field,
Innocuous as the phantom chivalry
That flames and hurtles from yon boreal sky !
Now wave thy pennon, Russia, o'er the land
Once Poland ; build thy bristling castles high ;
Dig dungeons deep ; for Poland's wrested brand
Is now a weapon new to widen thy command—

An awful width ! Norwegian woods shall build
His fleets ; the Swede his vassal, and the Dane .
The glebe of fifty kingdoms shall be till'd
To feed his dazzling, desolating train,
Camp'd sumless, 'twixt the Black and Baltic
main :

Brute hosts, I own ; but Sparta could not write,

And Rome, half-barbarous, bound Achaia's
chain :

So Russia's spirit, 'midst Slavonic night,
Burns with a fire more dread than all your polished
light.

But Russia's limbs (so blinded statesmen speak)
Are crude, and too colossal to cohere.
O, lamentable weakness ! reckoning weak
The stripling Titan, strengthening year by
year.

What implement lacks he for war's career,
'That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines.
(Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere)
Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,
And India's homage waits, when Albion's star
declines !

But time will teach the Russ, ev'n conquering
War

Has handmaid arts : ay, ay, the Russ will woo
All sciences that speed Bellona's car,
All murder's tactic arts, and win them too ;
But never holier Muses shall imbue
His breast, that's made of nature's basest
clay :

The sabre, knout, and dungeon's vapour blue
His laws and ethics : far from him away
Are all the lovely Nine, that breathe but Free-
dom's day.

Say, ev'n his serfs, half-humanized, should learn
Their human rights,—will Mars put out his
flame

In Russian bosoms? no, he'll bid them burn
A thousand years for nought but martial fame,
Like Romans :—yet forgive me, Roman name !
Rome could impart what Russia never can ;
Proud civic rights to salve submission's shame.
Our strife is coming ; but in freedom's van
The Polish eagle's fall is big with fate to man.

Proud bird of old ! Mohammed's moon recoil'd
Before thy swoop : had we been timely bold,
That swoop, still free, had stunn'd the Russ,
and foil'd

Earth's new oppressors, as it foil'd her old.
Now thy majestic eyes are shut and cold :
And colder still Polonia's children find
The sympathetic hands, that we outhold.
But, Poles, when we are gone, the world will
mind,
Ye bore the brunt of fate, and bled for human-
kind.

So hallowedly have ye fulfill'd your part,
My pride repudiates ev'n the sigh that blends
With Poland's name—name written on my
heart.

My heroes, my grief-consecrated friends !
Your sorrow, in nobility, transcends

Your conqueror's joy: his cheek may blush;
but shame
Can tinge not yours, though exile's tear de-
scends;
Nor would ye change your conscience, cause,
and name,
For his, with all his wealth, and all his felon fame.

Thee, Niemcewicz, whose song of stirring power
The Czar forbids to sound in Polish lands;
Thee, Czartoryski, in thy banish'd bower,
The patricide, who in thy palace stands,
May envy: proudly may Polonia's bands
Throw down their swords at Europe's feet in
scorn
Saying—"Russia from the metal of these
brands
Shall forge the fetters of your sons unborn;
Our setting star is your misfortunes' rising morn.'

1831.

LINES

ON LEAVING A SCENE IN BAVARIA.

ADIEU the woods and waters' side,
 Imperial Danube's rich domain !
 Adieu the grotto, wild and wide,
 The rocks abrupt and grassy plain !
 For pallid Autumn once again
 Hath swell'd each torrent of the hill ;
 Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
 And watery winds that sweep the vale
 Grow loud and louder still.

But not the storm, dethroning fast
 Yon monarch oak of massy pile ;
 Nor river roaring to the blast
 Around its dark and desert isle ;
 Nor church-bell tolling to beguile
 The cloud-born thunder passing by,
 Can sound in discord to my soul :
 Roll on, ye mighty waters, roll !
 And rage, thou darken'd sky !

'Thy blossoms now no longer bright ;
Thy wither'd woods no longer green ;
Yet, Eldurn shore, with dark delight
I visit thy unlovely scene !
For many a sunset hour serene
My steps have trod thy mellow dew ;
When his green light the glowworm gave,
When Cynthia from the distant wave
Her twilight anchor drew,

And plough'd, as with a swelling sail,
The billowy clouds and starry sea ;
Then while thy hermit nightingale
Sang on his fragrant apple-tree,—
Romantic, solitary, free,
The visitant of Eldurn's shore,
On such a moonlight mountain stray'd,
As echoed to the music made
By Druid harps of yore.

Around thy savage hills of oak,
Around thy waters bright and blue,
No hunter's horn the silence broke,
No dying shriek thine echo knew ;
But safe, sweet Eldurn woods, to you
The wounded wild deer ever ran,
Whose myrtle bound their grassy cave,
Whose very rocks a shelter gave
From blood-pursuing man.

Oh heart effusions, that arose
From nightly wanderings cherish'd here;
To him who flies from many woes,
Even homeless deserts can be dear!
The last and solitary cheer
Of those that own no earthly home,
Say—is it not, ye banish'd race,
In such a loved and lonely place
Companionless to roam?

Yes! I have loved thy wild abode,
Unknown, unplough'd, untrodden shore;
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar;
For man's neglect I love thee more;
That art nor avarice intrude
To tame thy torrent's thunder-shock,
Or prune thy vintage of the rock
Magnificently rude.

Unheeded spreads thy blossom'd bud
Its milky bosom to the bee;
Unheeded falls along the flood
Thy desolate and aged tree.
Forsaken scene, how like to thee
The fate of unbefriended Worth!
Like thine her fruit dishonour'd falls;
Like thee in solitude she calls
A thousand treasures forth.

Oh! silent spirit of the place,
If, lingering with the ruin'd year,
Thy hoary form and awful face
I yet might watch and worship here!
Thy storm were music to mine ear,
Thy wildest walk a shelter given
Sublimar thoughts on earth to find,
And share, with no unhallow'd mind,
The majesty of heaven.

What though the bosom friends of Fate,—
Prosperity's unweaned brood,—
Thy consolations cannot rate,
O self-dependent solitude!
Yet with a spirit unsubdued,
Though darken'd by the clouds of Care,
To worship thy congenial gloom,
A pilgrim to the Prophet's tomb
The Friendless shall repair.

On him the world hath never smiled
Or look'd but with accusing eye;—
All-silent goddess of the wild,
To thee that misanthrope shall fly!
I hear his deep soliloquy,
I mark his proud but ravaged form,
As stern he wraps his mantle round,
And bids, on winter's bleakest ground,
Defiance to the storm.

Peace to his banish'd heart, at last,
In thy dominions shall descend,
And, strong as beechwood in the blast,
His spirit shall refuse to bend;
Enduring life without a friend,
The world and falsehood left behind,
Thy votary shall bear elate,
(Triumphant o'er opposing Fate,)
His dark inspired mind.

But dost thou, Folly, mock the Muse
A wanderer's mountain walk to sing,
Who shuns a warring world, nor woos
The vulture cover of its wing?
Then fly, thou cowering, shivering thing,
Back to the fostering world beguiled,
To waste in self-consuming strife
The loveless brotherhood of life,
Reviling and reviled!

Away, thou lover of the race
That hither chased yon weeping deer!
If Nature's all majestic face
More pitiless than man's appear;
Or if the wild winds seem more drear
Than man's cold charities below,
Behold around his peopled plains,
Where'er the social savage reigns,
Exuberance of woe!

His art and honours wouldst thou seek
 Emboss'd on grandeur's giant walls?
Or hear his moral thunders speak
 Where senates light their airy halls,
 Where man his brother man enthralls;
Or sends his whirlwind warrant forth
 To rouse the slumbering fiends of war,
 To dye the blood-warm waves afar,
And desolate the earth?

From clime to clime pursue the scene,
 And mark in all thy spacious way,
Where'er the tyrant man has been,
 There Peace, the cherub, cannot stay;
 In wilds and woodlands far away
She builds her solitary bower,
 Where only anchorites have trod,
 Or friendless men, to worship God,
Have wander'd for an hour.

In such a far forsaken vale,—
 And such, sweet Eldurn vale, is thine,—
Afflicted nature shall inhale
 Heaven-borrow'd thoughts and joys divine
 No longer wish, no more repine
For man's neglect or woman's scorn;—
 Then wed thee to an exile's lot,
 For if the world hath loved thee not,
Its absence may be borne.

THE DEATH-BOAT OF HELIGOLAND.

CAN restlessness reach the cold sepulchred
head?—

Ay, the quick have their sleep-walkers, so have
the dead.

There are brains, though they moulder, that dream
in the tomb,

And that maddening forehear the last trumpet of
doom,

Till their corpses start sheeted to revel on earth,
Making horror more deep by the semblance of
mirth:

By the glare of new-lighted volcanoes they dance,
Or at mid-sea appall the chill'd mariner's glance.
Such, I wot, was the band of cadaverous smile
Seen ploughing the night-surge of Heligo's isle.

The foam of the Baltic had sparkled like fire,
And the red moon look'd down with an aspect of
ire;

But her beams on a sudden grew sick-like and
gray,

And the mews that had slept clang'd and shriek'd
far away—

And the buoys and the beacons extinguish'd their
light,

As the boat of the stony-eyed dead came in sight,
High bounding from billow to billow; each form
Had its shroud like a plaid flying loose to the
storm;

With an oar in each pulseless and icy-cold hand,
Fast they plough'd by the lee-shore of Heligoland,
Such breakers as boat of the living ne'er cross'd;
Now surf-sunk for minutes again they uptoss'd;
And with livid lips shouted reply o'er the flood
To the challenging watchman that curdled his
blood—

'We are dead—we are bound from our graves
in the west,
First to Hecla, and then to ——' Unmeet was
the rest

For man's ear. The old abbey bell thunder'd its
clang,

And their eyes gleam'd with phosphorus light as
it rang:

Ere they vanish'd, they stopp'd, and gazed silently
grim,

Till the eye could define them, garb, feature, and
limb.

Now who were those roamers? of gallows or
wheel

Bore they marks, or the mangling anatomist's
steel?

No, by magistrates' chains 'mid their grave-clothes
 you saw
 They were felons too proud to have perish'd by
 law :
 But a ribbon that hung where a rope should have
 been,
 'Twas the badge of their faction, its hue was not
 green,
 Show'd them men who had trampled and tortured
 and driven
 To rebellion the fairest Isle breathed on by
 Heaven,—
 Men whose heirs would yet finish the tyrannous
 task,
 If the Truth and the Time had not dragg'd off
 their mask.
 They parted—but not till the sight might discern
 A scutcheon distinct at their pinnacle's stern,
 Where letters emblazon'd in blood-colour'd flame,
 Named their faction—I blot not my page with its
 name.

SONG.

WHEN LOVE came first to earth, the SPRING
Spread rose-beds to receive him,
And back he vow'd his flight he'd wing
To Heaven, if she should leave him.

But SPRING departing, saw his faith
Pledged to the next new comer—
He revell'd in the warmer breath
And richer bowers of SUMMER.

Then sportive AUTUMN claim'd by rights
An Archer for her lover,
And even in WINTER's dark cold nights
A charm he could discover.

Her routs and balls, and fireside joy,
For this time were his reasons—
In short, Young Love's a gallant boy,
That likes all times and seasons.

SONG.

EARL MARCH look'd on his dying child,
And smit with grief to view her—
The youth, he cried, whom I exiled,
Shall be restored to woo her.

She's at the window many an hour
His coming to discover :
And *he* look'd up to Ellen's bower,
And *she* look'd on her lover—

But ah ! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwelling.
And am I then forgot—forgot ?—
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes ;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

SONG.

WHEN NAPOLEON was flying
From the field of Waterloo,
A British soldier dying
To his brother bade adieu !

“ And take,” he said, “ this token
To the maid that owns my faith,
With the words that I have spoken
In affection’s latest breath.”

Sore mourn’d the brother’s heart,
When the youth beside him fell ;
But the trumpet warn’d to part,
And they took a sad farewell.

There was many a friend to lose him,
For that gallant soldier sigh’d ;
But the maiden of his bosom
Wept when all their tears were dried.

LINES TO JULIA M——.

SENT WITH A COPY OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

SINCE there is magic in your look
And in your voice a witching charm,
As all our hearts consenting tell,
Enchantress, smile upon my book,
And guard its lays from hate and harm
By beauty's most resistless spell.

The sunny dew-drop of thy praise,
Young day-star of the rising time,
Shall with its odoriferous morn
Refresh my sere and wither'd bays.
Smile, and I will believe my rhyme
Shall please the beautiful unborn.

Go forth, my pictured thoughts, and rise
In traits and tints of sweeter tone,
When Julia's glance is o'er ye flung;
Glow, gladden, linger in her eyes,
And catch a magic not your own,
Read by the music of her tongue.

DRINKING SONG OF MUNICH.

SWEET Iser! were thy sunny realm
And flowery gardens mine,
Thy waters I would shade with elm
To prop the tender vine;
My golden flagons I would fill
With rosy draughts from every hill;
And under every myrtle bower,
My gay companions should prolong
The laugh, the revel, and the song,
To many an idle hour.

Like rivers crimson'd with the beam
Of yonder planet bright,
Our balmy cups should ever stream
Profusion of delight;
No care should touch the mellow heart,
And sad or sober none depart;
For wine can triumph over woe,
And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,
Could build in Iser's sunny bowers
A paradise below.

LINES

ON THE DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS FOR NEW
SOUTH WALES.

ON England's shore I saw a pensive band,
 With sails unfurl'd for earth's remotest strand,
 Like children parting from a mother, shed
 Tears for the home that could not yield them
 bread ;

Grief mark'd each face receding from the view,
 'Twas grief to nature honourably true.
 And long, poor wanderers o'er the ecliptic deep,
 The song that names but home shall make you
 weep :

Oft shall ye fold your flocks by stars above
 In that far world, and miss the stars ye love ;
 Oft when its tuneless birds scream round forlorn,
 Regret the lark that gladdens England's morn,
 And, giving England's names to distant scenes,
 Lament that earth's extension intervenes.

But cloud not yet too long, industrious train,
 Your solid good with sorrow nursed in vain :
 For has the heart no interest yet as bland
 As that which binds us to our native land ?

The deep-drawn wish, when children crown our
hearth,

To hear the cherub-chorus of their mirth,
Undamp'd by dread that want may e'er unhouse,
Or servile misery knit those smiling brows :

The pride to rear an independent shed,
And give the lips we love unborrow'd bread :

To see a world, from shadowy forests won,
In youthful beauty wedded to the sun ;

To skirt our home with harvests widely sown,
And call the blooming landscape all our own,
Our children's heritage, in prospect long.

These are the hopes, high-minded hopes and
strong,

That beckon England's wanderers o'er the brine,
To realms where foreign constellations shine ;
Where streams from undiscover'd fountains roll,
And winds shall fan them from th' Antarctic
pole.

And what though doom'd to shores so far apart
From England's home, that ev'n the homesick
heart

Quails, thinking, ere that gulf can be recross'd,
How large a space of fleeting life is lost :
Yet there, by time, their bosoms shall be changed,
And strangers once shall cease to sigh estranged,
But jocund in the year's long sunshine roam,
That yields their sickle twice its harvest-home.

There, marking o'er his farm's expanding ring
New fleeces whiten and new fruits upspring,

The gray-hair'd swain, his grandchild sporting
round,

Shall walk at eve his little empire's bound,
Emblazed with ruby vintage, ripening corn,
And verdant rampart of acacian thorn,
While, mingling with the scent his pipe exhales,
The orange grove's and fig-tree's breath pre-
vails;

Survey with pride beyond a monarch's spoil,
His honest arm's own subjugated soil;
And, summing all the blessings God has given,
Put up his patriarchal prayer to Heaven,
That, when his bones shall here repose in peace,
The scions of his love may still increase,
And o'er a land where life has ample room,
In health and plenty innocently bloom.

Delightful land, in wildness ev'n benign,
The glorious past is ours, the future thine!
As in a cradled Hercules, we trace
The lines of empire in thine infant face.
What nations in thy wide horizon's span
Shall teem on tracts untrodden yet by man!
What spacious cities with their spires shall gleam,
Where now the panther laps a lonely stream,
And all but brute or reptile life is dumb!
Land of the free! thy kingdom is to come,
Of states, with laws from Gothic bondage burst,
And creeds by charter'd priesthoods unaccurst:
Of navies, hoisting their emblazon'd flags,
Where shipless seas now wash unbeacon'd crags

Of hosts review'd in dazzling files and squares,
Their pennon'd trumpets breathing native airs,—
For minstrels thou shalt have of native fire,
And maids to sing the songs themselves inspire:—
Our very speech, methinks, in after-time,
Shall catch th' Ionian blandness of thy clime ;
And whilst the light and luxury of thy skies
Give brighter smiles to beauteous woman's eyes,
The Arts, whose soul is love, shall all spontaneous
rise.

Untrack'd in deserts lies the marble mine,
Undug the ore that 'midst thy roofs shall shine ;
Unborn the hands—but born they are to be—
Fair Australasia, that shall give to thee
Proud temple-domes, with galleries winding
high,
So vast in space, so just in symmetry,
They widen to the contemplating eye,
With colonnaded aisles in long array,
And windows that enrich the flood of day
O'er tessellated pavements, pictures fair,
And nichèd statues breathing golden air.
Nor there, whilst all that's seen bids Fancy
swell,
Shall Music's voice refuse to seal the spell ;
But choral hymns shall wake enchantment round,
And organs yield their tempests of sweet sound.
Meanwhile, ere Arts triumphant reach their
goal,
How blest the years of pastoral life shall roll !

Ev'n should some wayward hour the settler's
mind

Brood sad on scenes for ever left behind,
Yet not a pang that England's name imparts
Shall touch a fibre of his children's hearts ;
Bound to that native land by nature's bond,
Full little shall their wishes rove beyond
Its mountains blue, and melon-skirted streams,
Since childhood loved and dreamt of in their
dreams.

How many a name, to us uncouthly wild,
Shall thrill that region's patriotic child,
And bring as sweet thoughts o'er his bosom's
chords

As aught that's named in song to us affords !
Dear shall that river's margin be to him,
Where sportive first he bathed his boyish limb,
Or petted birds, still brighter than their bowers,
Or twined his tame young kangaroo with flowers.
But more magnetic yet to memory
Shall be the sacred spot, still blooming nigh,
The bower of love, where first his bosom burn'd,
And smiling passion saw its smile return'd.
Go forth and prosper then, emprising band :
May He, who in the hollow of his hand
The ocean holds, and rules the whirlwind's sweep,
Assuage its wrath, and guide you on the deep !

LINES

ON REVISITING CATHCART.

OH ! scenes of my childhood, and dear to my heart,
 Ye green waving woods on the margin of Cart,
 How blest in the morning of life I have stray'd,
 By the stream of the vale and the grass-cover'd
 glade !

Then, then every rapture was young and sincere,
 Ere the sunshine of bliss was bedimm'd by a tear,
 And a sweeter delight every scene seem'd to lend,
 That the mansion of peace was the home of a
 FRIEND.

Now the scenes of my childhood and dear to my
 heart,
 All pensive I visit, and sigh to depart ;
 Their flowers seem to languish, their beauty to
 cease,
 For a *stranger* inhabits the mansion of peace.

But hush'd be the sigh that untimely complains,
 While Friendship and all its enchantment remains,
 While it blooms like the flower of a winterless
 clime,
 Untainted by chance, unabated by time.

THE CHERUBS.

SUGGESTED BY AN APOLOGUE IN THE WORKS OF
FRANKLIN.

Two spirits reach'd this world of ours :
The lightning's locomotive powers
Were slow to their agility :
In broad day-light they moved incog.,
Enjoying without mist or fog,
Entire invisibility.

The one, a simple cherub lad,
Much interest in our planet had,
Its face was so romantic ;
He couldn't persuade himself that man
Was such as heavenly rumours ran,
A being base and frantic.

The elder spirit, wise and cool,
Brought down the youth as to a school ;
But strictly on condition,
Whatever they should see or hear,
With mortals not to interfere ;
'Twas not in their commission.

They reach'd a sovereign city proud,
Whose emperor pray'd to God aloud,

With all his people kneeling,
And priests perform'd religious rites :
“ Come,” said the younger of the sprites,
“ This shows a pious feeling.”

YOUNG SPIRIT.

“ Ar'n't these a decent godly race ? ”

OLD SPIRIT.

“ The dirtiest thieves on Nature's face.”

YOUNG SPIRIT.

“ But hark, what cheers they're giving
Their emperor !—And is he a thief ? ”

OLD SPIRIT.

“ Ay, and a cut-throat too ;—in brief,
THE GREATEST SCOUNDREL LIVING.”

YOUNG SPIRIT.

“ But say, what were they praying for,
This people and their emperor ? ”

OLD SPIRIT.

“ Why, for God's assistance
To help their army, late sent out :
And what that army is about,
You'll see at no great distance.”

On wings outspeeding mail or post,
Our sprites o'ertook the imperial host,

In massacres it wallow'd :
A noble nation met its hordes,
But broken fell their cause and swords,
Unfortunate, though hallow'd.

They saw a late bombarded town,
Its streets still warm with blood ran down ;
Still smoked each burning rafter ;
And hideously, 'midst rape and sack,
The murderer's laughter answer'd back
His prey's convulsive laughter.

They saw the captive eye the dead,
With envy of his gory bed,—
Death's quick reward of bravery :
They heard the clank of chains, and then
Saw thirty thousand bleeding men
Dragg'd manacled to slavery.

"Fie ! fie !" the younger heavenly spark
Exclaim'd:—" we must have miss'd our mark,
And enter'd hell's own portals :
Earth can't be stain'd with crimes so black ;
Nay, sure, we've got among a pack
Of fiends, and not of mortals ? "

"No," said the elder ; " no such thing :
Fiends are not fools enough to wring
The necks of one another :—
They know their interests too well :

Men fight ; but every devil in hell
Lives friendly with his brother.

And I could point you out some fellows,
On this ill-fated planet Tellus,
In royal power that revel ;
Who, at the opening of the book
Of judgment, may have cause to look
With envy at the devil."

Name but the devil, and he'll appear.
Old Satan in a trice was near,
With smutty face and figure :
But spotless spirits of the skies
Unseen to e'en his saucer eyes,
Could watch the fiendish nigger.

"Halloo !" he cried, "I smell a trick :
A mortal supersedes Old Nick,
The scourge of earth appointed :
He robs me of my trade, outrants
The blasphemy of hell, and vaunts
Himself the Lord's anointed !

Folks make a fuss about my mischief :
D——d fools ; they tamely suffer this chief
To play his pranks unbounded."
The cherubs flew ; but saw from high,
At human inhumanity,
The devil himself astounded.

SENEX'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS YOUTHFUL
IDOL.

PLATONIC friendship at your years,
Says Conscience, should content ye :
Nay, name not fondness to her ears,
The darling's scarcely twenty.

Yes, and she'll loathe me unforgiven,
To dote thus out of season ;
But beauty is a beam from heaven,
That dazzles blind our reason.

I'll challenge Plato from the skies,
Yes, from his spheres harmonic
To look in M—y C——'s eyes,
And try to be Platonic.

TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT,
ON HIS SPEECH DELIVERED IN PARLIAMENT, AUGUST 7, 1832, RESPECTING THE FOREIGN
POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BURDETT, enjoy thy justly foremost fame,
Through good and ill report—through calm
and storm—
For forty years the pilot of reform!
But that which shall afresh entwine thy name
With patriot laurels never to be sere,
Is that thou hast come nobly forth to chide
Our slumbering statesmen for their lack of pride—
Their flattery of Oppressors, and their fear—
When Britain's lifted finger, and her frown,
Might call the nations up, and cast their tyrants
down!

Invoke the scorn—Alas! too few inherit
The scorn for despots cherish'd by our sires,
That baffled Europe's persecuting fires,
And shelter'd helpless states!—Recall that spirit,
And conjure back Old England's haughty
mind—
Convert the men who waver now, and pause
Between their love of self and humankind;

And move, Amphion-like, those hearts of stone—
The hearts that have been deaf to Poland's dying
groan!

Tell them, we hold the Rights of Man too dear,
To bless ourselves with lonely freedom blest;
But could we hope, with sole and selfish breast,
To breathe untroubled Freedom's atmosphere?—
Suppose we wish'd it? England could not stand
A lone oasis in the desert ground
Of Europe's slavery; from the waste around
Oppression's fiery blast and whirling sand
Would reach and scathe us? No; it may not be:
Britannia and the world conjointly must be free!

Burdett, demand why Britons send abroad
Soft greetings to th' infanticidal Czar,
The Bear on Poland's babes that wages war.
Once, we are told, a mother's shriek o'erawed
A lion, and he dropt her lifted child;
But Nicholas, whom neither God nor law,
Nor Poland's shrieking mothers, overawe,
Outholds to us his friendship's gory clutch:
Shrink, Britain—shrink, my king and country,
from the touch!

He prays to Heaven for England's king, he says—
And dares he to the God of mercy kneel,
Besmear'd with massacres from head to heel?
No; Moloch is his God—to him he prays

And if his weird-like prayers had power to
 bring
 An influence, their power would be to curse.
 His hate is baleful, but his love is worse—
 A serpent's slaver deadlier than its sting!
 Oh, feeble statesmen—ignominious times,
 That lick the tyrant's feet, and smile upon his
 crimes!

1832.

ODE TO THE GERMANS.

THE spirit of Britannia
 Invokes, across the main,
 Her sister Allemannia
 To burst the Tyrant's chain :
 By our kindred blood, she cries,
 Rise, Allemannians, rise,
 And hallow'd thrice the band
 Of our kindred hearts shall be,
 When your land shall be the land
 Of the free—of the free!

With Freedom's lion-banner
 Britannia rules the waves ;
 Whilst your BROAD STONE OF HONOUR¹

¹ Ehrenbreitstein signifies, in German, "*the broad stone of honour.*"

Is still the camp of slaves.
For shame, for glory's sake,
Wake, Allemannians, wake,
And thy tyrants now that whelm
Half the world shall quail and flee,
When your realm shall be the realm
Of the free—of the free!

MARS owes to you his thunder¹
That shakes the battle field,
Yet to break your bonds asunder
No martial bolt has peal'd.
Shall the laurell'd land of art
Wear shackles on her heart?
No! the clock ye framed to tell,
By its sound, the march of time;
Let it clang oppression's knell
O'er your clime—o'er your clime!

The press's magic letters,
That blessing ye brought forth,—
Behold! it lies in fetters
On the soil that gave it birth:
But the trumpet must be heard,
And the charger must be spurr'd;
For your father Armin's Sprite
Calls down from heaven, that ye
Shall gird you for the fight,
And be free!—and be free!

1831.

¹ Germany invented gunpowder, clock-making, and printing

LINES

ON A PICTURE OF A GIRL IN THE ATTITUDE OF
PRAYER.

By the Artist Gruse, in the possession of Lady Stepney.

WAS man e'er doom'd that beauty made
By mimic heart should haunt him ;
Like Orpheus, I adore a shade,
And dote upon a phantom.

Thou maid that in my inmost thought
Art fancifully sainted,
Why liv'st thou not—why art thou nought
But canvas sweetly painted ?

Whose looks seem lifted to the skies,
Too pure for love of mortals—
As if they drew angelic eyes
To greet thee at heaven's portals.

Yet loveliness has here no grace,
Abstracted or ideal—
Art ne'er but from a living face
Drew looks so seeming real.

What wert thou, maid?—thy life—thy name.
Oblivion hides in mystery;
Though from thy face my heart could frame
A long romantic history.

Transported to thy time I seem,
Though dust thy coffin covers—
And hear the songs, in fancy's dream,
Of thy devoted lovers.

How witching must have been thy breath—
How sweet the living charmer—
Whose every semblance after death
Can make the heart grow warmer!

Adieu, the charms that vainly move
My soul in their possession—
That prompt my lips to speak of love.
Yet rob them of expression.

Yet thee, dear picture, to have praised
Was but a poet's duty;
And shame to him that ever gazed
Impassive on thy beauty.

LINES

ON THE VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S.

HAIL to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!
 'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
 Great beauteous Being! in whose breath and
 smile

My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
 Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
 Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world!
 Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din
 To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.
 Ev'n gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes
 With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,
 And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
 Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
 For these wild headlands, and the sea-mew's
 clang—

With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea,
 I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades
 And green savannahs—Earth has not a plain
 So boundless or so beautiful as thine;
 The eagle's vision cannot take it in:
 The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,

Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird :
It is the mirror of the stars, where all
Their hosts within the concave firmament,
Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
Can see themselves at once.

Nor on the stage
Of rural landscape are there lights and shades
Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
How vividly this moment brightens forth,
Between gray parallel and leaden breadths,
A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
Flush'd like the rainbow, or the ringdove's neck,
And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
The semblance of a meteor.

Mighty Sea !
Cameleon-like thou changest, but there's love
In all thy change, and constant sympathy
With yonder Sky—thy Mistress ; from her brow
Thou tak'st thy moods and wear'st her colours on
Thy faithful bosom ; morning's milky white,
Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve ;
And all thy balmier hours, fair Element,
Have such divine complexion—crisp'd smiles,
Luxuriant heavings and sweet whisperings,
That little is the wonder Love's own Queen
From thee of old was fabled to have sprung—
Creation's common ! which no human power
Can parcel or inclose ; the lordliest floods
And cataracts that the tiny hands of man
Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew

To thee that could'st subdue the Earth itself,
And brook'st commandment from the heavens
For marshalling thy waves— [alone
Yet, potent Sea!

How placidly thy moist lips speak ev'n now
Along yon sparkling shingles. Who can be
So fanciless as to feel no gratitude
That power and grandeur can be so serene,
Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
And rocking ev'n the fisher's little bark
As gently as a mother rocks her child?—

The inhabitants of other worlds behold
Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share
On earth's rotundity; and is he not
A blind worm in the dust, great Deep, the man
Who sees not or who seeing has no joy
In thy magnificence? What though thou art
Unconscious and material, thou canst reach
The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
And with thy tints and motion stir its chords
To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre!

The Spirit of the Universe in thee
Is visible; thou hast in thee the life—
The eternal, graceful, and majestic life
Of nature, and the natural human heart
Is therefore bound to thee with holy love.
Earth has her gorgeous towns; the earth-circling
sea

Has spires and mansions more amusive still—
Men's volant homes that measure liquid space
On wheel or wing. The chariot of the land
With pain'd and panting steeds and clouds of
dust

Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair
Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,
Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by
day,

Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the
night,

Moor'd as they cast the shadows of their masts
In long array, or hither flit and yond
Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights,
Like spirits on the darkness of the deep.

There is a magnet-like attraction in
These waters to the imaginative power
That links the viewless with the visible,
And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond
Yon highway of the world my fancy flies,
When by her tall and triple mast we know
Some noble voyager that has to woo
The trade-winds and to stem the ecliptic surge.
The coral groves—the shores of conch and pearl,
Where she will cast her anchor and reflect
Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves,
And under planets brighter than our own:
The nights of palmy isles, that she will see
Lit boundless by the fire-fly—all the smells

Of tropic fruits that will regale her—all
The pomp of nature, and the inspiriting
Varieties of life she has to greet,
Come swarming o'er the meditative mind.

True, to the dream of Fancy, Ocean has
His darker tints; but where's the element
That chequers not its usefulness to man
With casual terror? Scathes not Earth some-
times

Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes
Their shrieking cities, and, with one last clang
Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat
As riddled ashes—silent as the grave?
Walks not Contagion on the Air itself?
I should—old Ocean's Saturnalian days
And roaring nights of revelry and sport
With wreck and human woe—be loth to sing;
For they are few, and all their ills weigh light
Against his sacred usefulness, that bids
Our pensile globe revolve in purer air.
Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks re-
ceive

Their freshening dews, gay fluttering breezes cool
Their wings to fan the brow of fever'd climes,
And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn
For showers to glad the earth.

Old Ocean was
Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence—and he will be beautiful

When all the living world that sees him now
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
Quelling from age to age the vital throb
In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in *his* stupendous breast,
Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
In thundering concert with the quiring winds ;
But long as Man to parent Nature owns
Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
Shall sing thy glory, BEATIFIC SEA.

1831.

Campbell, who was peculiarly impartial in judging of the merit of his own productions, more than once expressed an opinion that these lines were his *best*, as being the most *matured*.

THE DEAD EAGLE.

WRITTEN AT ORAN.

FALL'N as he is, this king of birds still seems
 Like royalty in ruins. Though his eyes
 Are shut, that look undazzled on the sun,
 He was the sultan of the sky, and earth
 Paid tribute to his eyry. It was perch'd
 Higher than human conqueror ever built
 His banner'd fort. Where Atlas' top looks o'er
 Zahara's desert to the equator's line :
 From thence the winged despot mark'd his prey,
 Above th' encampments of the Bedouins, ere
 Their watchfires were extinct, or camels knelt
 To take their loads, or horsemen scour'd the plain,
 And there he dried his feathers in the dawn,
 Whilst yet th' unawaken'd world was dark below.

There's such a charm in natural strength and
 power,
 That human fancy has for ever paid
 Poetic homage to the bird of Jove.
 Hence, 'neath his image, Rome array'd her turms
 And cohorts for the conquest of the world.
 And figuring his flight, the mind is fill'd

With thoughts that mock the pride of wingless
man.

True the carr'd aeronaut can mount as high ;
But what's the triumph of his volant art ?

A rash intrusion on the realms of air.

His helmless vehicle, a silken toy,

A bubble bursting in the thunder-cloud ;

His course has no volition, and he drifts

The passive plaything of the winds. Not such

Was this proud bird : he clove the adverse storm,

And cuff'd it with his wings. He stopp'd his
flight

As easily as the Arab reins his steed,

And stood at pleasure 'neath Heaven's zenith,
like

A lamp suspended from its azure dome,

Whilst underneath him the world's mountains lay

Like mole hills, and her streams like lucid threads.

Then downward, faster than a falling star,

He near'd the earth, until his shape distinct

Was blackly shadow'd on the sunny ground ;

And deeper terror hush'd the wilderness,

To hear his nearer whoop. Then, up again

He soar'd and wheel'd. There was an air of scorn

In all his movements, whether he threw round

His crested head to look behind him ; or

Lay vertical and sportively display'd

The inside whiteness of his wing declined,

In gyres and undulations full of grace,

An object beautifying Heaven itself.

He—reckless who was victor, and above
The hearing of their guns—saw fleets engaged
In flaming combat. It was nought to him
What carnage, Moor or Christian, strew'd their
decks.

But if his intellect had match'd his wings,
Methinks he would have scorn'd man's vaunted
power

To plough the deep ; his pinions bore him down
To Algiers the warlike, or the coral groves,
That blush beneath the green of Bona's waves ;
And traversed in an hour a wider space
Than yonder gallant ship, with all her sails
Wooing the winds, can cross from morn till eve.
His bright eyes were his compass, earth his chart,
His talons anchor'd on the stormiest cliff,
And on the very light-house rock he perch'd,
When winds churn'd white the waves.

The earthquake's self
Disturb'd not him that memorable day,
When, o'er yon table-land, where Spain had built,
Cathedrals, cannon'd forts, and palaces,
A palsy stroke of Nature shook Oran,
Turning her city to a sepulchre,
And strewing into rubbish all her homes ;
Amidst whose traceable foundations now,
Of streets and squares, the hyæna hides himself.
That hour beheld him fly as careless o'er
The stifled shrieks of thousands buried quick,
As lately when he pounced the speckled snake,

Coil'd in yon mallows and wide nettle fields
That mantle o'er the dead old Spanish town.

Strange is the imagination's dread delight
In objects link'd with danger, death and pain !
Fresh from the luxuries of polish'd life,
The echo of these wilds enchanted me ;
And my heart beat with joy when first I heard .
A lion's roar come down the Lybian wind,
Across yon long, wide, lonely inland lake,
Where boat ne'er sails from homeless shore to
shore.

And yet Numidia's landscape has its spots
Of pastoral pleasantness—though far between,
The village planted near the Maraboot's
Round roof has aye its feathery palm trees
Pair'd, for in solitude they bear no fruits.
Here nature's hues all harmonize—fields white
With alasm, or blue with bugloss—banks
Of glossy fennel, blent with tulips wild,
And sunflowers, like a garment pranked with gold ;
Acres and miles of opal asphodel,
Where sports and couches the black-eyed gazelle.
Here, too, the air's harmonious—deep-toned doves
Coo to the fife-like carol of the lark ;
And when they cease, the holy nightingale
Winds up his long, long shakes of ecstasy,
With notes that seem but the protracted sounds
Of glassy runnels bubbling over rocks.

SONG.

To Love in my heart, I exclaim'd t'other morning,
 Thou hast dwelt here too long, little lodger, take
 warning ;

Thou shalt tempt me no more from my life's sober
 duty,

To go gadding, bewitch'd by the young eyes of
 beauty.

For weary's the wooing, ah, weary !
 When an old man will have a young dearie.

The god left my heart, at its surly reflections,
 But came back on pretext of some sweet recol-
 lections,

And he made me forget what I ought to remember,
 That the rose-bud of June cannot bloom in
 November.

Ah ! Tom, 'tis all o'er with thy gay days—
 Write psalms, and not songs for the ladies.

But time 's been so far from my wisdom enriching,
 That the longer I live, beauty seems more be-
 witching ;

And the only new lore my experience traces,
Is to find fresh enchantment in magical faces.

How weary is wisdom, how weary !
When one sits by a smiling young dearie !

And should she be wroth that my homage pur-
sues her,

I will turn and retort on my lovely accuser ;
Who's to blame, that my heart by your image is
haunted—

It is you, the enchantress—not I, the enchanted.

Would you have me behave more discreetly,
Beauty, look not so killingly sweetly.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF LA PEROUSE'S
VOYAGES.

LOVED Voyager! his pages had a zest
More sweet than fiction to my wondering breast.
When, rapt in fancy, many a boyish day
I track'd his wanderings o'er the watery way,
Roam'd round the Aleutian isles in waking dreams,
Or pluck'd the *fleur-de-lys* by Jesso's streams—
Or gladly leap'd on that far Tartar strand,
Where Europe's anchor ne'er had bit the sand,
Where scarce a roving wild tribe cross'd the plain,
Or human voice broke nature's silent reign;
But vast and grassy deserts feed the bear,
And sweeping deer-herds dread no hunter's snare.
Such young delight his real records brought,
His truth so touch'd romantic springs of thought.
That all my after-life—his fate and fame
Entwined romance with La Perouse's name.—
Fair were his ships, expert his gallant crews,
And glorious was th' emprise of La Perouse,—
Humanely glorious! Men will weep for him,
When many a guilty martial fame is dim:
He plough'd the deep to bind no captive's chain—

Pursued no rapine—strew'd no wreck with slain;
And, save that in the deep themselves lie low,
His heroes pluck'd no wreath from human woe.
'Twas his the earth's remotest bound to scan,
Conciliating with gifts barbaric man—
Enrich the world's contemporaneous mind,
And amplify the picture of mankind.
Far on the vast Pacific—'midst those isles,
O'er which the earliest morn of Asia smiles,
He sounded and gave charts to many a shore
And gulf of Ocean new to nautic lore;
Yet he that led Discovery o'er the wave,
Still fills himself an undiscover'd grave.
He came not back,—Conjecture's cheek grew pale,
Year after year—in no propitious gale,
His lilied banner held its homeward way,
And Science sadden'd at her martyr's stay.
An age elapsed—no wreck told where or when
The chief went down with all his gallant men,
Or whether by the storm and wild sea flood
He perish'd, or by wilder men of blood—
The shuddering Fancy only guess'd his doom,
And Doubt to Sorrow gave but deeper gloom.
An age elapsed—when men were dead or gray,
Whose hearts had mourn'd him in their youthful
day;
Fame traced on Mannicolo's shore at last,
The boiling surge had mounted o'er his mast.
The islemen told of some surviving men,
But Christian eyes beheld them ne'er again.

Sad bourne of all his toils—with all his band—
To sleep, wreck'd, shroudless, on a savage strand!
Yet what is all that fires a hero's scorn
Of death?—the hope to live in hearts unborn:
Life to the brave is not its fleeting breath,
But worth—foretasting fame, that follows death.
That worth had La Perouse—that meed he won;
He sleeps—his life's long stormy watch is done.
In the great deep, whose boundaries and space
He measured, Fate ordain'd his resting-place;
But bade his fame, like th' Ocean rolling o'er
His relics—visit every earthly shore.
Fair Science on that Ocean's azure robe
Still writes his name in picturing the globe,
And paints—(what fairer wreath could glory
twine?)
His watery course—a world-encircling line.

1831.

TO
WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.,

IN REMEMBRANCE

OF LONG-SUBSISTING AND MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP

THE POEMS "GLENCOE"
AND THE OTHER PIECES THAT FOLLOW

IN THIS VOLUME,

ARE INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON,
December, 1842.

THE
PILGRIM OF GLENCOE.

THE AUTHOR

LONDON
1841

THE PILGRIM OF GLENCOE

I RECEIVED the substance of the tradition on which this Poem is founded, in the first instance, from a friend in London, who wrote to Matthew N. Macdonald, Esq., of Edinburgh. He had the kindness to send me a circumstantial account of the tradition; and that gentleman's knowledge of the Highlands, as well as his particular acquaintance with the district of Glencoe, leave me no doubt of the incident having really happened. I have not departed from the main facts of the tradition as reported to me by Mr. Macdonald; only I have endeavoured to colour the personages of the story, and to make them as distinctive as possible.

THE sunset sheds a horizontal smile
O'er Highland frith and Hebridean isle,
While, gay with gambols of its finny shoals,
The glancing wave rejoices as it rolls
With streamer'd busses, that distinctly shine
All downward, pictured in the glassy brine;
Whose crews, with faces brightening in the sun,
Keep measure with their oars, and all in one
Strike up th' old Gaelic song.—Sweep, rowers,
sweep!
The fisher's glorious spoils are in the deep.

Day sinks—but twilight owes the traveller soon,
To reach his bourne, a round unclouded moon.

Bespeaking long undarken'd hours of time ;
False hope—the Scots are steadfast—not their
clime.

A war-worn soldier from the western land
Seeks Cona's vale by Ballihoula's strand ;
The vale, by eagle-haunted cliffs o'erhung,
Where Fingal fought and Ossian's harp was
strung—

Our veteran's forehead, bronzed on sultry plains,
Had stood the brunt of thirty fought campaigns ;
He well could vouch the sad romance of wars,
And count the dates of battles by his scars ;
For he had served where o'er and o'er again
Britannia's oriflamme had lit the plain
Of glory—and victorious stamp'd her name
On Oudenarde's and Blenheim's fields of fame.
Nine times in battle-field his blood had stream'd,
Yet vivid still his veteran blue eye gleam'd ;
Full well he bore his knapsack—unoppress'd,
And march'd with soldier-like erected crest :
Nor sign of ev'n loquacious age he wore,
Save when he told his life's adventures o'er ;
Some tired of these ; for terms to him were
dear

Too tactical by far for vulgar ear ;
As when he talk'd of rampart and ravine,
And trenches fenced with gabion and fascine—
But when his theme possess'd him all and whole,
He scorn'd proud puzzling words and warm'd the
soul ;

Hush'd groups hung on his lips with fond surprise,
That sketch'd old scenes—like pictures to their
eyes:—

The wide war-plain, with banners glowing bright,
And bayonets to the furthest stretch of sight;
The pause, more dreadful than the peal to come
From volleys blazing at the beat of drum—
Till all the field of thundering lines became
Two level and confronted sheets of flame.
Then to the charge, when Marlbro's hot pursuit
Trode France's gilded lilies underfoot;
He came and kindled—and with martial lung
Would chant the very march their trumpets sung.—

Th' old soldier hoped, ere evening's light should
fail,

To reach a home, south-east of Cona's vale;
But looking at Bennevis, capp'd with snow,
He saw its mists come curling down below,
And spread white darkness o'er the sunset
glow;—

Fast rolling like tempestuous Ocean's spray,
Or clouds from troops in battle's fiery day—
So dense, his quarry 'scaped the falcon's sight,
The owl alone exulted, hating light.

Benighted thus our pilgrim groped his ground,
Half 'twixt the river's and the cataract's sound.
At last a sheep-dog's bark inform'd his ear
Some human habitation might be near;

Anon sheep-bleatings rose from rock to rock,—
'Twas Luath hounding to their fold the flock.
Ere long the cock's obstreperous clarion rang,
And next, a maid's sweet voice, that spinning sang
At last amidst the green-sward (gladsome sight !)
A cottage stood, with straw-roof golden bright.

He knock'd, was welcomed in ; none ask'd his
name,
Nor whither he was bound nor whence he came ;
But he was beckon'd to the stranger's seat,
Right side the chimney fire of blazing peat.
Blest Hospitality makes not her home
In wallèd parks and castellated dome ;
She flies the city's needy greedy crowd,
And shuns still more the mansions of the proud ;
The balm of savage or of simple life,
A wild flower cut by culture's polish'd knife !

The house, no common sordid shieling cot,
Spoke inmates of a comfortable lot.
The Jacobite white rose festoon'd their door ;
The windows sash'd and glazed, the oaken floor,
The chimney graced with antlers of the deer,
The rafters hung with meat for winter cheer,
And all the mansion, indicated plain
Its master a superior shepherd swain.

Their supper came—the table soon was spread
With eggs and milk and cheese and barley bread

The family were three—a father hoar,
Whose age you'd guess at seventy years or
more,
His son look'd fifty—cheerful like her lord
His comely wife presided at the board;
All three had that peculiar courteous grace
Which marks the meanest of the Highland race;
Warm hearts that burn alike in weal and woe,
As if the north-wind fann'd their bosoms' glow!
But wide unlike their souls: old Norman's eye
Was proudly savage ev'n in courtesy.
His sinewy shoulders—each, though aged and
lean,
Broad as the curl'd Herculean head between,—
His scornful lip, his eyes of yellow fire,
And nostrils that dilated quick with ire,
With ever downward-slanting shaggy brows,
Mark'd the old lion you would dread to rouse.

Norman, in truth, had led his earlier life
In raids of red revenge and feudal strife;
Religious duty in revenge he saw,
Proud Honour's right and Nature's honest law;
First in the charge and foremost in pursuit,
Long-breath'd, deep-chested, and in speed of foot
A match for stags—still fleeter wher the prey
Was man, in persecution's evil day;
Cheer'd to that chase by brutal bold Dundee,
No Highland hound had lapp'd more blood than
he.

Oft had he changed the covenanter's breath
From howls of psalmody to howls of death;
And though long bound to peace, it irk'd him still
His dirk had ne'er one hated foe to kill.

Yet Norman had fierce virtues, that would mock
Cold-blooded tories of the modern stock
Who starve the breadless poor with fraud and
cant;—

He slew and saved them from the pangs of want.
Nor was his solitary lawless charm
Mere dauntlessness of soul and strength of arm;
He had his moods of kindness now and then,
And feasted ev'n well-manner'd lowland men
Who blew not up his Jacobitish flame,
Nor prefaced with "pretender" Charles's name.
Fierce, but by sense and kindness not unwon,
He loved, respected ev'n, his wiser son;
And brook'd from him expostulations sage,
When all advisers else were spurn'd with rage.

Far happier times had moulded Ronald's mind,
By nature too of more sagacious kind.
His breadth of brow, and Roman shape of chin,
Squared well with the firm man that reign'd
within.

Contemning strife as childishness, he stood
With neighbours on kind terms of neighbourhood,
And whilst his father's anger nought avail'd,
His rational remonstrance never fail'd.

Full skilfully he managed farm and fold,
Wrote, cipher'd, profitably bought and sold ;
And, bless'd with pastoral leisure, deeply took
Delight to be inform'd, by speech or book,
Of that wide world beyond his mountain home,
Where oft his curious fancy loved to roam.
Oft while his faithful dog ran round his flock,
He read long hours when summer warm'd the
 rock : [warm,
Guests who could tell him aught were welcomed
Ev'n pedlars' news had to his mind a charm ;
That like an intellectual magnet-stone
Drew truth from judgments simpler than his own,

His soul's proud instinct sought not to enjoy
Romantic fictions, like a minstrel boy ;
Truth, standing on her solid square, from youth
He worshipp'd—stern uncompromising truth.
His goddess kindlier smiled on him, to find
A votary of her light in land so blind ;
She bade majestic History unroll
Broad views of public welfare to his soul,
Until he look'd on clannish feuds and foes
With scorn, as on the wars of kites and crows ;
Whilst doubts assail'd him o'er and o'er again,
If men were made for kings or kings for men.
At last, to Norman's horror and dismay,
He flat denied the Stuarts' right to sway.
No blow-pipe ever whiten'd furnace fire,
Quick as these words lit up his father's ire ;

Who envied even old Abraham for his faith,
 Ordain'd to put his only son to death.
 He started up—in such a mood of soul
 The white bear bites his showman's stirring pole ;
 He danced too, and brought out, with snarl and
 howl,

“ O Dia! Dia!” and, “ Dioul! Dioul!”¹
 But sense foils fury—as the blowing whale
 Spouts, bleeds, and dyes the waves without
 avail—

Wears out the cable's length that makes him fast,
 But, worn himself, comes up harpoon'd at last—
 E'en so, devoid of sense, succumbs at length
 Mere strength of zeal to intellectual strength.
 His son's close logic so perplex'd his pate,
 Th' old hero rather shunn'd than sought debate ;
 Exhausting his vocabulary's store
 Of oaths and nicknames, he could say no more,
 But tapp'd his mull,² roll'd mutely in his chair,
 Or only whistled Killiecrankie's air.

Witch-legends Ronald scorn'd—ghost, kelpie,
 wraith,
 And all the trumpery of vulgar faith ;
 Grave matrons ev'n were shock'd to hear him
 slight
 Authenticated facts of second-sight—

¹ God and the devil—a favourite ejaculation of Highland saints.

² Snuff-horn.

Yet never flinch'd his mockery to confound
The brutal superstition reigning round.
Reserved himself, still Ronald loved to scan
Men's natures—and he liked the old hearty man;
So did the partner of his heart and life—
Who pleased her Ronald, ne'er displeased his
wife.

His sense, 'tis true, compared with Norman's son,
Was commonplace—his tales too long outspun:
Yet Allan Campbell's sympathizing mind
Had held large intercourse with humankind;
Seen much, and gaily graphically drew
The men of every country, clime, and hue;
Nor ever stoop'd, though soldier-like his strain,
To ribaldry of mirth or oath profane.
All went harmonious till the guest began
To talk about his kindred, chief and clan,
And, with his own biography engross'd,
Mark'd not the changed demeanour of each host;
Nor how old choleric Norman's cheek became
Flush'd at the Campbell and Breadalbane name.
Assigning, heedless of impending harm,
Their steadfast silence to his story's charm,
He touch'd a subject perilous to touch—
Saying, " 'Midst this well-known vale I wonder'd
much

To lose my way. In boyhood, long ago,
I roam'd, and loved each pathway of Glencoe;
Trapp'd leverets, pluck'd wild berries on its braes,
And fish'd along its banks long summer days

But times grew stormy—bitter feuds arose,
Our clan was merciless to prostrate foes.
I never palliated my chieftain's blame,
But mourn'd the sin, and redden'd for the shame
Of that foul morn (Heaven blot it from the year !)
Whose shapes and shrieks still haunt my dreaming
ear.

What could I do ? a serf—Glenlyon's page,
A soldier sworn at nineteen years of age ;
T' have breathed one grieved remonstrance to our
chief,

The pit or gallows¹ would have cured my grief.
Forced, passive as the musket in my hand,
I march'd—when, feigning royalty's command,
Against the clan Macdonald, Stair's lord
Sent forth exterminating fire and sword ;
And troops at midnight through the vale defiled,
Enjoin'd to slaughter woman, man, and child.
My clansmen many a year had cause to dread
The curse that day entail'd upon their head ;
Glenlyon's self confess'd th' avenging spell—
I saw it light on him.

“ It so befell :—

A soldier from our ranks to death was brought,
By sentence deem'd too dreadful for his fault ;
All was prepared—the coffin and the cart
Stood near twelve muskets, levell'd at his heart.

¹ To hang their vassals, or starve them to death in a dungeon, was a privilege of the Highland chiefs who had hereditary jurisdictions.

The chief, whose breast for ruth had still some
room,

Obtain'd reprieve a day before his doom;—
But of the awarded boon surmised no breath.
The sufferer knelt, blindfolded waiting death,—
And met it. Though Glenlyon had desired
The musketeers to watch before they fired;
If from his pocket they should see he drew
A handkerchief—their volley should ensue;
But if he held a paper in its place,
It should be hail'd the sign of pardoning grace:—
He, in a fatal moment's absent fit,
Drew forth the handkerchief, and not the writ;
Wept o'er the corpse and wrung his hands in woe,
Crying, 'Here's thy curse again—Glencoe!
Glencoe!'"

Though thus his guest spoke feelings just and
clear,

The cabin's patriarch lent impatient ear;
Wroth that, beneath his roof, a living man
Should boast the swine-blood of the Campbell
clan;

He hasten'd to the door—call'd out his son
To follow; walk'd a space, and thus begun:—
"You have not, Ronald, at this day to learn
The oath I took beside my father's cairn,
When you were but a babe a twelvemonth born;
Sworn on my dirk—by all that's sacred, sworn
To be revenged for blood that cries to Heaven—
Blood unforgiveable, and unforgiven:

But never power, *since then*, have I possess'd
To plant my dagger in a Campbell's breast.
Now, here's a self-accusing partisan,
Steep'd in the slaughter of Macdonald's clan ;
I scorn his civil speech and sweet-lipp'd show
Of pity—he is still our house's foe :
I'll perjure not myself—but sacrifice
The caitiff ere to-morrow's sun arise.
Stand ! hear me—you're my son, the deed is just ;
And if I say—it must be done—it must :
A debt of honour which my clansmen crave,
Their very dead demand it from the grave.”
Conjuring then their ghosts, he humbly pray'd
Their patience till the blood-debt should be paid.
But Ronald stopp'd him.—“ Sir, Sir, do not dim
Your honour by a moment's angry whim ;
Your soul's too just and generous, were you cool,
To act at once th' assassin and the fool.
Bring me the men on whom revenge is due,
And I will dirk them willingly as you !
But all the real authors of that black
Old deed are gone—you cannot bring them back.
And this poor guest 'tis palpable to judge,
In all his life ne'er bore our clan a grudge ;
Dragg'd when a boy against his will to share
That massacre, he loath'd the foul affair.
Think, if your harden'd heart be conscience-proof
To stab a stranger underneath your roof !
One who has broken bread within your gate—
Reflect—before reflection comes too late,—

Such ugly consequences there may be
As judge and jury, rope and gallows-tree.
The days of dirking snugly are gone by,
Where could you hide the body privily
When search is made for't?"

"Plunge it in yon flood,
That Campbells crimson'd with our kindred blood."
"Ay, but the corpse may float—"

"Pshaw! dead men tell
No tales—nor will it float if leaded well.
I am determined!"—What could Ronald do?
No house within ear-reach of his halloo,
Though that would but have publish'd household
shame,

He temporized with wrath he could not tame,
And said "Come in, till night put off the deed,
And ask a few more questions ere he bleed."
They enter'd; Norman with portentous air
Strode to a nook behind the stranger's chair,
And, speaking nought, sat grimly in the shade,
With dagger in his clutch beneath his plaid.
His son's own plaid, should Norman pounce his
prey,

Was coil'd thick round his arm, to turn away
Or blunt the dirk. He purposed leaving free
The door, and giving Allan time to flee,
Whilst he should wrestle with, (no safe emprise,)
His father's maniac strength and giant size.
Meanwhile he could nowise communicate
The impending peril to his anxious mate;

But she, convinced no trifling matter now
Disturb'd the wonted calm of Ronald's brow,
Divined too well the cause of gloom that lower'd,
And sat with speechless terror overpower'd,
Her face was pale, so lately blithe and bland,
The stocking knitting-wire shook in her hand.
But Ronald and the guest resumed their thread
Of converse, still its theme that day of dread.
"Much," said the veteran, "much as I bemoan
That deed, when half a hundred years have flown,
Still on one circumstance I can reflect
That mitigates the dreadful retrospect.
A mother with her child before us flew,
I had the hideous mandate to pursue ;
But swift of foot, outspeeding bloodier men,
I chased, o'ertook her in the winding glen,
And show'd her palpitating, where to save
Herself and infant in a secret cave ;
Nor left them till I saw that they could mock
Pursuit and search within that sheltering rock."
"Heavens !" Ronald cried, in accents gladly wild,
"That woman was my mother—I the child !
Of you unknown by name she late and air¹
Spoke, wept, and ever bless'd you in her prayer,
Ev'n to her death ; describing you withal
A well-look'd florid youth, blue-eyed and tall."
They rose, exchanged embrace : the old lion then
Upstarted, metamorphosed, from his den ;

¹ Scotch for late and early.

Saying, "Come and make thy home with us for
life,

Heaven-sent preserver of my child and wife.

I fear thou'rt poor, that Hanoverian thing

Rewards his soldiers ill."—"God save the king!"

With hand upon his heart old Allan said,

"I wear his uniform, I eat his bread,

And whilst I've tooth to bite a cartridge, all

For him and Britain's fame I'll stand or fall."

"Bravo!" cried Ronald. "I commend your
zeal,"

Quoth Norman, "and I see your heart is leal ;

But I have pray'd my soul may never thrive

If thou should'st leave this house of ours alive.

Nor shalt thou ; in this home protract thy breath

Of easy life, nor leave it till thy death."

The following morn arose serene as glass,

And red Bennevis shone like molten brass ;

While sunrise open'd flowers with gentle force,

The guest and Ronald walk'd in long discourse

"Words fail me," Allan said, "to thank aright

Your father's kindness shown me yesternight ;

Yet scarce I'd wish my latest days to spend

A fireside fixture with the dearest friend :

Besides, I've but a fortnight's furlough now,

To reach Macallin More,¹ beyond Lochawe.

¹ The Duke of Argyle.

I'd fain memorialize the powers that be,
To deign remembrance of my wounds and me;
My life-long service never bore the brand
Of sentence—lash—disgrace or reprimand.
And so I've written, though in meagre style,
A long petition to his Grace Argyle;
I mean on reaching Innerara's shore,
To leave it safe within his castle door."
"Nay," Ronald said, "the letter that you bear
Entrust it to no lying varlet's care;
But say a soldier of King George demands
Access, to leave it in the Duke's own hands.
But show me, first, the epistle to your chief,
'Tis nought, unless succinctly clear and brief;
Great men have no great patience when they read
And long petitions spoil the cause they plead."

That day saw Ronald from the field full soon
Return; and when they all had dined at noon,
He conn'd the old man's memorial—lopp'd its
length,
And gave it style, simplicity, and strength;
'Twas finish'd in an hour—and in the next
Transcribed by Allan in perspicuous text.
At evening, he and Ronald shared once more
A long and pleasant walk by Cona's shore.
"I'd press you," quoth his host—"I need not say
How warmly) ever more with us to stay;
But Charles intends, 'tis said, in these same parts
To try the fealty of our Highland hearts."

'Tis my belief, that he and all his line
Have—saving to be hang'd—no right divine;
From whose mad enterprise can only flow
To thousands slaughter, and to myriads woe.
Yet have they stirr'd my father's spirit sore,
He flints his pistols—whets his old claymore—
And longs as ardently to join the fray
As boy to dance who hears the bagpipe play.
Though calm one day, the next, disdaining rule,
He 'd gore your-red coat like an angry bull:
I told him, and he own'd it might be so,
Your tempers never could in concert flow.
But 'Mark,' he added, 'Ronald! from our door
Let not this guest depart forlorn and poor;
Let not your souls the niggardness evince
Of lowland pedlar, or of German prince;
He gave you life—then feed him as you 'd feed
Your very father were he cast in need.'
He gave—you 'll find it by your bed to-night,
A leathern purse of crowns, all sterling bright:
You see I do you kindness not by stealth.
My wife—no advocate of squandering wealth—
Vows that it would be parricide, or worse,
Should we neglect you—here's a silken purse,
Some golden pieces through the network shine,
'Tis proffer'd to you from her heart and mine.
But come! no foolish delicacy, no!
We own, but cannot cancel what we owe—
This sum shall duly reach you once a year."
Poor Allan's furrow'd face and flowing tear

Confessed sensations which he could not speak.
Old Norman bade him farewell kindly meek.

At morn, the smiling dame rejoiced to pack
With viands full the old soldier's haversack.
He fear'd not hungry grass¹ with such a load,
And Ronald saw him miles upon his road.
A march of three days brought him to Loch-
fyne.

Argyle, struck with his manly look benign,
And feeling interest in the veteran's lot,
Created him a sergeant on the spot—
An invalid, to serve not—but with pay
(A mighty sum to him), twelve-pence a day.
“But have you heard not,” said Macallin More,
“Charles Stuart's landed on Eriska's shore,
And Jacobites are arming?”—“What! indeed!
Arrived! then I'm no more an invalid;
My new-got halbert I must straight employ
In battle.”—“As you please, old gallant boy:
Your gray hairs well might plead excuse, 'tis
true,

But now's the time we want such men as you.”
In brief, at Innerara Allen staid,
And join'd the banners of Argyle's brigade.
Meanwhile, the old choleric shepherd of Glencoe
Spurn'd all advice, and girt himself to go.

¹ When the hospitable Highlanders load a parting guest with provisions, they tell him he will need them, as he has to go over a great deal of *hungry grass*.

What was 't to him that foes would poind their
fold,

Their lease, their very beds beneath them sold !
And firmly to his text he would have kept,
Though Ronald argued and his daughter wept.
But 'midst the impotence of tears and prayer,
Chance snatch'd them from proscription and de-
spair.

Old Norman's blood was headward wont to mount
'Too rapid from his heart's impetuous fount ;
And one day, whilst the German rats he cursed,
An artery in his wise sensorium burst.
The lancet saved him : but how changed, alas,
From him who fought at Killiecrankie's pass !
Tame as a spaniel, timid as a child,
He mutter'd incoherent words and smiled ;
He wept at kindness, roll'd a vacant eye,
And laugh'd full often when he meant to cry.
Poor man ! whilst in this lamentable state,
Came Allan back one morning to his gate,
Hale and unburden'd by the woes of eild,
And fresh with credit from Culloden's field.
'Twas fear'd at first, the sight of him might touch
The old Macdonald's morbid mind too much ;
But no ! though Norman knew him and disclosed
Ev'n rallying memory, he was still composed ;
Ask'd all particulars of the fatal fight,
And only heaved a sigh for Charles's flight :
Then said, with but one moment's pride of air,
It might not have been so had I been there !

Few days elapsed till he reposed beneath
His gray cairn, on the wild and lonely heath;
Son, friends, and kindred of his dust took leave,
And Allan, with the crape bound round his
sleeve.

Old Allan now hung up his sergeant's sword,
And sat, a guest for life, at Ronald's board.
He waked no longer at the barrack's drum,
Yet still you 'd see, when peep of day was come,
Th' erect tall red-coat, walking pastures round,
Or delving with his spade the garden ground,
Of cheerful temper, habits strict and sage,
He reach'd, enjoy'd, a patriarchal age—
Loved to the last by the Macdonalds. Near
Their house, his stone was placed with many a
tear;
And Ronald's self, in stoic virtue brave,
Scorn'd not to weep at Allan Campbell's grave.

‘THE Pilgrim of Glencoe,’ dedicated, with other poems to Dr. Beattie, was first published in the year 1842. Its reception by the public was far from cheering. No longer, as of old, lavish and enthusiastic praises were heard on all sides, or favourable critiques read on every hand, but a cold apathy seemed to reign, even amongst the reviewers, upon the subject. Campbell himself felt and admitted that the merits of the production were not of the first order; yet he was annoyed and grieved at the indifference manifested.

The affair of Glencoe, and the facts of the case concerning which so much, at different times, has been said and written, are referred to in Mr. Campbell’s own note, and are drawn into a narrow focus in an anonymous pamphlet entitled “*The Massacre of Glencoe: being a true Narrative of the barbarous Murther of the Glencoe-men, in the Highlands of Scotland, by way of Military Execution, on the 13th Feb., 1692. London: 1703.*” Though the brochure is by a concealed writer, yet it contains within itself strong evidence of authenticity. It sets out at length the Commission, under the Great Seal of Scotland, for making inquiry into the murder; the proceedings of the Parliament of Scotland upon it; the report of the commissioners upon the inquiry, as laid before the King and Parliament; together with the address of the Parliament to King William the Third for justice upon the murderers, all stated to be *faithfully extracted from the records of Parliament, and published for undeceiving those who have been imposed upon by false accounts.* From the report of the Lord Chancellor (Marquis of Tweeddale) and his fellow-commissioners, after evidence taken, subscribed at Holyrood, 20th June, 1693, it appeared that the lairds of Glencoe and Auchintriatten, and their followers, were out in the Highland rebellions of 1689 and 1690; that in July, 1691, the Earl of Breadalbane met the heads of the clans, in order to a cessation; on which occasion Alexander Macdonald, of Glencoe, was present, and with others agreed to the cessation; that at that time there

arose a quarrel between the Earl and Macdonald, concerning some cows which the Earl alleged were stolen from his men by Glencoe's men; that the Earl threatened to do him a mischief. In the month of August, 1691, the King's proclamation of indemnity and pardon was published to all the Highlanders, upon condition that all who had been in arms should take the oath of allegiance, between that date and the 1st of January following. In compliance with the proclamation, Glencoe (otherwise Alexander Macdonald) went, towards the end of December, to Colonel Hill, the governor of Fort William, at Inverlochie, and desired the Colonel to administer to him the oath of allegiance, that he might obtain the benefit of the indemnity. That officer, however, not being the proper party for the purpose, but bearing no malice, sent him with a letter to Ardkinlas, to receive him as a lost sheep; and the Colonel produced Ardkinlas's answer to that letter, of the date of January the 9th, 1691, to the effect that he had endeavoured to receive the great lost sheep Glencoe, and that Glencoe had undertaken to bring in all his friends and followers, as the Privy Council should order; that Glencoe, on obtaining the Colonel's letter to Ardkinlas, hastened to Inverary with all speed, notwithstanding bad way and weather; that he presented himself before Sir Colin Campbell, sheriff-depute of Argyle, about the beginning of January, 1692, and was there three days before Ardkinlas could get thither, because of bad weather; and that Glencoe said to him that he had not come sooner, because he was hindered by the storm; that Ardkinlas declined to administer the oath of allegiance, because the last day of December, the time appointed for taking it, was past. Glencoe begged, with tears, that he might be admitted to take it, and promised to bring in all his people, within a short time, to do the like; upon which the oath of allegiance was administered, and a certificate of the fact duly forwarded to Edinburgh, and was produced before the Clerk of the Council, but *rolled and scored*, yet not so delete but that the certificate and its purport could be read. After Glencoe had taken the oath, he went home to his own house, and lived in his family some days quietly, and calling his people together, told them the course he had adopted, and desired them to live peaceably

under King William's government. Six weeks afterwards, sixscore soldiers came to Glencoe, and showing the orders of Colonel Hill, were billeted in the country, and had free entertainment and lived familiarly with the people until the 13th of February, on which day, about four in the morning, a party of the soldiers having called in a friendly manner and gained access into Glencoe's house, they shot him dead, and having killed another man, and wounded another, and stripped Glencoe's wife naked, and drawn the rings off her finger with their teeth, they proceeded to other houses, killing and slaying young and old to the number of thirty-two, burning houses, barns, and goods, and carrying away as spoil above a thousand head of cattle. Some days after the slaughter was over, there arrived a messenger from Earl Breadalbane's steward to the deceased Glencoe's sons, who had escaped, and offered, if they would declare under their hands that the Earl was clear of the slaughter, they might be assured of his kindness for procuring their remission and restitution. The proceedings above stated were sought to be defended on the ground of warrant from the King to march the troops against those rebels who had not taken the benefit of the Indemnification, and to destroy them by fire and sword. But Secretary Stair, who sent down the royal instructions to Sir Thomas Livingstone, wrote strongly against Glencoe, saying, "My Lord Argyle tells me that Glencoe hath not taken the oath, at which I rejoice. I *entreat the thieving tribe of Glencoe may be rooted out to purpose.*" The commission gave it as their opinion upon the whole matter that it was a great wrong that Glencoe's case as to taking the oath of allegiance, the certificate thereupon, Colonel Hill's letter to Ardkinlas, and Ardkinlas's letter to Sir Colin Campbell, were not presented to the Privy Council when sent to Edinburgh, and that those who advised the not presenting thereof were in the wrong, *and seem to have had* a malicious design against Glencoe: That the obliteration of the certificate was wrong: That it was known in London, and particularly to the Master of Stair, in the month of January, 1692: That Glencoe had taken the oath of allegiance, though after the prescribed day: That there was nothing in the king's

instructions to warrant the committing of the slaughter: That the slaughter was a *barbarous murder*. This report was duly laid before the Parliament, and on the question being put to the House if the execution of the Glencoe men in February, 1692, in the manner represented, was a murder or not, it was carried in the *affirmative*. Other resolutions were subsequently passed, and on the 10th of July an address upon the subject was voted to the King, which contained, amongst other things, the following passage:—"We humbly beg that, considering that the Master of Stair's excess, in his letters against the Glencoe men, has been the original cause of this unhappy business, and hath given occasion in a great measure to so extraordinary an execution by the warm directions he gives about doing it by surprise, and considering the high station and trust he is in, and that he is absent, we do therefore beg that your Majesty will give such orders about him for vindication of your Government as you in your royal wisdom shall think fit. And, likewise, considering that the actors have barbarously killed men under trust, we humbly desire your Majesty would be pleased to send the actors home, and to give orders to your advocate to prosecute them according to law." To this follows an appeal to the royal consideration on behalf of the Glencoe men who had escaped the slaughter, and were reduced to great distress by the depredations committed upon them.

It seems there never was any prosecution against any of the parties implicated in the transaction; on the contrary, by the advice of some employed about the King, several of the parties were preferred, and the whole matter hushed up, and by the influence of some persons the report above quoted was suppressed in King William's time, though his Majesty's honour required that all the facts should be published.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.¹

I LOVE contemplating—apart
 From all his homicidal glory,
 The traits that soften to our heart
 Napoleon's story !

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
 Arm'd in our island every freeman,
 His navy chanced to capture one
 Poor British seaman.

They suffer'd him—I know not how,
 Unprison'd on the shore to roam ;
 And aye was bent his longing brow
 On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
 Of birds to Britain half-way over ;
 With envy *they* could reach the white,
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

¹ This anecdote has been published in several public journals, both French and British. My belief in its authenticity was confirmed by an Englishman long resident at Boulogne, lately telling me, that he remembered the circumstance to have been generally talked of in the place.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
 Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
 If but the storm his vessel brought
 To England nearer.

At last, when care had banish'd sleep,
 He saw one morning—dreaming—doating,
 An empty hogshead from the deep
 Come shoreward floating;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
 The live-long day laborious; lurking
 Until he launch'd a tiny boat
 By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
 Description wretched; such a wherry
 Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
 Or cross'd a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
 It would have made the boldest shudder;
 Untarr'd, uncompass'd, and unkeel'd,
 No sail—no rudder.

From neighb'ring woods he interlaced
 His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
 And thus equipp'd he would have pass'd
 The foaming billows—

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
 His little Argo sorely jeering :
 Till tidings of him chanced to reach
 Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
 Serene alike in peace and danger ;
 And, in his wonted attitude,
 Address'd the stranger :—

“ Rash man, that would'st yon Channel pass
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashion'd ;
 Thy heart with some sweet British lass
 Must be impassion'd.”

“ I have no sweetheart,” said the lad ;
 “ But—absent long from one another—
 Great was the longing that I had
 To see my mother ”

“ And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said,
 “ Ye've both my favour fairly won ;
 A noble mother must have bred
 So brave a son.”

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
 And, with a flag of truce, commanded
 He should be shipp'd to England Old,
 And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty ;
But *never* changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparté.

BENLOMOND.

HADST thou a genius on thy peak,
What tales, white-headed Ben,
Could'st thou of ancient ages speak,
That mock th' historian's pen !

Thy long duration makes our lives
Seem but so many hours ;
And likens, to the bees' frail hives,
Our most stupendous towers.

Temples and towers thou 'st seen begun,
New creeds, new conquerors' sway ;
And, like their shadows in the sun,
Hast seen them swept away.

Thy steadfast summit, heaven-allied
(Unlike life's little span),
Looks down, a Mentor on the pride
Of perishable man.

THE CHILD AND HIND.

I WISH I had preserved a copy of the Wiesbaden newspaper in which this anecdote of the "Child and Hind" is recorded; but I have unfortunately lost it. The story, however, is a matter of fact; it took place in 1838: every circumstance mentioned in the following ballad literally happened. I was in Wiesbaden eight months ago, and was shown the very tree under which the boy was found sleeping with a bunch of flowers in his little hand. A similar occurrence is told by tradition, of Queen Genevova's child being preserved by being suckled by a female deer, when that Princess—an early Christian—and now a Saint in the Romish calendar, was chased to the desert by her heathen enemies. The spot assigned to the traditionary event is not a hundred miles from Wiesbaden, where a chapel still stands to her memory.

I could not ascertain whether the Hind that watched my hero "Wilhelm," suckled him or not; but it was generally believed that she had no milk to give him, and that the boy must have been for two days and a half entirely without food, unless it might be grass or leaves. If this was the case, the circumstance of the Wiesbaden deer watching the child, was a still more wonderful token of instinctive fondness than that of the deer in the Genevova tradition, who was naturally anxious to be relieved of her milk.

COME, maids and matrons, to caress
Wiesbaden's gentle hind;
And, smiling, deck its glossy neck
With forest flowers entwined.

Your forest flowers are fair to show,
And landscapes to enjoy;

But fairer is your friendly doe
That watch'd the sleeping boy.

'Twas after church—on Ascension day—
When organs ceased to sound,
Wiesbaden's people crowded gay
The deer-park's pleasant ground.

There, where Elysian meadows smile,
And noble trees upshoot,
The wild thyme and the camomile
Smell sweetly at their root;

The aspen quivers nervously,
The oak stands stilly bold—
And climbing bindweed hangs on high
His bells of beaten gold.¹

Nor stops the eye till mountains shine
That bound a spacious view,
Beyond the lordly, lovely Rhine,
In visionary blue.

There, monuments of ages dark
Awaken thoughts sublime;
Till, swifter than the steaming bark,
We mount the stream of time.

¹ There is only one kind of bindweed that is yellow, and that is the flower here mentioned, the *Paniculatus Convolvulus*.

The ivy there old castles shades
That speak traditions high
Of minstrels—tournaments—crusades,
And mail-clad chivalry.

Here came a twelve years' married pair—
And with them wander'd free
Seven sons and daughters, blooming fair,
A gladsome sight to see.

Their Wilhelm, little innocent,
The youngest of the seven,
Was beautiful as painters paint
The cherubim of Heaven.

By turns he gave his hand, so dear,
To parent, sister, brother ;
And each, that he was safe and near,
Confided in the other.

But Wilhelm loved the field-flowers bright,
With love beyond all measure ;
And cull'd them with as keen delight
As misers gather treasure.

Unnoticed, he contrived to glide
Adown a greenwood alley,
By lilies lured—that grew beside
A streamlet in the valley ;

And there, where under beech and birch
'The rivulet meander'd,
He stray'd, till neither shout nor search
Could track where he had wander'd.

Still louder, with increasing dread,
They call'd his darling name ;
But 'twas like speaking to the dead—
An echo only came.

Hours pass'd till evening's beetle roams,
And blackbird's songs begin ;
Then all went back to happy homes,
Save Wilhelm's kith and kin.

The night came on—all others slept
Their cares away till morn ;
But sleepless, all night watch'd and wept
That family forlorn.

Betimes the town-crier had been sent
With loud bell, up and down ;
And told th' afflicting accident
Throughout Wiesbaden's town :

The father, too, ere morning smiled,
Had all his wealth uncoffer'd ;
And to the wight would bring his child,
A thousand crowns had offer'd.

Dear friends, who would have blush'd to take
That guerdon from his hand,
Soon join'd in groups—for pity's sake,
The child-exploring band.

The news reach'd Nassau's Duke: ere earth
Was gladden'd by the lark,
He sent a hundred soldiers forth
To ransack all his park.

Their side-arms glitter'd through the wood,
With bugle-horns to sound;
Would that on errand half so good
The soldier oft were found!

But though they roused up beast and bird
From many a nest and den,
No signal of success was heard
From all the hundred men.

A second morning's light expands,
Unfound the infant fair;
And Wilhelm's household wring their hands,
Abandon'd to despair.

But, haply, a poor artisan
Search'd ceaselessly, till he
Found safe asleep the little one
Beneath a beechen tree,

His hand still grasp'd a bunch of flowers ;
And (true, though wondrous) near,
To sentry his reposing hours,
There stood a female deer—

Who dipp'd her horns at all that pass'd¹
The spot where Wilhelm lay ;
Till force was had to hold her fast,
And bear the boy away.

Hail ! sacred love of childhood—hail !
How sweet it is to trace
Thine instinct in Creation's scale,
Ev'n 'neath the human race.

To this poor wanderer of the wild
Speech, reason were unknown—
And yet she watch'd a sleeping child
As if it were her own ;

And thou, Wiesbaden's artisan,
Restorer of the boy,
Was ever welcomed mortal man
With such a burst of joy ?

'The father's ecstasy—the mother's
Hysteric bosom's swell ;

¹ The female deer has no such antlers as the male, and sometimes no horns at all; but I have observed many with short ones suckling their fawns.

The sisters' sobs—the shout of brothers,
I have not power to tell.

The working man, with shoulders broad,
Took blithely to his wife
The thousand crowns; a pleasant load,
That made him rich for life.

And Nassau's Duke the favourite took
Into his deer-park's centre,
To share a field with other pets
Where deer-slayer cannot enter.

There, whilst thou cropp'st thy flowery food,
Each hand shall pat thee kind;
And man shall never spill thy blood—
Wiesbaden's gentle hind.

THE JILTED NYMPH.

A SONG,

TO THE SCOTCH TUNE OF "WOO'D AND MARRIED
AND A'."

I 'm jilted, forsaken, outwitted ;
Yet think not I'll whimper or brawl—
The lass is alone to be pitied
Who ne'er has been courted at all :
Never by great or small,
Woo'd or jilted at all ;
Oh, how unhappy 's the lass
Who has never been courted at all !

My brother call'd out the dear faithless,
In fits I was ready to fall,
'Till I found a policeman who, scatheless,
Swore them both to the peace at Guildhall ;
Seized them, seconds and all—
Pistols, powder and ball ;
I wish'd him to die my devoted,
But not in a duel to sprawl.

What though at my heart he has tilted,
What though I have met with a fall ?

Better be courted and jilted,
Than never be courted at all.
Woo'd and jilted and all,
Still I will dance at the ball;
And waltz and quadrille
With light heart and heel,
With proper young men, and tall.

But lately I've met with a suitor,
Whose heart I have gotten in thrall,
And I hope soon to tell you in future
That I'm woo'd, and married and all:
Woo'd and married and all,
What greater bliss can befall?
And you all shall partake of my bridal cake,
When I'm woo'd and married, and all.

ON GETTING HOME
THE PORTRAIT OF A FEMALE CHILD
SIX YEARS OLD.

PAINTED BY EUGENIO LATILLA.

TYPE of the Cherubim above,
Come, live with me, and be my love !
Smile from my wall, dear roguish sprite,
By sunshine and by candle-light ;
For both look sweetly on thy traits :
Or, were the Lady Moon to gaze,
She 'd welcome thee with lustre bland,
Like some young fay from Fairyland.
Cast in simplicity's own mould,
How canst thou be so manifold
In sportively distracting charms ?
Thy lips—thine eyes—thy little arms
That wrapt thy shoulders and thy head,
In homeliest shawl of netted thread,
Brown woollen net-work ; yet it seeks
Accordance with thy lovely cheeks,
And more becomes thy beauty's bloom
Than any shawl from Cashmere's loom.

Thou hast not, to adorn thee, girl,
 Flower, link of gold, or gem or pearl—
 I would not let a ruby speck
 The peeping whiteness of thy neck :
 Thou need'st no casket, witching elf,
 No gawd—thy toilet is thyself ;
 Not ev'n a rose-bud from the bower,
 Thyself a magnet—gem and flower.

My arch and playful little creature,
 Thou hast a mind in every feature ;
 Thy brow, with its disparted locks,
 Speaks language that translation mocks ;
 Thy lucid eyes so beam with soul,
 They on the canvas seem to roll—
 Instructing both my head and heart
 To idolize the painter's art.
 He marshals minds to Beauty's feast—
 He is Humanity's high priest
 Who proves, by heavenly forms on earth,
 How much this world of ours is worth.
 Inspire me, child, with visions fair !
 For children, in Creation, are
 The only things that could be given
 Back, and alive—unchanged—to Heaven.

THE PARROT.

A DOMESTIC ANECDOTE.

THE following incident, so strongly illustrating the power of memory and association in the lower animals, is not a fiction. I heard it many years ago in the Island of Mull, from the family to whom the bird belonged.

THE deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possess'd
By human hearts.

A parrot, from the Spanish Main,
Full young, and early caged, came o'er
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turn'd on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But, petted, in our climate cold
He lived and chatter'd many a day :
Until with age, from green and gold
His wings grew gray.

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laugh'd, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore ;

He hail'd the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapp'd round his cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died.

SONG OF THE COLONISTS DEPARTING
FOR NEW ZEALAND.

STEER, helmsman, till you steer our way,
By stars beyond the line ;
We go to found a realm, one day,
Like England's self to shine.

CHORUS.

Cheer up—cheer up—our course we'll keep,
With dauntless heart and hand ;
And when we've plough'd the stormy deep,
We'll plough a smiling land :—

A land, where beauties importune
The Briton to its bowers,
To sow but plenteous seeds, and prune
Luxuriant fruits and flowers.

Chorus.—Cheer up—cheer up, &c.

There, tracts uncheer'd by human words,
Seclusion's wildest holds,
Shall hear the lowing of our herds,
And tinkling of our folds.

Chorus.—Cheer up—cheer up, &c.

Like rubies set in gold, shall blush
Our vineyards girt with corn ;
And wine, and oil, and gladness gush
From Amalthea's horn.

Chorus.—Cheer up—cheer up, &c.

Britannia's pride is in our hearts,
Her blood is in our veins—
We'll girdle earth with British arts,
Like Ariel's magic chains.

CHORUS.

Cheer up—cheer up—our course we'll keep,
With dauntless heart and hand ;
And when we've plough'd the stormy deep,
We'll plough a smiling land.

MOONLIGHT.

THE kiss that would make a maid's cheek flush
 Wroth, as if kissing were a sin
 Amidst the Argus eyes and din
 And tell-tale glare of noon,
 Brings but a murmur and a blush,
 Beneath the modest moon.

Ye days, gone—never to come back,
 When love return'd entranced me so,
 That still its pictures move and glow
 In the dark chamber of my heart ;
 Leave not my memory's future track—
 I will not let you part.

'Twas moonlight, when my earliest love
 First on my bosom dropt her head ;
 A moment then concentrated
 The bliss of years, as if the spheres
 Their course had faster driven,
 And carried, Enoch-like above,
 A living man to Heaven.

'Tis by the rolling moon we measure
The date between our nuptial night
And that blest hour which brings to light
The pledge of faith—the fruit of bliss;
When we impress upon the treasure
A father's earliest kiss.

The Moon's the Earth's enamour'd bride;
True to him in her very changes,
To other stars she never ranges:
Though, cross'd by him, sometimes she dips
Her light, in short offended pride,
And faints to an eclipse.

The fairies revel by her sheen;
'Tis only when the Moon's above
The fire-fly kindles into love,
And flashes light to show it:
The nightingale salutes her Queen
Of Heaven, her heav'nly poet.

Then ye that love—by moonlight gloom
Meet at my grave, and plight regard.
Oh! could I be the Orphéan bard
Of whom it is reported,
That nightingales sung o'er his tomb,
Whilst lovers came and courted.

SONG ON OUR QUEEN.

SET TO MUSIC BY CHARLES NEATE. ESQ.

VICTORIA'S sceptre o'er the deep
Has touch'd, and broken slavery's chain ;
Yet, strange magician ! she enslaves
Our hearts within her own domain.

Her spirit is devout, and burns
With thoughts averse to bigotry ;
Yet she herself, the idol, turns
Our thoughts into idolatry.

CORA LINN, OR THE FALLS OF THE
CLYDE.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING IT IN 1837.

THE time I saw thee, Cora, last,
'Twas with congenial friends ;
And calmer hours of pleasure past—
My memory seldom sends.

It was as sweet an Autumn day
As ever shone on Clyde,
And Lanark's orchards all the way
Put forth their golden pride ;

Ev'n hedges, busk'd in bravery,
Look'd rich that sunny morn ;
The scarlet hip and blackberry
So prank'd September's thorn.

In Cora's glen the calm how deep !
That trees on loftiest hill
Like statues stood, or things asleep,
All motionless and still.

The torrent spoke, as if his noise
Bade earth be quiet round,
And give his loud and lonely voice
A more commanding sound.

His foam, beneath the yellow light
Of noon, came down like one
Continuous sheet of jaspers bright,
Broad rolling by the sun.

Dear Linn ! let loftier falling floods
Have prouder names than thine ;
And king of all, enthroned in woods,
Let Niagara shine.

Barbarian, let him shake his coasts
With reeking thunders far,
Extended like th' array of hosts
In broad, embattled war !

His voice appalls the wilderness :
Approaching thine, we feel
A solemn, deep melodiousness,
That needs no louder peal.

More fury would but disenchant
Thy dream-inspiring din ;
Be thou the Scottish Muse's haunt,
Romantic Cora Linn.

CHAUCER AND WINDSOR.

LONG shalt thou flourish, Windsor ! bodying forth
 Chivalric times, and long shall live around
 Thy Castle—the old oaks of British birth,
 Whose gnarled roots, tenacious and profound,
 As with a lion's talons grasp the ground.
 But should thy towers in ivied ruin rot,
 There 's one, thine inmate once, whose strain
 renown'd

Would interdict thy name to be forgot ;
 For Chaucer loved thy bowers and trode this
 very spot.

Chaucer ! our Helicon's first fountain-stream,
 Our morning star of song—that led the way
 To welcome the long-after coming beam
 Of Spenser's light and Shakspeare's perfect day.
 Old England's fathers live in Chaucer's lay,
 As if they ne'er had died. He group'd and drew
 Their likeness with a spirit of life so gay,
 That still they live and breathe in Fancy's view,
 Fresh beings fraught with truth's imperishable
 hue.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE STATUE OF ARNOLD VON
WINKELRIED,¹ STANZ-UNDERWALDEN.

INSPIRING and romantic Switzers' land,
Though mark'd with majesty by Nature's hand,
What charm ennobles most thy landscape's face ?
Th' heroic memory of thy native race—
Who forced tyrannic hosts to bleed or flee,
And made their rocks the ramparts of the free ;
Their fastnesses roll'd back th' invading tide
Of conquest, and their mountains taught them
pride.

Hence they have patriot names—in fancy's eye,
Bright as their glaciers glittering in the sky ;
Patriots who make the pageantries of kings
Like shadows seem and unsubstantial things.
Their guiltless glory mocks oblivion's rust.
Imperishable, for their cause was just.

Heroes of old ! to whom the Nine have strung
Their lyres, and spirit-stirring anthems sung ;

¹ For an account of this patriotic Swiss and his heroic death at the battle of Sempach, see Dr. Beattie's "Switzerland Illustrated," vol. ii. pp. 111-115.

Heroes of chivalry ! whose banners grace
The aisles of many a consecrated place,
Confess how few of you can match in fame
The martyr Winkelried's immortal name !

TO THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH
AMERICA.

UNITED STATES, your banner wears
Two emblems—one of fame ;
Alas, the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame.

Your standard's constellation types
White freedom by its stars ;
But what 's the meaning of the stripes ?
They mean your negroes' scars.

LINES ON MY NEW CHILD-SWEETHEART

I HOLD it a religious duty
 To love and worship children's beauty ;
 They 've least the taint of earthly clod,
 They 're freshest from the hand of God ;
 With heavenly looks they make us sure
 The heaven that made them must be pure.
 We love them not in earthly fashion,
 But with a beatific passion.
 I chanced to, yesterday, behold
 A maiden child of beauty's mould ;
 'Twas near, more sacred was the scene,
 The palace of our patriot Queen.
 The little charmer to my view
 Was sculpture brought to life anew.
 Her eyes had a poetic glow,
 Her pouting mouth was Cupid's bow :
 And through her frock I could descry
 Her neck and shoulders' symmetry.
 'Twas obvious from her walk and gait
 Her limbs were beautifully straight ;
 I stopp'd th' enchantress, and was told,
 Though tall, she was but four years old.

Her guide so grave an aspect wore
I could not ask a question more ;
But follow'd her. The little one
Threw backward ever and anon
Her lovely neck, as if to say,
“ I know you love me, Mister Grey ;”
For by its instinct childhood's eye
Is shrewd in physiognomy ;
They will distinguish fawning art
From sterling fondness of the heart.

And so she flirted, like a true
Good woman, till we bade adieu.
'Twas then I with regret grew wild,
Oh, beauteous, interesting child!
Why ask'd I not thy home and name ?
My courage fail'd me—more 's the shame.
But where abides this jewel rare ?
Oh, ye that own her, tell me where !
For sad it makes my heart and sore
To think I ne'er may meet her more.

THE LAUNCH OF A FIRST-RATE.

WRITTEN ON WITNESSING THE SPECTACLE.

ENGLAND hails thee with emotion,
 Mightiest child of naval art,
 Heaven resounds thy welcome ! Ocean
 Takes thee smiling to his heart.

Giant oaks of bold expansion
 O'er seven hundred acres fell,
 All to build thy noble mansion,
 Where our hearts of oak shall dwell.

'Midst those trees the wild deer bounded,
 Ages long ere we were born,
 And our great-grandfathers sounded
 Many a jovial hunting-horn.

Oaks that living did inherit
 Grandeur from our earth and sky,
 Still robust, the native spirit
 In your timbers shall not die.

Ship to shine in martial story,
Thou shalt cleave the ocean's path
Freighted with Britannia's glory
And the thunders of her wrath.

Foes shall crowd their sails and fly thee,
Threat'ning havoc to their deck,
When afar they first descry thee,
Like the coming whirlwind's speck.

Gallant bark! thy pomp and beauty
Storm or battle ne'er shall blast,
Whilst our tars in pride and duty
Nail thy colours to the mast.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE SOMETHING ORIGINAL
FOR HER ALBUM.

AN original something, fair maid, you would win
me
To write—but how shall I begin?
For I fear I have nothing original in me—
Excepting Original Sin.

EPISTLE, FROM ALGIERS,

TO

HORACE SMITH.

DEAR HORACE ! be melted to tears,
 For I'm melting with heat as I rhyme ;
 Though the name of the place is All-jeers,
 'Tis no joke to fall in with its clime.

With a shaver¹ from France who came o'er,
 To an African inn I ascend ;
 I am cast on a barbarous shore,
 Where a barber alone is my friend.

Do you ask me the sights and the news
 Of this wonderful city to sing ?
 Alas ! my hotel has its mews,
 But no muse of the Helicon's spring.

¹ On board the vessel from Marseilles to Algiers I met with a fellow passenger whom I supposed to be a physician from his dress and manners, and the attentions which he paid me to alleviate the sufferings of my sea-sickness. He turned out to be a perruquier and barber in Algeria—but his vocation did not lower him in my estimation—for he continued his attentions until he passed my baggage through the customs, and helped me, when half dead with exhaustion, to the best hotel.

My windows afford me the sight
Of a people all diverse in hue ;
They are black, yellow, olive, and white,
Whilst I in my sorrow look blue.

Here are groups for the painter to take,
Whose figures jocosely combine,—
The Arab disguised in his haik,¹
And the Frenchman disguised in his wine.

In his breeches of petticoat size
You may say, as the Mussulman goes,
That his garb is a fair compromise
'Twixt a kilt and a pair of small-clothes.

The Mooresses, shrouded in white,
Save two holes for their eyes to give room,
Seem like corpses in sport or in spite
That have slyly whipp'd out of their tomb.

The old Jewish dames make me sick :
If I were the devil—I declare
Such hags should not mount a broom-stick
In my service to ride through the air.

But hipp'd and undined as I am,
My hippogriff's course I must rein—
For the pain of my thirst is no sham,
Though I'm bawling aloud for champagne.

¹ A mantle worn by the natives.

Dinner's brought; but their wines have no pith—
They are flat as the statutes at law;
And for all that they bring me, dear Smith!
Would a glass of brown stout they could draw!

O'er each French trashy dish as I bend,
My heart feels a patriot's grief!
And the round tears, O England! descend
When I think on a round of thy beef.

Yes, my soul sentimentally craves
British beer.—Hail, Britannia, hail!
To thy flag on the foam of the waves,
And the foam on thy flagons of ale.

Yet I own, in this hour of my drought,
A dessert has most welcomely come;
Here are peaches that melt in the mouth,
And grapes blue and big as a plum.

There are melons too, luscious and great,
But the slices I eat shall be few,
For from melons incautiously eat
Melancholic effects may ensue.

Horrid pun! you'll exclaim; but be calm,
Though my letter bears date, as you view,
From the land of the date-bearing palm,
I will palm no more puns upon you.

FRAGMENT OF AN ORATORIO,

FROM THE BOOK OF JOB.

HAVING met my illustrious friend the Composer Neukomm, at Algiers, several years ago, I commenced this intended Oratorio at his desire, but he left the place before I proceeded farther in the poem; and it has been thus left unfinished.

CRUSH'D by misfortune's yoke,
Job lamentably spoke—

“My boundless curse be on
The day that I was born;
Quench'd be the star that shone
Upon my natal morn.

In the grave I long
To shroud my breast;
Where the wicked cease to wrong,
And the weary are at rest.”

Then Eliphaz rebuked his wild despair:

“What Heaven ordains, 'tis meet that man
should bear.

Lately, at midnight drear,
A vision shook my bones with fear;
A spirit pass'd before my face,
And yet its form I could not trace;

It stopp'd—it stood—it chill'd my blood.
The hair upon my flesh uprose
With freezing dread !
Deep silence reign'd, and, at its close,
I heard a voice that said—
' Shall mortal man be more pure and just
Than God, who made him from the dust ?
Hast thou not learnt of old, how fleet
Is the triumph of the hypocrite ;
How soon the wreath of joy grows wan
On the brow of the ungodly man ?
By the fire of his conscience he perisheth
In an unblown flame :
The Earth demands his death,
And the Heavens reveal his shame.' ”

JOB.

Is this your consolation ?
Is it thus that ye condole
With the depth of my desolation,
And the anguish of my soul ?
But I will not cease to wail
The bitterness of my bale.—
Man that is born of woman,
Short and evil is his hour ;
He fleeth like a shadow,
He fadeth like a flower.
My days are pass'd—my hope and trust
Is but to moulder in the dust.

CHORUS.

Bow, mortal, bow, before thy God,
Nor murmur at his chastening rod ;
Fragile being of earthly clay,
Think on God's eternal sway !
Hark ! from the whirlwind forth
'Thy Maker speaks—"Thou child of earth,
Where wert thou when I laid
Creation's corner-stone ?
When the sons of God rejoicing made,
And the morning stars together sang and shone ?
Hadst thou power to bid above
Heaven's constellations glow ;
Or shape the forms that live and move
On Nature's face below ?
Hast thou given the horse his strength and pride ?
He paws the valley, with nostril wide,
He smells far off the battle ;
He neighs at the trumpet's sound—
And his speed devours the ground,
As he sweeps to where the quivers rattle,
And the spear and shield shine bright,
'Midst the shouting of the captains
And the thunder of the fight.

TO MY NIECE, MARY CAMPBELL.

[THE following lines were written in Mrs. Alfred Hill's album, in the early part of 1842, about twelve months after her arrival in London from Scotland, and they exhibit the gentle and affectionate feelings which ever marked Campbell's intercourse with those he loved.]

OUR friendship's not a stream to dry,
Or stop with angry jar;
A life-long planet in our sky—
No meteor-shooting star.

Thy playfulness and pleasant ways
Shall cheer my wintry track,
And give my old declining days
A second summer back!

Proud honesty protects our lot,
No dun infests our bowers;
Wealth's golden lamps illumine not
Brows more content than ours.

To think, too, thy remembrance fond
May love me after death,
Gives fancied happiness beyond
My lease of living breath.

Meanwhile thine intellects presage
A life-time rich in truth,
And make me feel th' advance of age
Retarded by thy youth!

Good night! propitious dreams betide
Thy sleep — awaken gay,
And we will make to-morrow glide
As cheerful as to-day!

APPENDIX.

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.

WHEN Scotland's great Regent, our warrior most
dear,

The debt of his nature did pay,
'Twas Edward, the cruel, had reason to fear,
And cause to be struck with dismay.

At the window of Edward the raven did croak,
Though Scotland a widow became ;
Each tie of true honor to Wallace he broke —
The raven croaked " Sorrow and shame ! "

At Elderslie Castle no raven was heard,
But the soothings of honor and truth ;
His spirit inspired the soul of the bard
To comfort the Love of his youth !

They lighted the tapers at dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn ;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,
Her eye was all sleepless and dim !

And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the raven had flapped at her window board,
To tell of her warrior's doom.

Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear !

And call me a widow, this wretched day,
Since the warning of GOD is here.

For a nightmare rests on my strangled sleep;
The lord of my bosom is doomed to die!
His valorous heart they have wounded deep,
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
For Wallace of Elderslie.

Yet knew not his country, that ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin-bell was rung,
That the trumpet of death, on an English tower,
Had the dirge of her champion sung.

When his dungeon-light looked dim and red
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at *his* lowly death-bed—
No weeping was there when his bosom bled,
And his heart was rent in twain.

*When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought field,
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield,
And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield
Was light in his terrible hand.*

Yet, bleeding and bound, though "the Wallace-wight"
For his long-loved country die,
'The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
Than William of Elderslie!

But the day of his triumphs shall never depart;
His head, unentombed, shall with glory be palmed;
From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start;
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalmed!

NOTES.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Page 6, line 25.

*And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore—*

THE following picture of his own distress, given by BYRON in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description in page 5.

After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus:—"A day or two after we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take every thing out of their canoes, and carry them over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward, and then to the northward; here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp, and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal; but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying-place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night, as we had frequently done,

under a tree; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a short grieko (something like a bear-skin), a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trowsers, without shoes or stockings."

Page 7, line 14.

———*a Briton and a friend!*

Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

Page 7, line 30.

Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.

The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representation of the seven planets. Herschel, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

Page 8, line 1.

The Swedish-sage.

Linnaeus.

Page 8, line 26.

Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow.

Loxias is the name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers: it is met with more than once in the Choephoræ of Æschylus.

Page 10, line 1.

*Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.*

See Exodus, chap. xvii. 3, 5, 6.

Page 15, line 19.

Wild Obi flies—

Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Orbiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have, therefore, personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirit of their religious creed by a different appellation.

Page 15, line 24.

———*Sibir's dreary mines.*

Mr. Bell of Antermomy, in his Travels through Siberia, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

Page 16, line 10.

Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature, by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven, for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

Page 22, line 9.

The shrill horn blew;

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

Page 22, line 30.

How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd,

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, a work of elegance and celebrity.

“The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it either by persuasion, or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

“The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very heart of Europe; and, covering many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, directed its baneful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquest opposed by objects which neither the ardour of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope, that by the

destruction of a part the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified, into the profession of Mahomedism. But all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length, being fully convinced that, though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert, any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan."—*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, by Eliza Hamilton.*

Page 23, line 15.

And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape ;

See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from CAMÖENS, by MICKLE.

Page 23, line 30.

While famish'd nations died along the shore :

The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage.

After describing the monopoly of salt, betel-nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus:—"Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk;—they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt—scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied."—*Short History of the English Transactions in the East Indies*, p. 145.

Page 24, line 15.

*Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world ;*

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the Deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. Avatar is the word used to express his descent.

Page 25, line 8.

*Shall Seriswattee wave her hallow'd wand!
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,*

Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the pagan deities Janus and Minerva.

Page 31, line 2.

The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!

Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade.—DRYDEN.

Page 34, line 7.

Thy woes, Arion!

Falconer, in his poem, "The Shipwreck," speaks of himself by the name of Arion.

See Falconer's "Shipwreck," Canto III.

Page 34, line 22.

The robber Moor.

See Schiller's tragedy of the "Robbers," Scene v.

Page 35, line 11.

What millions died—that Cæsar might be great!

The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Cæsar has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

Page 35, line 12.

*Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore;*

"In this extremity," (says the biographer of Charles XII., of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa,) "the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops; for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes."

Page 36, line 7.

For, as Iona's saint,

The natives of the island of Iona have an opinion, that on certain evenings every year the tutelary saint Columba is

seen on the top of the church spires counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

Page 36, line 26.

And part, like Ajut—never to return!

See the history of Ajut and Anningait, in "The Rambler."

THEODRIC.

Page 51, line 3.

That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,

THE sight of the glaciers of Switzerland, I am told, has often disappointed travellers who had perused the accounts of their splendour and sublimity given by Bourrit and other describers of Swiss scenery. Possibly Bourrit, who had spent his life in an enamoured familiarity with the beauties of Nature in Switzerland, may have leaned to the romantic side of description. One can pardon a man for a sort of idolatry of those imposing objects of Nature which heighten our ideas of the bounty of Nature or Providence, when we reflect that the glaciers—those seas of ice—are not only sublime, but useful: they are the inexhaustible reservoirs which supply the principal rivers of Europe; and their annual melting is in proportion to the summer heat which dries up those rivers and makes them need that supply.

That the picturesque grandeur of the glaciers should sometimes disappoint the traveller, will not seem surprising to any one who has been much in a mountainous country, and recollects that the beauty of Nature in such countries is not only variable, but capriciously dependent on the weather and sunshine. There are about four hundred different glaciers,* according to the computation of M. Bourrit, between Mont Blanc and the frontiers of the Tyrol. The full effect of the most lofty and picturesque of them can, of course, only be produced by the richest and warmest lights of the atmosphere; and the very heat which illuminates them must have a changing influence on many of their appearances. I imagine it is owing to this circumstance, namely, the casualty and changeableness of the appearance of some of the glaciers, that the impressions made by them on the minds of other and more transient travellers have been less enchanting than those de-

* Occupying, if taken together, a surface of 130 square leagues.

scribed by M. Bourrit. On one occasion M. Bourrit seems even to speak of a past phenomenon, and certainly one which no other spectator attests in the same terms when he says, that there once existed between the Kandel Steig and Lauterbrun, "a pasage amidst singular glaciers, sometimes resembling magical towns of ice, with pilasters, pyramids, columns, and obelisks reflecting to the sun the most brilliant hues of the finest gems."—M. Bourrit's description of the Glacier of the Rhone is quite enchanting:—"To form an idea," he says, "of this superb spectacle, figure in your mind a scaffolding of transparent ice, filling a space of two miles, rising to the clouds, and darting flashes of light like the sun. Nor were the several parts less magnificent and surprising. One might see as it were, the streets and buildings of a city, erected in the form of an amphitheatre, and embellished with pieces of water, cascades and torrents. The effects were as prodigious as the immensity and the height;—the most beautiful azure—the most splendid white—the regular appearance of a thousand pyramids of ice, are more easy to be imagined than described."—*Bourrit*, iii. 163.

Page 51, line 10.

From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin ;

Laborde, in his "Tableau de la Suisse," gives a curious account of this animal, the wild sharp cry and elastic movements of which must heighten the picturesque appearance of its haunts.—"Nature," says Laborde "has destined it to mountains covered with snow: if it is not exposed to keen cold, it becomes blind. Its agility in leaping much surpasses that of the chamois, and would appear incredible to those who have not seen it. There is not a mountain so high or steep to which it will not trust itself, provided it has room to place its feet; it can scramble along the highest wall, if its surface be rugged."

Page 51, line 17.

—*enamell'd moss.*

The moss of Switzerland, as well as that of the Tyrol, is remarkable for a bright smoothness, approaching to the appearance of enamel.

Page 56, line 4.

How dear seem'd ev'n the waste and wild Shreckhorn,
The Shreckhorn means, in German, the Peak of Terror.

Page 56, line 9.

Blindfold his native hills he could have known!

I have here availed myself of a striking expression of the

Emperor Napoleon respecting his recollections of Corsica, which is recorded in Las Casas's History of the Emperor's Abode at St. Helena.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

Page 83, line 1.

Innisfail, the ancient name of Ireland.

Page 84, line 7.

Kerne, the plural of Kern, an Irish foot-soldier. In this sense the word is used by Shakspeare. Gainsford, in his Glories of England, says, "They (the Irish) are desperate in revenge, and their kerne think no man dead *until his head be off.*"

Page 84, line 26.

Shieling, a rude cabin or hut.

Page 85, line 4.

In Erin's yellow vesture clad,

Yellow, dyed from saffron, was the favourite colour of the ancient Irish. When the Irish chieftains came to make terms with Queen Elizabeth's lord-lieutenant, we are told by Sir John Davis, that they came to court in saffron-coloured uniforms.

Page 85, line 18.

Mórat, a drink made of the juice of mulberry mixed with honey.

Page 86, line 21.

*Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery;*

The pride of the Irish in ancestry was so great, that one of the O'Neals being told that Barret of Castlemone had been there only 400 years, he replied—that he hated the clown as if he had come there but yesterday.

Tara was the place of assemblage and feasting of the petty princes of Ireland. Very splendid and fabulous descriptions are given by the Irish historians of the pomp and luxury of those meetings. The psaltery of Tara was the grand national register of Ireland. The grand epoch of political eminence in the early history of the Irish is the

reign of their great and favourite monarch, Ollam Fodlah, who reigned, according to Keating, about 950 years before the Christian æra. Under him was instituted the great Fes at Tara, which it is pretended was a triennial convention of the states, or a parliament; the members of which were the Druids, and other learned men, who represented the people in that assembly. Very minute accounts are given by Irish annalists of the magnificence and order of these entertainments; from which, if credible, we might collect the earliest traces of heraldry that occur in history. To preserve order and regularity in the great number and variety of the members who met on such occasions, the Irish historians inform us that, when the banquet was ready to be served up, the shield-bearers of the princes, and other members of the convention, delivered in their shields and targets, which were readily distinguished by the coats of arms emblazoned upon them. These were arranged by the grand marshal and principal herald, and hung upon the walls on the right side of the table; and, upon entering the apartments, each member took his seat under his respective shield or target, without the slightest disturbance. The concluding days of the meeting, it is allowed by the Irish antiquaries, were spent in very free excess of conviviality: but the first six, they say were devoted to the examination and settlement of the annals of the kingdom. These were publicly rehearsed. When they had passed the approbation of the assembly, they were transcribed into the authentic chronicles of the nation, which was called the Register, or Psalter, of Tara.

Col. Vallancey gives a translation of an old Irish fragment, found in Trinity-college, Dublin, in which the palace of the above assembly is thus described, as it existed in the reign of Cormac:—

“In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tara was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding rath, seven dice or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments; one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping-rooms for guards, and sixty men in each; the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking horns, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modellers, and nobles.” The Irish description of the banqueting-hall is thus translated: “Twelve stalls or divisions in each wing; sixteen attendants on each side, and two to each table; one hundred guests in all.”

Page 87, line 4.

And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry?

The house of O'Connor had a right to boast of their victories over the English. It was a chief of the O'Connor race

who gave a check to the English champion De Courcy, so famous for his personal strength, and for cleaving a helmet at one blow of his sword, in the presence of the kings of France and England, when the French champion declined the combat with him. Though ultimately conquered by the English under De Bourgo, the O'Connors had also humbled the pride of that name on a memorable occasion: viz., when Walter De Bourgo, an ancestor of that De Bourgo who won the battle of Athunree, had become so insolent as to make excessive demands upon the territories of Connaught, and to bid defiance to all the rights and properties reserved by the Irish chiefs. Eath O'Connor, a near descendant of the famous Cathal, surnamed of the Bloody hand, rose against the usurper, and defeated the English so severely, that their general died of chagrin after the battle.

Page 87, line 7.

Or beal-fires for your jubilee

The month of May is to this day called Mi Beal tiennie, *i. e.*, the month of Beal's fire, in the original language of Ireland, and hence, I believe, the name of the Beltan festival in the Highlands. These fires were lighted on the summits of mountains (the Irish antiquaries say) in honour of the sun; and are supposed, by those conjecturing gentlemen, to prove the origin of the Irish from some nation who worshipped Baal or Belus. Many hills in Ireland still retain the name of Cnoc Greine, *i. e.*, the Hill of the Sun; and on all are to be seen the ruins of druidical altars.

Page 88, line 2.

And play my clarshech by thy side.

The clarshech, or harp, the principal musical instrument of the Hibernian bards, does not appear to be of Irish origin, nor indigenous to any of the British islands.—The Britons undoubtedly were not acquainted with it during the residence of the Romans in their country, as in all their coins, on which musical instruments are represented, we see only the Roman lyre, and not the British teylin, or harp.

Page 88, line 9.

And saw at dawn the lofty bawn

Bawn, from the Teutonic Bawen—to construct and secure with branches of trees, was so called because the primitive Celtic fortifications were made by digging a ditch, throwing up a rampart, and on the latter fixing stakes, which were interlaced with boughs of trees. This word is used by Spen-

ser; but it is inaccurately called by Mr. Todd, his annotator, an eminence.

Page 91, line 13.

To speak the malison of heaven.

If the wrath which I have ascribed to the heroine of this little piece should seem to exhibit her character as too unnaturally stripped of patriotic and domestic affections, I must beg leave to plead the authority of Corneille in the representation of a similar passion: I allude to the denunciation of Camille, in the tragedy of "Horace." When Horace, accompanied by a soldier bearing the three swords of the Curiatii, meets his sister, and invites her to congratulate him on his victory, she expresses only her grief, which he attributes at first only to her feelings for the loss of her two brothers; but when she bursts forth into reproaches against him as the murderer of her lover, the last of the Curiatii, he exclaims:

"O ciel! qui vit jamais une pareille rage!
Crois-tu donc que je sois insensible à l'outrage,
Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel déshonneur?
Aime, aime cette mort qui fait notre bonheur;
Et préfère du moins au souvenir d'un homme
Ce que doit ta naissance aux intérêts de Rome."

At the mention of Rome, Camille breaks out into this apostrophe:

"Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment!
Rome, à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant!
Rome qui t'a vu naître et que ton cœur adore!
Rome enfin que je hais parce qu'elle t'honore!
Puissent tous ses voisins ensemble conjurés
Saper ses fondements encor mal assurés;
Et si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie,
Que l'Orient contre elle à l'Occident s'allie;
Que cent peuples unis des bouts de l'univers
Passent pour la détruire et les monts et les mers;
Qu'elle même sur soi renverse ses murailles,
Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles!
Que le courroux du ciel allumé par mes vœux
Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux!
Puissé-je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,
Voir ses maisons en cendre et tes lauriers en poudre,
Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir!"

Page 91, line 18.

And go to Athunree! (I cried)

In the reign of Edward the Second, the Irish presented to

Pope John the Twenty-second a memorial of their sufferings under the English, of which the language exhibits all the strength of despair. "Ever since the English (say they) first appeared upon our coasts, they entered our territories under a certain specious pretence of charity, and external hypocritical show of religion, endeavouring at the same time, by every artifice malice could suggest, to extirpate us root and branch, and without any other right than that of the strongest; they have so far succeeded by base fraudulence, and cunning, that they have forced us to quit our fair and ample habitations and inheritances, and to take refuge like wild beasts in the mountains, the woods, and the morasses of the country;—nor even can the caverns and dens protect us against their insatiable avarice. They pursue us even into these frightful abodes; endeavouring to dispossess us of the wild uncultivated rocks, and arrogate to themselves the PROPERTY OF EVERY PLACE on which we can stamp the figure of our feet."

The greatest effort ever made by the ancient Irish to regain their native independence, was made at the time when they called over the brother of Robert Bruce from Scotland. William de Bourgo, brother to the Earl of Ulster, and Richard de Bermingham, were sent against the main body of the native insurgents, who were headed rather than commanded by Felim O'Connor. The important battle which decided the subjection of Ireland, took place on the 10th of August, 1315. It was the bloodiest that ever was fought between the two nations, and continued throughout the whole day, from the rising to the setting sun. The Irish fought with inferior discipline, but with great enthusiasm. They lost ten thousand men, among whom were twenty-nine chiefs of Connaught. Tradition states that, after this terrible day, the O'Connor family, like the Fabian, were so nearly exterminated, that throughout all Connaught not one of the name remained, except Felim's brother, who was capable of bearing arms.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

Page 94.

LOCHIEL, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked, the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the

"gentle Lochiel;" for he was famed for his social virtues as much as his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honour overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his Prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale, Lochiel went to meet him, but on his way called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassavern), and told him on what errand he was going; adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassavern advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. "No," said Lochiel, "I think it due to my Prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard."—"Brother," replied Fassavern, "I know you better than you know yourself: if the Prince once sets eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases." The interview accordingly took place; and Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favourable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherents: or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, "that he was determined to put all to the hazard." "In a few days," said he, "I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who my father has often told me was our firmest friend, may stay at home and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince."—"No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power."

The other chieftains who followed Charles embraced his cause with no better hopes. It engages our sympathy most strongly in their behalf, that no motive, but their fear to be reproached with cowardice or disloyalty, impelled them to the hopeless adventure. Of this we have an example in the interview of Prince Charles with Clanronald, another leading chieftain in the rebel army.

"Charles," says Home, "almost reduced to despair, in his discourse with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and, summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their Prince, their countryman, in his utmost need, Clanronald and his friend, though well inclined to the cause, positively refused, and told him that to take

up arms without concert or support was to pull down certain ruin on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued, and implored. During this conversation (they were on shipboard) the parties walked backwards and forwards on the deck; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come off to the ship to inquire for news, not knowing who was aboard. When he gathered, from their discourse, that the stranger was the Prince of Wales; when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their Prince, his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and turning briskly to him called out, 'Will you assist me?'—'I will, I will,' said Ronald: though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!' Charles, with a profusion of thanks to his champion, said, he wished all the Highlanders were like him. Without further deliberation, the two Macdonalds declared that they would also join, and use their utmost endeavours to engage their countrymen to take arms."—*Home's Hist. Rebellion*, p. 40.

Page 94, line 17.

Weep, Albin!

The Gaelic appellation of Scotland, more particularly the Highlands.

Page 96, line 22.

*Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!*

The lines allude to the many hardships of the royal sufferer.

An account of the second sight, in Irish called Taish, is thus given in Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland.

"The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person who sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of any thing else except the vision as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial according to the object which was represented to them.

"At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected and the eyes continue staring until the object vanishes. This is obvious to others who are standing by when the persons happen to see a vision; and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

"There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision the inner part of his eyelids turns so far upwards, that, after the object disappears, he must draw

them down with his fingers, and sometimes employ others to draw them down, which he finds to be much the easier way.

“This faculty of the second sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some have imagined; for I know several parents who are endowed with it, and their children are not; and *vice versâ*. Neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And after strict inquiry, I could never learn from any among them, that this faculty was communicable to any whatsoever. The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision before it appears: and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstances is by observation; for several persons of judgment who are without this faculty are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

“If an object is seen early in a morning, which is not frequent, it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards; if at noon, it will probably be accomplished that very day; if in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night; the latter always an accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of the night the vision is seen.

“When a shroud is seen about one, it is a sure prognostic of death. The time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is not seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer: and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the person of whom the observations were then made was in perfect health.

“It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees in places void of all these, and this in process of time is wont to be accomplished: as at Mogslot, in the Isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry low houses, thatched with straw; yet in a few years the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished by the building of several good houses in the very spot represented to the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

“To see a spark of fire is a forerunner of a dead child, to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several instances. To see a seat empty at the time of sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death quickly after it.

“When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

“Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people

having a corpse, which they carry along with them ; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the vision that appeared. If there be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers ; but they know nothing concerning the corpse."

Horses and cows (according to the same credulous author) have certainly sometimes the same faculty ; and he endeavours to prove it by the signs of fear which the animals exhibit, when second-sighted persons see visions in the same place.

"The seers (he continues) are generally illiterate and well-meaning people, and altogether void of design : nor could I ever learn that any of them ever made the least gain by it ; neither is it reputable among them to have that faculty. Besides, the people of the Isles are not so credulous as to believe implicitly before the thing predicted is accomplished ; but when it is actually accomplished afterwards, it is not in their power to deny it, without offering violence to their own sense and reason. Besides, if the seers were deceivers, can it be reasonable to imagine that all the islanders who have not the second sight should combine together, and offer violence to their understandings and senses, to enforce themselves to believe a lie from age to age ? There are several persons among them whose title and education raise them above the suspicion of concurring with an impostor merely to gratify an illiterate contemptible set of persons ; nor can reasonable persons believe that children, horses, and cows, should be preëngaged in a combination in favour of the second sight." *Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 3. 11.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

Page 142, line 6.

From merry mock bird's song,——

THE mocking-bird is of the form of, but larger than, the thrush ; and the colours are a mixture of black, white, and gray. What is said of the nightingale by its greatest admirers is what may with more propriety apply to this bird, who, in a natural state, sings with very superior taste. Towards evening I have heard one begin softly, reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which, by this means, had a most astonishing effect. A gentleman in London had one of these birds for six years. During the space of a minute

he was heard to imitate the woodlark, chaffinch, blackbird, thrush, and sparrow. In this country (America) I have frequently known the mocking-birds so engaged in this mimicry, that it was with much difficulty I could ever obtain an opportunity of hearing their own natural note. Some go so far as to say, that they have neither peculiar notes, nor favourite imitations. This may be denied. Their few natural notes resemble those of the (European) nightingale. Their song, however, has a greater compass and volume than the nightingale's, and they have the faculty of varying all intermediate notes in a manner which is truly delightful.—*Ashe's Travels in America*, vol. ii. p. 73.

Page 143, line 5.

And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar!

The Corybrechtan, or Corbrechtan, is a whirlpool on the western coast of Scotland, near the island of Jura, which is heard at a prodigious distance. Its name signifies the whirlpool of the Prince of Denmark; and there is a tradition that a Danish prince once undertook, for a wager, to cast anchor in it. He is said to have used woollen instead of hempen ropes, for greater strength, but perished in the attempt. On the shores of Argyleshire, I have often listened with great delight to the sound of this vortex, at the distance of many leagues. When the weather is calm, and the adjacent sea scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, its sound, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent and fine effect.

Page 146, line 4.

Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament;

In the Indian tribes there is a great similarity in their colour, stature, &c. They are all, except the Snake Indians, tall in stature, straight, and robust. It is very seldom they are deformed, which has given rise to the supposition that they put to death their deformed children. Their skin is of a copper colour; their eyes large, bright, black, and sparkling, indicative of a subtle and discerning mind: their hair is of the same colour, and prone to be long, seldom or never curled. Their teeth are large and white; I never observed any decayed among them, which makes their breath as sweet as the air they inhale.—*Travels through America by Captains Lewis and Clarke*, in 1804-5-6.

Page 146, line 16.

"Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve;

The Indians of North America accompany every formal ad

dress to strangers, with whom they form or recognize a treaty of amity, with a present of a string, or belt, of wampum. Wampum (says Cadwallader Colden) is made of the large whelk shell, *buccinum*, and shaped like long beads : it is the current money of the Indians.—*History of the Five Indian Nations*, p. 34. *New York edition*.

Page 146, line 17.

The paths of peace my steps have hither led :

In relating an interview of Mohawk Indians with the Governor of New York, Colden quotes the following passage as a specimen of their metaphorical manner : “ Where shall I seek the chair of peace ? Where shall I find it but upon our path ? and whither doth our path lead us but unto this house ? ”

Page 146, line 22.

Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace :

When they solicit the alliance, offensive or defensive, of a whole nation, they send an embassy with a large belt of wampum and a bloody hatchet, inviting them to come and drink the blood of their enemies. The wampum made use of on these and other occasions, before their acquaintance with the Europeans, was nothing but small shells which they picked up by the sea-coasts, and on the banks of the lakes ; and now it is nothing but a kind of cylindrical beads, made of shells, white and black, which are esteemed among them as silver and gold are among us. The black they call the most valuable, and both together are their greatest riches and ornaments ; these among them answering all the end that money does amongst us. They have the art of stringing, twisting, and interweaving them into their belts, collars, blankets, and mocasins, &c., in ten thousand different sizes, forms, and figures, so as to be ornaments for every part of dress, and expressive to them of all their important transactions. They dye the wampum of various colours and shades, and mix and dispose them with great ingenuity and order, and so as to be significant among themselves of almost every thing they please ; so that by these their words are kept, and their thoughts communicated to one another, as ours are by writing. The belts that pass from one nation to another in all treaties, declarations, and important transactions, are very carefully preserved in the cabins of their chiefs, and serve not only as a kind of record or history, but as a public treasure.—*Major Rogers's Account of North America*.

Page 147, line 20.

As when the evil Manitou——

It is certain the Indians acknowledge one Supreme Being, or Giver of Life, who presides over all things ; that is, the Great Spirit, and they look up to him as the source of good, from whence no evil can proceed. They also believe in a bad Spirit, to whom they ascribe great power ; and suppose that through his power all the evils which befall mankind are inflicted. To him, therefore, they pray in their distresses, begging that he would either avert their troubles, or moderate them when they are no longer avoidable.

They hold also that there are good Spirits of a lower degree, who have their particular departments, in which they are constantly contributing to the happiness of mortals. These they suppose to preside over all the extraordinary productions of Nature, such as those lakes, rivers, and mountains that are of an uncommon magnitude ; and likewise the beasts, birds, fishes, and even vegetables or stones, that exceed the rest of their species in size or singularity.—*Clarke's Travels among the Indians.*

The Supreme Spirit of Good is called by the Indians, Kitchi Manitou ; and the Spirit of Evil, Matchi Manitou.

Page 148, line 12.

Of fever-balm and sweet sagamité :

The fever-balm is a medicine used by these tribes ; it is a decoction of a bush called the Fever Tree. Sagamité is a kind of soup administered to their sick.

Page 148, line 21.

*And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rush'd
With this lorn dove.*

The testimony of all travellers among the American Indians who mention their hieroglyphics, authorizes me in putting this figurative language in the mouth of Outalissi. The dove is among them, as elsewhere, an emblem of meekness ; and the eagle, that of a bold, noble, and liberal mind. When the Indians speak of a warrior who soars above the multitude in person and endowments, they say, "he is like the eagle, who destroys his enemies, and gives protection and abundance to the weak of his own tribe."

Page 149, last line.

Far differently, the mute Oneyda took, &c.

They are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every

word and action ; nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath, but that inveteracy to their enemies which is rooted in every Indian's breast. In all other instances they are cool and deliberate, taking care to suppress the emotions of the heart. If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy, he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms as though he were in fear, but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that day, and having his answer, with the same indifference tells him that he has been informed that a noxious beast lies on the route he is going. This hint proves sufficient, and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to show the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with ; but on being invited in, sits contentedly down, and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed and he was perfectly at ease. He does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe, as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

If you tell an Indian that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion ; his answer generally is,—“They have done well,” and he makes but very little inquiry about the matter ; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain or taken prisoners, he makes no complaints ; he only replies, “It is unfortunate :” and for some time asks no questions about how it happened. *Lewis and Clarke's Travels.*

Page 150, line 1.

His calumet of peace, &c.

Nor is the calumet of less importance or less revered than the wampum in many transactions relative both to peace and war. The bowl of this pipe is made of a kind of soft red stone, which is easily wrought and hollowed out ; the stem is of cane, alder, or some kind of light wood, painted with different colours, and decorated with the heads, tails, and feathers of the most beautiful birds. The use of the calumet is to smoke either tobacco or some bark, leaf, or herb, which they often use instead of it, when they enter into an alliance on any serious occasion, or solemn engagements ; this being among them the most sacred oath that can be taken, the vio-

lation of which is esteemed most infamous, and deserving of severe punishment from Heaven. When they treat of war, the whole pipe and all its ornaments are red: sometimes it is red only on one side, and by the disposition of the feathers &c. one acquainted with their customs will know at first sight what the nation who presents it intends or desires. Smoking the calumet is also a religious ceremony on some occasions, and in all treaties is considered as a witness between the parties, or rather as an instrument by which they invoke the sun and moon to witness their sincerity, and to be as it were a guaranty of the treaty between them. This custom of the Indians, though to appearance somewhat ridiculous, is not without its reasons; for as they find that smoking tends to disperse the vapours of the brain, to raise the spirits, and to qualify them for thinking and judging properly, they introduce it into their councils, where, after their resolves, the pipe was considered as a seal of their decrees, and as a pledge of their performance thereof, it was sent to those they were consulting, in alliance or treaty with;—so that smoking among them at the same pipe, is equivalent to our drinking together and out of the same cup. *Major Rogers's Account of North America*, 1766.

The lighted calumet is also used among them for a purpose still more interesting than the expression of social friendship. The austere manners of the Indians forbid any appearance of gallantry between the sexes in the daytime; but at night the young lover goes a-calumeting, as his courtship is called. As these people live in a state of equality, and without fear of internal violence or theft in their own tribes, they leave their doors open by night as well as by day. The lover takes advantage of this liberty, lights his calumet, enters the cabin of his mistress, and gently presents it to her. If she extinguish it, she admits his addresses; but if she suffer it to burn unnoticed, he retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart *Ashe's Travels*.

Page 150, line 4.

Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier

An Indian child, as soon as he is born, is swathed with clothes, or skins; and being laid on his back, is bound down on a piece of thick board, spread over with soft moss. The board is somewhat larger and broader than the child, and bent pieces of wood, like pieces of hoops, are placed over its face to protect it, so that if the machine were suffered to fall, the child probably would not be injured. When the women have any business to transact at home, they hang the boards on a tree, if there be one at hand, and set them a-swinging from side to side, like a pendulum, in order to exercise the children. *Weld*, vol. ii., p. 246.

Page 150, line 5.

*The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook
Impassive——*

Of the active as well as passive fortitude of the Indian character, the following is an instance related by Adair, in his Travels:—

A party of the Senekah Indians came to war against the Katahba, bitter enemies to each other. In the woods the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter, hunting in their usual light dress: on his perceiving them, he sprang off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun, as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph; but though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during their long journey, with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children, when they met him at their several towns, beat him and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice, and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery torture. It might reasonably be imagined that what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather, with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such punishment on his entering into their hostile towns, as a prelude to those sharp torments for which he was destined, would have so impaired his health and affected his imagination, as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings. Probably this would have been the case with the major part of the white people under similar circumstances; but I never knew this with any of the Indians; and this cool-headed, brave warrior did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies:—for when they were taking him, unopinioned, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprang off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath, till he reached the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank, but though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running, very like bloodhounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not

allow him to leave them abruptly, without taking leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favours they had done, and intended to do him. After slapping a part of his body in defiance to them (continues the author), he put up the shrill war-whoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered, and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies. He continued his speed so as to run by about midnight of the same day as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching. There he rested till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him:—he lay hid a little way off their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn, and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him;—but there was now every thing to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honour and sweet revenge, by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly crept, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot,—clothed himself, took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provisions as he could well carry in a running march. He set off afresh with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, only when he reclined, as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy, he made directly to the very place where he had killed seven of his enemies, and was taken by them for the fiery torture. He digged them up, burnt their bodies to ashes, and went home in safety with singular triumph. Other pursuing enemies came, on the evening of the second day, to the camp of their dead people, when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before. In their chilled war-council they concluded, that as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he was captivated, and since that in his naked condition, and now was well-armed, if they continued the pursuit he would spoil them all, for he surely was an enemy wizard,—and therefore they returned home.—*Adair's General Observations on the American Indians*, p. 394.

It is surprising (says the same author) to see the long-continued speed of the Indians. Though some of us have often run the swiftest of them out of sight for about the distance of twelve miles, yet afterwards, without any seeming toil, they would stretch on, leave us out of sight, and outwind any horse.—*Ibid.* p. 318.

If an Indian were driven out into the extensive woods, with only a knife and a tomahawk, or a small hatchet, it is not to be doubted but he would fatten even where a wolf would starve. He would soon collect fire by rubbing two dry pieces

of wood together, make a bark hut, earthen vessels, and a bow and arrows; then kill wild game, fish, fresh-water tortoises, gather a plentiful variety of vegetables, and live in affluence.—*Ibid.* p. 410.

Page 150, line 3.

Mocasins are a sort of Indian buskins.

Page 150, line 14.

*"Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,*

There is nothing (says Charlevoix) in which these barbarians carry their superstitions farther than in what regards dreams; but they vary greatly in their manner of explaining themselves on this point. Sometimes it is the reasonable soul which ranges abroad, while the sensitive continues to animate the body. Sometimes it is the familiar genius who gives salutary counsel with respect to what is going to happen. Sometimes it is a visit made by the soul of the object of which he dreams. But in whatever manner the dream is conceived, it is always looked upon as a thing sacred, and as the most ordinary way in which the gods make known their will to men. Filled with this idea, they cannot conceive how we should pay no regard to them. For the most part they look upon them either as a desire of the soul, inspired by some genius, or an order from him, and in consequence of this principle they hold it a religious duty to obey them. An Indian having dreamt of having a finger cut off, had it really cut off as soon as he awoke, having first prepared himself for this important action by a feast. Another having dreamt of being a prisoner, and in the hands of his enemies, was much at a loss what to do. He consulted the jugglers, and by their advice caused himself to be tied to a post, and burnt in several parts of the body.—*Charlevoix, Journal of a Voyage to North America.*

Page 150, last line.

From a flower shaped like a horn, which Chateaubriand presumes to be of the lotus kind, the Indians in their travels through the desert often find a draught of dew purer than any other water.

Page 151, line 11.

The crocodile, the condor of the rock,

The alligator, or American crocodile, when full grown (says Bertram,) is a very large and terrible creature, and of prodigious strength, activity, and swiftness in the water. I have

seen them twenty feet in length, and some are supposed to be twenty-two or twenty-three feet in length. Their body is as large as that of a horse, their shape usually resembles that of a lizard, which is flat, or cuneiform, being compressed on each side, and gradually diminishing from the abdomen to the extremity, which, with the whole body, is covered with horny plates, or squamæ, impenetrable when on the body of the live animal, even to a rifle ball, except about their head, and just behind their fore-legs or arms, where, it is said, they are only vulnerable. The head of a full-grown one is about three feet, and the mouth opens nearly the same length. Their eyes are small in proportion, and seem sunk in the head, by means of the prominency of the brows; the nostrils are large, inflated, and prominent on the top, so that the head on the water resembles, at a distance, a great chunk of wood floating about: only the upper jaw moves, which they raise almost perpendicular, so as to form a right angle with the lower one. In the forepart of the upper jaw, on each side, just under the nostrils, are two very large, thick, strong teeth, or tusks, not very sharp, but rather the shape of a cone: these are as white as the finest polished ivory, and are not covered by any skin or lips, but always in sight, which gives the creature a frightful appearance: in the lower jaw are holes opposite to these teeth to receive them; when they clap their jaws together, it causes a surprising noise, like that which is made by forcing a heavy plank with violence upon the ground, and may be heard at a great distance. But what is yet more surprising to a stranger, is the incredibly loud and terrifying roar which they are capable of making, especially in breeding-time. It most resembles very heavy distant thunder, not only shaking the air and waters, but causing the earth to tremble; and when hundreds are roaring at the same time, you can scarcely be persuaded but that the whole globe is violently and dangerously agitated. An old champion, who is, perhaps, absolute sovereign of a little lake or lagoon, (when fifty less than himself are obliged to content themselves with swelling and roaring in little coves round about,) darts forth from the reedy coverts, all at once, on the surface of the waters in a right line, at first seemingly as rapid as lightning, but gradually more slowly, until he arrives at the centre of the lake, where he stops. He now swells himself by drawing in wind and water through his mouth, which causes a loud sonorous rattling in the throat for near a minute; but it is immediately forced out again through his mouth and nostrils with a loud noise, brandishing his tail in the air, and the vapour running from his nostrils like smoke. At other times, when swoln to an extent ready to burst, his head and tail lifted up, he spins or twirls round on the surface of the water. He acts his part like an Indian chief, when rehearsing his feats of war.—*Bertram's Travels in North America.*

Page 151, line 13.

Then forth uprose that lone way faring man;

They discover an amazing sagacity, and acquire, with the greatest readiness, any thing that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience, and an acute observation, they attain many perfections to which the Amerians are strangers. For instance, they will cross a forest or a plain, which is two hundred miles in breadth, so as to reach with great exactness the point at which they intend to arrive, keeping, during the whole of that space, in a direct line, without any material deviations; and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy. With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted by clouds or fogs. Besides this, they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass; and on this account it is with great difficulty they escape discovery. They are indebted for these talents not only to nature, but to an extraordinary command of the intellectual qualities, which can only be acquired by an unremitted attention, and by long experience. They are, in general, very happy in a retentive memory. They can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in councils, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of the treaties they have concluded with the neighbouring tribes for ages back, to which they will appeal and refer with as much perspicuity and readiness as Europeans can to their written records.

The Indians are totally unskilled in geography, as well as all the other sciences, and yet they draw on their birch-bark very exact charts or maps of the countries they are acquainted with. The latitude and longitude only are wanting to make them tolerably complete.

Their sole knowledge in astronomy consists in being able to point out the polar star, by which they regulate their course when they travel in the night.

They reckon the distance of places not by miles or leagues, but by a day's journey, which, according to the best calculation I could make, appears to be about twenty English miles. These they also divide into halves and quarters, and will demonstrate them in their maps with great exactness by the hieroglyphics just mentioned, when they regulate in council their war-parties, or their most distant hunting excursions.—*Lewis and Clarke's Travels.*

Some of the French missionaries have supposed that the Indians are guided by instinct, and have pretended that Indian children can find their way through a forest as easily as a person of maturer years; but this is a most absurd

notion. It is unquestionably by a close attention to the growth of the trees, and position of the sun, that they find their way. On the northern side of a tree there is generally the most moss: and the bark on that side, in general, differs from that on the opposite one. The branches toward the south are, for the most part, more luxuriant than those on the other sides of trees, and several other distinctions also subsist between the northern and southern sides, conspicuous to Indians, being taught from their infancy to attend to them, which a common observer would, perhaps, never notice. Being accustomed from their infancy likewise to pay great attention to the position of the sun, they learn to make the most accurate allowance for its apparent motion from one part of the heavens to another: and in every part of the day they will point to the part of the heavens where it is, although the sky be obscured by clouds or mists.

An instance of their dexterity in finding their way through an unknown country came under my observation when I was at Staunton, situated behind the Blue Mountains, Virginia. A number of the Creek nation had arrived at that town on their way to Philadelphia, whither they were going upon some affairs of importance, and had stopped there for the night. In the morning, some circumstance or other, which could not be learned, induced one half of the Indians to set off without their companions, who did not follow until some hours afterwards. When these last were ready to pursue their journey, several of the towns-people mounted their horses to escort them part of the way. They proceeded along the high road for some miles, but, all at once, hastily turning aside into the woods, though there was no path, the Indians advanced confidently forward. The people who accompanied them, surprised at this movement, informed them that they were quitting the road to Philadelphia, and expressed their fear lest they should miss their companions who had gone on before. They answered that they knew better, that the way through the woods was the shortest to Philadelphia, and that they knew very well that their companions had entered the wood at the very place where they did. Curiosity led some of the horsemen to go on; and to their astonishment, for there was apparently no track, they overtook the other Indians in the thickest part of the wood. But what appeared most singular was, that the route which they took was found, on examining a map, to be as direct for Philadelphia as if they had taken the bearings by a mariner's compass. From others of their nation, who had been at Philadelphia at a former period, they had probably learned the exact direction of that city from their villages, and had never lost sight of it, although they had already travelled three hundred miles through the woods, and had upwards of four hundred miles more to go before they could reach the

place of their destination. Of the exactness with which they can find out a strange place to which they have been once directed by their own people, a striking example is furnished I think, by Mr. Jefferson, in his account of the Indian graves in Virginia. These graves are nothing more than large mounds of earth in the woods, which, on being opened, are found to contain skeletons in an erect posture: the Indian mode of sepulture has been too often described to remain unknown to you. But to come to my story. A party of Indians that were passing on to some of the seaports on the Atlantic, just as the Creeks above mentioned were going to Philadelphia, were observed, all on a sudden, to quit the straight road by which they were proceeding, and without asking any questions to strike through the woods, in a direct line, to one of these graves, which lay at the distance of some miles from the road. Now very near a century must have passed over since the part of Virginia in which this grave was situated had been inhabited by Indians, and these Indian travellers, who were to visit it by themselves, had unquestionably never been in that part of the country before: they must have found their way to it simply from the description of its situation, that had been handed down to them by tradition.—*Weld's Travels in North America*, vol. ii.

Page 156, line 12.

Their fathers' dust—

It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors in the cultivated parts of America, who have been buried for upwards of a century.

Page 159, line 8.

Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,

The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, however strong to support the passengers, are yet waved in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and picturesque scenery.

Page 169, line 17.

The Mammoth comes,—

That I am justified in making the Indian chief allude to the mammoth as an emblem of terror and destruction, will be seen by the authority quoted below. Speaking of the mammoth or big buffalo, Mr. Jefferson states, that a tradition is preserved among the Indians of that animal still existing in the northern parts of America.

"A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia during the revolution, on matters of business, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and, among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Salt-licks, on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big-bone-licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the Great Man above looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain, on a rock on which his seat and the prints of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them, till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but missing one at length it wounded him in the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."—*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia*.

Page 169, line 25.

*Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth :*

I took the character of Brandt, in the poem of Gertrude, from the common Histories of England, all of which represented him as a bloody and bad man, (even among savages,) and chief agent in the horrible desolation of Wyoming. Some years after this poem appeared, the son of Brandt, a most interesting and intelligent youth, came over to England, and I formed an acquaintance with him, on which I still look back with pleasure. He appealed to my sense of honour and justice, on his own part and on that of his sister, to retract the unfair aspersions which, unconscious of their unfairness, I had cast on his father's memory.

He then referred me to documents, which completely satisfied me that the common accounts of Brandt's cruelties at Wyoming, which I had found in books of Travels and in Adolphus's, and similar Histories of England, were gross errors, and that in point of fact Brandt was not even present at that scene of desolation.

It is, unhappily, to Britons and Anglo-Americans that we must refer the chief blame in this horrible business. I published a letter expressing this belief in the *New Monthly Maga-*

zine, in the year 1822, to which I must refer the reader—if he has any curiosity on the subject—for an antidote to my fanciful description of Brandt. Among other expressions to young Brandt, I made use of the following words:—"Had I learnt all this of your father when I was writing my poem, he should not have figured in it as the hero of mischief." It was but bare justice to say thus much of a Mohawk Indian, who spoke English eloquently, and was thought capable of having written a history of the Six Nations. I ascertained, also, that he often strove to mitigate the cruelty of Indian warfare. The name of Brandt, therefore, remains in my poem a pure and declared character of fiction.

Page 170, line 7.

*To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!*

Every one who recollects the specimen of Indian eloquence given in the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to the governor of Virginia, will perceive that I have attempted to paraphrase its concluding and most striking expression:—"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature." The similar salutation of the fictitious personage in my story, and the real Indian orator, makes it surely allowable to borrow such an expression; and if it appears, as it cannot but appear, to less advantage than in the original, I beg the reader to reflect how difficult it is to transpose such exquisitely simple words, without sacrificing a portion of their effect.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawanee tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary manner. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party and proceeded down the Kanaway in quest of vengeance; unfortunately, a canoe with women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore unarmed, and unsuspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend to the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance; he accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the great Kanaway, in which the collected forces of the Shawanees, Mingoes, and Delawares, were defeated by a

detachment of the Virginian militia. The Indians sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants; but lest the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed, from which so distinguished a chief abstracted himself, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore:—

“I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, Logan is the friend of the white men. I have even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, murdered all the relations of Logan, even my women and children.

“There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature:—this called on me for revenge. I have fought for it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace;—but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? not one!”—*Jefferson’s Notes on Virginia.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Page 194, line 4.

The dark-attired Culdee,

THE Culdees were the primitive clergy of Scotland, and apparently her only clergy from the sixth to the eleventh century. They were of Irish origin, and their monastery on the Island of Iona, or Icolmkill, was the seminary of Christianity in North Britain. Presbyterian writers have wished to prove them to have been a sort of Presbyters, strangers to the Roman Church and Episcopacy. It seems to be established that they were not enemies to Episcopacy;—but that they were not slavishly subjected to Rome, like the clergy of later periods, appears by their resisting the Papal ordinances respecting the celibacy of religious men, on which account they were ultimately displaced by the Scottish sovereigns to make way for more Popish canons.

Page 197, line 15.

And the shield of alarm was dumb.

Striking the shield was an ancient mode of convocation to war among the Gaël.

Page 204.

The tradition which forms the substance of these stanzas is still preserved in Germany. An ancient tower on a height, called the Rolandseck, a few miles above Bonn on the Rhine, is shown as the habitation which Roland built in sight of a nunnery, into which his mistress had retired, on having heard an unfounded account of his death. Whatever may be thought of the credibility of the legend, its scenery must be recollected with pleasure by every one who has visited the romantic landscape of the Drachenfels, the Rolandseck, and the beautiful adjacent islet of the Rhine, where a nunnery still stands.

Page 212, line 14.

That erst the advent'rous Norman wore,

A Norman leader, in the service of the King of Scotland, married the heiress of Lochow, in the twelfth century, and from him the Campbells are sprung.

Page 247, line 11.

Whose lineage, in a raptured hour,

Alluding to the well-known tradition respecting the origin of painting, that it arose from a young Corinthian female tracing the shadow of her lover's profile on the wall as he lay asleep.

Page 260, line 18.

Where the Norman encamp'd him of old,

What is called the East Hill, at Hastings, is crowned with the works of an ancient camp; and it is more than probable it was the spot which William I. occupied between his landing and the battle which gave him England's crown. It is a strong position; the works are easily traced.

Page 264, line 29.

France turns from her abandon'd friends afresh,

The fact ought to be universally known, that France is at this moment indebted to Poland for not being invaded by Russia. When the Grand Duke Constantine fled from Warsaw, he left papers behind him proving that the Russians,

after the Parisian events in July, meant to have marched towards Paris, if the Polish insurrection had not prevented them

Page 276, line 8.

Thee, Niemcewicz,——

This venerable man, the most popular and influential of Polish poets, and president of the academy in Warsaw, was in London when this poem was written: he was then seventy-four years old; but his noble spirit is rather mellowed than decayed by age. He was the friend of Fox, Kosciuszko, and Washington. Rich in anecdote like Franklin, he has also a striking resemblance to him in countenance.

Page 277, line 14.

Nor church-bell——

In Catholic countries you often hear the church-bells rung to propitiate Heaven during thunder-storms.

Page 291, line 14.

Regret the lark that gladdens England's morn,

Mr. P. Cunningham, in his interesting work on New South Wales, gives the following account of its song-birds:—"We are not moved here with the deep mellow note of the black-bird, poured out from beneath some low stunted bush, nor thrilled with the wild warblings of the thrush perched on the top of some tall sapling, nor charmed with the blithe carol of the lark as we proceed early a-field; none of our birds rivalling those divine songsters in realizing the poetical idea of '*the music of the grove*:' while '*parrots' chattering*' must supply the place of '*nightingales' singing*' in the future amorous lays of our sighing Celadons. We have our lark, certainly; but both his appearance and note are a most wretched parody upon the bird about which our English Poets have made so many fine similes. He will mount from the ground and rise, fluttering upwards in the same manner, and with a few of the starting notes of the English lark; but, on reaching the height of thirty feet or so, down he drops suddenly and mutely, diving into concealment among the long grass, as if ashamed of his pitiful attempt. For the pert frisky robin, pecking and pattering against the windows in the dull days of winter, we have the lively '*superb warbler*,' with his blue shining plumage and his long tapering tail, picking up the crumbs at our doors; while the pretty red-bills, of the size and form of the goldfinch, constitute the sparrow of our clime, flying in flocks about our houses, and building their soft

downy pigmy nests in the orange, peach, and lemon-trees surrounding them."—*Cunningham's Two Years in New South Wales*, vol. ii. p. 216.

Page 304, line 6.

Oh, feeble statesmen—ignominious times,

There is not upon record a more disgusting scene of Russian hypocrisy, and (woe that it must be written!) of British humiliation, than that which passed on board the *Talavera*, when British sailors accepted money from the Emperor Nicholas, and gave him cheers. It will require the *Talavera* to fight well with the first Russian ship that she may have to encounter, to make us forget that day.

Page 316, line 23.

A palsy-stroke of Nature shook Oran,

In the year 1790, Oran, the most western city in the Algerine Regency, which had been possessed by Spain for more than a hundred years, and fortified at an immense expense, was destroyed by an earthquake; six thousand of its inhabitants were buried under the ruins.

THE PILGRIM OF GLENCOE.

Page 326, line 6.

The vale, by eagle-haunted cliffs o'erhung,

THE valley of Glencoe, unparalleled in its scenery for gloomy grandeur, is to this day frequented by eagles. When I visited the spot within a year ago, I saw several perch at a distance. Only one of them came so near me that I did not wish him any nearer. He favoured me with a full and continued view of his noble person, and with the exception of the African eagle which I saw wheeling and hovering over a corps of the French army that were marching from Oran, and who seemed to linger over them with delight at the sound of their trumpets, as if they were about to restore his image to the Gallic standard—I never saw a prouder bird than this black eagle of Glencoe.

I was unable, from a hurt in my foot, to leave the carriage; but the guide informed me that, if I could go nearer the sides of the glen, I should see the traces of houses and gardens once belonging to the unfortunate inhabitants. As it was, I

never saw a spot where I could less suppose human beings to have ever dwelt. I asked the guide how these eagles subsisted; he replied, "on the lambs and the fawns of Lord Breadalbane."—"Lambs and fawns!" I said; "and how do *they* subsist, for I cannot see verdure enough to graze a rabbit? I suspect," I added, "that these birds make the cliffs only their country-houses, and that they go down to the Lowlands to find their provender."—"Ay, ay," replied the Highlander, "it is very possible, for the eagle can gang far for his breakfast."

Page 332, line 21.

Witch-legends Ronald scorn'd—ghost, kelpie, wraith,

"The most dangerous and malignant creature of Highland superstition was the kelpie, or water-horse, which was supposed to allure women and children to his subaqueous haunts, and there devour them; sometimes he would swell the lake or torrent beyond its usual limits, and overwhelm the unguarded traveller in the flood. The shepherd, as he sat on the brow of a rock on a summer's evening, often fancied he saw this animal dashing along the surface of the lake, or browsing on the pasture-ground upon its verge."—*Brown's History of the Highland Clans*, vol. i. 106.

In Scotland, according to Dr. John Brown, it is yet a superstitious principle that the *wraith*, the omen or messenger of death, appears in the resemblance of one in danger, immediately preceding dissolution. This ominous form, purely of a spiritual nature, seems to testify that the exaction (extinction) of life approaches. It was wont to be exhibited, also, as "*a little rough dog*," when it could be pacified by the death of any other being "if crossed, and conjured in time."—*Brown's Superstitions of the Highlands*, p. 182.

It happened to me, early in life, to meet with an amusing instance of Highland superstition with regard to myself. I lived in a family of the Island of Mull, and a mile or two from their house there was a burial-ground without any church attached to it, on the lonely moor. The cemetery was enclosed and guarded by an iron railing, so high, that it was thought to be unscaleable. I was, however, commencing the study of botany at the time, and thinking there might be some nice flowers and curious epitaphs among the grave-stones, I contrived, by help of my handkerchief, to scale the railing, and was soon scampering over the tombs; some of the natives chanced to perceive me, not in the act of climbing over to—but skipping over, the burial-ground. In a day or two I observed the family looking on me with unaccountable, though not angry seriousness: at last the good old grandmother told me, with tears in her eyes, "that I could not live long, for that my wraith had been seen."—"And,

pray, where?"—"Leaping over the stones of the burial-ground." The old lady was much relieved to hear that it was not my wraith, but myself.

Akin to other Highland superstitions, but differing from them in many essential respects, is the belief—for superstition it cannot well be called (quoth the wise author I am quoting)—in the second-sight, by which, as Dr. Johnson observes, "seems to be meant a mode of seeing superadded to that which Nature generally bestows; and consists of an impression made either by the mind upon the eye—or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant or future are perceived and seen, as if they were present. This deceptive faculty is called *Traioshe* in the Gaelic, which signifies a spectre or vision, and is neither voluntary nor constant: but consists in seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of any thing else except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them."

There are now few persons, if any (continues Dr. Brown,) who pretend to this faculty, and the belief in it is almost generally exploded. Yet it cannot be denied that apparent proofs of its existence have been adduced, which have staggered minds not prone to superstition. When the connection between cause and effect can be recognized, things which would otherwise have appeared wonderful, and almost incredible, are viewed as ordinary occurrences. The impossibility of accounting for such an extraordinary phenomenon as the alleged faculty on philosophical principles, or from the laws of nature, must ever leave the matter suspended between rational doubt and confirmed scepticism. "Strong reasons for incredulity," says Dr. Johnson, "will readily occur." This faculty of seeing things out of sight is local, and commonly useless. It is a breach of the common order of things, without any visible reason or perceptible benefit. It is ascribed only to a people very little enlightened, and among them, for the most part, to the mean and ignorant.

In the whole history of Highland superstitions, there is not a more curious fact than that Dr. James Brown, a gentleman of the Edinburgh bar, in the nineteenth century, should show himself a more abject believer in the truth of second-sight than Dr. Samuel Johnson, of London, in the eighteenth century.

Page 334, line 12.

The pit or gallows would have cured my grief.

Until the year 1747, the Highland Lairds had the right of punishing serfs even capitally, in so far as they often hanged,

or imprisoned them in a pit or dungeon, where they were starved to death. But the law of 1746, for disarming the Highlanders and restraining the use of the Highland garb, was followed up the following year by one of a more radical and permanent description. This was the act for abolishing the heritable jurisdictions, which, though necessary in a rude state of society, were wholly incompatible with an advanced state of civilization. By depriving the Highland chiefs of their judicial powers, it was thought that the sway which, for centuries, they had held over their people, would be gradually impaired: and that by investing certain judges, who were amenable to the legislature for the proper discharge of their duties, with the civil and criminal jurisdiction enjoyed by the proprietors of the soil, the cause of good government would be promoted, and the facilities for repressing any attempts to disturb the public tranquillity increased.

By this act (20 George II., c. 43,) which was made to the whole of Scotland, all heritable jurisdictions of justiciary, all regalities and heritable baileries, and constabularies (excepting the office of high constable,) and all stewartries and sheriffships of smaller districts, which were only parts of counties, were dissolved, and the powers formerly vested in them were ordained to be exercised by such of the king's courts as these powers would have belonged to, if the jurisdictions had never been granted. All sheriffships and stewartries not dissolved by the statute, namely, those which comprehended whole counties, where they had been granted either heritably or for life, were resumed and annexed to the crown. With the exception of the hereditary justiciaryship of Scotland, which was transferred from the family of Argyle to the High Court of Justiciary, the other jurisdictions were ordained to be vested in sheriffs-depute or stewarts-depute, to be appointed by the king in every shire or stewartry not dissolved by the act. As by the twentieth of Union, all heritable offices and jurisdictions were reserved to the grantees as rights of property; compensation was ordained to be made to the holders, the amount of which was afterwards fixed by parliament, in terms of the act of Sederunt of the Court of Session, at one hundred and fifty thousands pounds.

Page 334, line 14.

*I march'd—when, feigning royalty's command,
Against the clan Macdonald, Stair's lord
Sent forth exterminating fire and sword;*

I cannot agree with Brown, the author of an able work, "The History of the Highland Clans," that the affair of Glencoe has stamped indelible infamy on the government of King William III., if by this expression it be meant that William's

own memory is disgraced by that massacre. I see no proof that William gave more than general orders to subdue the remaining malecontents of the Macdonald clan; and these orders, the nearer we trace them to the government, are the more express in enjoining, that all those who would promise to swear allegiance should be spared. As these orders came down from the general government to individuals, they became more and more severe, and at last merciless, so that they ultimately ceased to be the real orders of government. Among these false agents of government, who appear with most disgrace, is the "Master of Stair," who appears in the business more like a fiend than a man. When issuing his orders for the attack on the remainder of the Macdonalds in Glencoe, he expressed a hope in his letter "that the soldiers would trouble the government with no prisoners."

It cannot be supposed that I would for a moment palliate this atrocious event by quoting the provocations not very long before offered by the Macdonalds in massacres of the Campbells. But they may be alluded to as causes, though not excuses. It is a part of the melancholy instruction which history affords us, that in the moral as well as in the physical world there is always a reaction equal to the action.—The banishment of the Moors from Spain to Africa was the chief cause of African piracy and Christian slavery among the Moors for centuries; and since the reign of William III. the Irish Orangemen have been the Algerines of Ireland.

The affair of Glencoe was in fact only a lingering trait of horribly barbarous times, though it was the more shocking that it came from that side of the political world which professed to be the more liberal side, and it occurred at a late time of the day, when the minds of both parties had become comparatively civilized, the whigs by the triumph of free principles, and the tories by personal experience of the evils attending persecution. Yet that barbarism still subsisted in too many minds professing to act on liberal principles, is but too apparent from this disgusting tragedy.

I once flattered myself that the Argyle Campbells, from whom I am sprung, had no share in this massacre, and a direct share they certainly had not. But on inquiry I find that they consented to shutting up the passes of Glencoe through which the Macdonalds might escape; and perhaps relations of my great-grandfather—I am afraid to count their distance or proximity—might be indirectly concerned in the cruelty.

But children are not answerable for the crimes of their forefathers; and I hope and trust that the descendants of Breadalbane and Glenlyon are as much and justly at their ease on this subject as I am.

Page 343, line 7.

Chance snatch'd them from proscription and despair.

Many Highland families, at the outbreak of the rebellion in 1745, were saved from utter desolation by the contrivances of some of their more sensible members, principally the women, who foresaw the consequences of the insurrection. When I was a youth in the Highlands, I remember an old gentleman being pointed out to me, who, finding all other arguments fail, had, in conjunction with his mother and sisters, bound the old laird hand and foot, and locked him up in his own cellar, until the news of the battle of Culloden had arrived.

A device pleasanter to the reader of the anecdote, though not to the sufferer, was practised by a shrewd Highland dame, whose husband was Charles Stuart-mad, and was determined to join the insurgents. He told his wife at night that he should start early to-morrow morning on horseback. "Well, but you will allow me to make your breakfast before you go?"—"Oh yes." She accordingly prepared it, and, bringing in a full boiling kettle, poured it, by intentional accident, on his legs!

THE END.

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM FALCONER.

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM LALOR

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM FALCONER.

BY THE REV. JOHN MITFORD.

WHEN Anderson published the life of Falconer (the earliest which I have seen) in his collection of the British Poets, he possessed,* as he confesses, no memorials of the birthplace or parentage of the poet: and when Stanier Clarke was preparing his accurate and beautiful edition, he was equally at a loss for authentic materials, till he fortunately met with Governor Hunter, a shipmate of the poet's, at the house of Mr. M'Arthur. From the communications of this gentleman, and from subsequent conversations with his brother, Lieutenant Hunter, of Greenwich Hospital, many particulars were collected. Clarke's Life of Falconer has justly been the foundation on which Mr. Chalmers's, and all subsequent biographies have been founded, and, with some trifling additions, it must be the one to which the present will look, as to its most correct authority.

* Anderson's edition of the British Poets was published in 1795. Mr. Stanier Clarke's edition of the Shipwreck, in 1806.

William Falconer, who has given lasting dignity to a name previously obscure, was born about 1736* or 1737, and was the son of a poor man at Edinburgh, who exercised the equally unprofitable trades of barber and wig-maker in the Netherbow, and subsequently of grocer. He got no more by weighing plums than by shaving polls. He was also a fellow of infinite wit, and consequently remained "an honest poor man" as long as he lived.

The vocal powers of the family, which are generally shared largely by the female members, were in this instance concentrated in the person of our poet: for his brothers and sisters were *all* deaf or dumb: and Captain Hunter verified the statement which Falconer had made to him of this unusual infliction, when he met two of the family in the poor-house at Edinburgh, where they continued until death. Falconer received some education, which may truly be called *elementary*, at the school of a Mr. Webster, for the establishment was broken up in 1746, when he was only *beginning his grammar*, and there is no reason to suppose that he went to any other. The following account of him is from the pen of Mr. Forrest: "I well remember being greatly surprised when he gave me a copy of the above ode (On the Prince of Wales) as his own, for he had been always reckoned rather a dunce at

* Mr. J. Forrest, the correspondent of Dr. Anderson, printed in Campbell's History of Scottish Poetry, 4to. 1798, p. 237.

school; and, young as I then was, I knew that a sailor's life was not favourable for the cultivation of letters. I never to my recollection saw him since that time: indeed I fancy he never was here. He was a lumpish, heavy looking lad, very careless and dirty in his dress, and was known by the appellation of Bubly-hash-Falconer; if you are not a Scotchman, this name will not convey to you such a distinct idea of his looks as it does to one of us." * He was then placed, reluctantly on his part, on board a merchant vessel at Leith, and there he served his apprenticeship.†

Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemn'd RELUCTANT to the faithless sea.

One of his biographers ‡ asserts that the affairs of his father, which were never prosperous, fell into great derangement on the death of his wife, a woman whose prudent management had long averted the impending crisis. Subsequently he was servant to Archibald Campbell, the author of *Lexiphanes* and other works, who was purser of a ship. Dr. Currie, in his edition of Burns, § says "that his master

* See Al. Campbell's *Introd. of Poetry to Scotland*, p. 237.

† See *Lives of the Scottish Poets*, 1822, 3 vols. Boys, vol. iii. p. 64. Although a *Life of Falconer* by Irving is alluded to by his biographers, I can find none in my copy of Irving's *Lives of the Scottish Poets*, 2 vols. 8vo. Ed. 1804.

‡ For an account of Campbell, see Dyce's *Akenside*, p. lxxix., Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*, p. 347.

§ See Currie's ed. of Burns, vol. ii. p. 283, 2nd ed.

delighted to instruct the mind of the young seaman, and boasted of his tuition, when Falconer subsequently had acquired reputation." It is supposed that through Campbell's interest, Falconer was made second mate of a vessel employed in the Levant trade (the *Britannia*), which was shipwrecked in her passage from Alexandria to Venice, near Cape Colonna, on the coast of Greece.

The exact date when this calamity happened is not known. Only three of the crew survived, and the distressing event made such an impression on Falconer's mind, as to become the subject of a poem; which certainly is not, as Stanier Clarke asserts, one of the finest in our language, and is far from being so; but which in all probability will continue to be a favourite with a certain class of readers, and therefore preserve its station among the brotherhood of English Poets.

In 1751, Falconer, as an humble sailor, for he had not risen above that station, revisited his native city, and commenced his poetical career with an Elegy on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales; Gray also began his, with a Hymeneal on the marriage of the same illustrious person. He followed up his first step on the poetic ladder with others; and sent to the *Gentleman's Magazine* (which has been the kind protector of all youthful bards, and in whose venerable courts they have impied their plumes, and tried their earliest flights)

a few poems, that have been recognized as his — as * *The Chaplain's Petition to the Lieutenants in the Ward Room* — *The Description of a Ninety-gun Ship* — and some lines containing a very unusual and unnecessary complaint, *On the Uncommon Scarcity of Poets*. — These are given to Falconer on the authority of Dr. Clarke, who also is of opinion that he was the author of the popular song “Cease, rude Boreas,”† and another copy of verses, descriptive of the sentiments and abode of a midshipman, has been ascribed to him by the same biographer.

Falconer is supposed to have continued in the merchant service till he published his poem of the *Shipwreck* in 1762,‡ which was dedicated to the

* See *Gent. Mag.* 1758, p. 371. This poem Lieutenant Hunter ascribed to Falconer; the other two are given on the belief of S. Clarke. It is not of much consequence from whom such lines as the following proceeded: —

The rough rude wind which stern Æolus sends.

† This is a mere conjecture of S. Clarke's, who thinks the song to be either Falconer's, or Captain Thomson's, the well known editor of several works, as well as author of some popular naval songs. See also ‘*The Songs of England and Scotland*, 2 vols. 1835,’ vol. i. p. 231, and *Naval Chronicle*, vol. ii. p. 233, where the song is decidedly attributed to Falconer, and said “to have been long given with singular injustice to G. Al. Steevens.” [The song is decidedly *not* Falconer's. See Chappell's *Popular Music*, etc., ii. 786. — F. J. C.]

‡ The first edition was printed by Miller in May, 1762: *Shipwreck*, in Three Cantos, by a Sailor, 4to. The subsequent editions, says Mr. Alex. Campbell, are by many deemed inferior to the first, as what it has gained in embellishment it has lost in

Duke of York, who had hoisted his flag as Rear-Admiral of the Blue, on board the *Princess Amelia*, attached to the fleet under Sir Edward Hawke. Clarke says, "the author was deservedly called a second Homer." The Duke of York kindly patronized this unlooked for production of a sailor, and advised Falconer to leave the merchant service for the Royal Navy. He was accordingly rated as a midshipman on board Sir Edward Hawke's ship, the *Royal George*; perhaps the very same ship, the funeral knell of which was so musically tolled by the Bard of Olney. In his last visit to Scotland, after the publication of the *Shipwreck*, it has been said that Falconer* resided at the Manse of Glads-

true poetical beauty, and energy of expression. "There is frequently a copious simplicity," says Dr. Anderson, "in his first designs, that no after thought or labour can amend; an irregular beauty, that every alteration must efface."

* See *Lives of Scottish Poets*, vol. iii. p. 74. The same writer also observes that Falconer was on board the *Ramillies*, Captain Taylor, with Admiral Bressau's squadron, Dec. 1760; was shipwrecked, coming up the channel, and out of a crew of 734 men, only Falconer and twenty-three others escaped. These circumstances are not in Dr. Clarke's narrative. It was on this wreck of the *Ramillies*, and not of the *Britannia*, that this biographer supposes the poem to be founded: vide *Lives*, vol. iii. p. 70. I shall give his argument in his own words, observing that he is the only biographer of Falconer who alludes to the poet being on board the *Ramillies*; nor does Dr. Clarke assign the poem in *Gent. Mag.* dated *Ramillies*, B. of Biscay, 25th Nov. 1760, to Falconer, which the present writer does. He *supposes* that the shipwreck of the *Ramillies* suggested the poem, but that the loss of the *Britannia* was chosen for the sake of the scenery. "It seems

muir, which was then possessed by his illustrious kinsman, Dr. Robertson, whose father was cousin-german to Falconer. Mr. Chalmers, however, remarks on this statement, that though Robertson may have been related to Falconer, he certainly had left Gladsmuir at that time.

The Shipwreck, on its appearance, was reviewed in the Monthly Review, vol. xxvii. p. 197, in a style of criticism which in later times has given way to one less indulgent and encouraging. The praise here bestowed on Falconer, of equalling Virgil in

rather probable that he proceeded by an inverted order, and that his verses on the loss of the Ramillies first gave the idea of the more extended poem, on the loss of the Britannia. The tribute which he paid to the memory of the Prince of Wales, shows what were his poetical powers after his first misfortune; and if we examine the Shipwreck by this test, it will be found that there is scarcely a couplet in it which can be referred to *so humble a level*. It displays everywhere proofs of having been begun and ended during a far more advanced period of improvement, when he had acquired an *astonishing mastery* over the mechanism of versification, and was rich in ideas, the fruit of long experience and reflection. It is deserving too of attention, that in many places the story has evidently been indebted for circumstances that heighten its interest, to what the *author could only* have witnessed on board the Ramillies: and though it is possible that these may have been additions to a poem previously written, yet there is an air of original connectedness in the narrative, which by no means favours the supposition. The throwing the guns overboard is one very striking instance of that *man-of-war* experience which pervades the poem: nor could any thing but the latitude of poetical license justify the introduction of such a circumstance into the description of a merchant vessel in distress." This writer's reasons must be taken for what they are worth.

his descriptions, and surpassing him in the character of the modern Palinurus, is such as in the present day would hardly have been bestowed on our most honoured poets; and Dr. Clarke has added, while giving some passages which an Irishman had translated into Latin verse, “that they will prove, *even to the pedant*, that the [difference] between Virgil and Falconer is not so great as may be imagined.” Truly, the comparison of Falconer’s somewhat prosaic lines, translated into Hibernian Latin, to Virgil’s exquisite and inimitable language, is most wonderfully unfortunate! But we proceed to give the review:—

“It has frequently been observed, that true genius will surmount every obstacle which opposes its exertion: how unfavourable soever the situation of a Seaman may be thought to the Poet, certain it is the two characters are not incompatible; for none but an able seaman could give so didactic an account, and so accurate a description of the voyage and catastrophe here related; and none but a particular favourite of the Muses could have embellished both with equal harmony of numbers and strength of imagery.

“The main subject of the poem is the loss of the Ship *Britannia*, a merchantman, bound from Alexandria to Venice, which touched at the Island of Candia; whence proceeding on her voyage, she met with a violent storm that drove her on the coasts of

Greece, where she suffered shipwreck near Cape Colonna; three only of the crew being left alive.

“The ship putting to sea from the Port of Candia, the Poet takes an opportunity of making several beautiful marine descriptions; such as the prospect of the shore; a shoal of dolphins; a water-spout; the method of taking an azimuth and working the ship. In the Second Canto, the ship having cleared the land, the storm begins; and with it the consultation of the pilots and operations of the seamen; all which the Poet has described with an amazing minuteness, and has found means to reduce the several technical terms of the marine into smooth and harmonious numbers. Homer has been admired by some for reducing a catalogue of ships into tolerably flowing verse; but who, except a poetical sailor, the nursling of Apollo, educated by Neptune, would ever have thought of versifying his own sea-language? what other poet would ever have dreamt of *reef-tackles, halyards, clue-garnets, buntlines, lashings, lanyards*, and fifty other terms equally obnoxious to the soft sing-song of modern poetasters.

“Many of his descriptions are not inferior to any thing in the *Æneid*; many passages in the third and fifth books of which our Author has had in view; they have not suffered by his imitation; and his pilot appears to much greater advantage than the Palinurus of Virgil.

“Nor is the Poet’s talent confined to the descrip-

tion of inanimate scenes: he relates, and bewails, the untimely fate of his companions in the most animated and pathetic strains. The close of the master's address to the seamen, in the time of their greatest danger, is noble and philosophical. It is impossible to read the circumstantial account of the unfortunate end of the ship's crew, without being deeply affected by the tale, and charmed with the manner of the relation."

At the peace of 1763, the Royal George was paid off, but Falconer had previously published an ode entitled, *On the Duke of York's Second Departure from England as Rear-Admiral*. He composed it, as Governor Hunter observed, during an occasional absence from his messmates, when he retired into a small space between the cable trees and the ship's side. Dr. Clarke considers the conclusion to be not unworthy of Dryden; but I confess I can see no marks of that divine hand. It was severely reviewed in the *Critical Review*, which very review, Dr. Clarke says, was written by Falconer. This, on all rational grounds was very improbable; and Mr. Chalmers has on competent authority contradicted it.

Falconer now exchanged the military for the civil department of the navy; and in 1763, he was appointed purser of the *Glory* frigate of 32 guns. Soon after, he married a young lady of the unpoetical name of Hicks, the daughter of a surgeon of Sheer-

ness Yard. Mr. T. Campbell* says, "she was an accomplished and *beautiful* woman:" the last quality is entirely derived from the biographer's gallantry; for Dr. Clarke says that it was rather the lustre of Miss Hicks's mind, than the beauty of her person, that attracted the enamoured poet. She possessed talents which she inherited; and the marriage turned out to the happiness of the parties. When Dr. Clarke was collecting materials for his *Life*, he could not discover where Falconer's widow resided; but he considered that she probably possessed a miniature,† and letters of her husband which would have thrown light on his history. Mr. Chalmers, who was writing in 1810, says that she died at Bath a few years since, and was liberally supplied with money by Mr. Cadell, in consideration of the successful sale of her husband's marine dictionary. The doubts and distractions of the poet's courtship were expressed in a ballad called the *Fond Lover*; by which it would appear that the fort of Miss Hicks's affection and virtue did not surrender till after a doubtful and protracted siege. He poured forth his sorrows, as all distressed servants

* See T. Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets*, vol. vi. p. 97. Miss Hicks's poetical name was "Miranda." Ritson has praised Falconer's *Address to Miranda*, "The smiling plains profusely gay," &c.

† No picture or likeness of Falconer is known to exist.

of Apollo have done since the days of Homer, to the winds and waves —

— sadly social with my lay
The winds in concert weep :

and again,

Since all her thoughts, by sense refined,
Unartful truth express,
Say wherefore sense and truth are join'd
To give my soul distress ?

When the *Glory* was laid up in ordinary at Chatham, Commissioner Hanway, brother to the celebrated Jonas Hanway, took an interest in the poetical talents and pursuits of the purser ; and the captain's cabin was ordered to be fitted up with all comforts and conveniences, that Falconer might pursue his studies without expense. Here he finished his *Marine Dictionary* — a work of years : the design was suggested to him by Mr. Scott, and approved by Sir Edward Hawke. The celebrated Du Hamel, who had distinguished himself for some writings on naval architecture, also gave it his approbation. Those published on similar subjects abroad, he described as being very imperfect : — ‘ *ce livre manquoit absolument.*’ — From the *Glory* Falconer was appointed to the *Swiftsure*. In 1764, he published a new edition of his poem, with corrections and additions. The next year he printed a political satire on Lord Chatham, Wilkes, Churchill.

&c. which Dr. Clarke says was a proper antidote to the *Rosciad*! It might as well have been an antidote to *Paradise Lost*.

The *Marine Dictionary* was published in 1769, and Falconer left his commodious cabin for one of those abodes of genius — the poet's rightful inheritance — a garret in the metropolis. Here he struggled on in some way or other, the particulars of which are not known; at length he received a proposal from Mr. Murray, the bookseller, to join with him in taking Mr. Sandby's business, opposite St. Dunstan's Church. The offer, as it appears by Murray's letter, seemed to hold out prospects of great advantage. Why Falconer did not accept it, does not appear: if he had, the splendid and successful establishment in Albemarle Street, the offspring of the other, might now have been graced with a poet's name. Speaking of the publishing booksellers, Mr. Murray writes — "Many blockheads in the trade are making fortunes, and did we not succeed as well as they, I think it must be imputed only to ourselves."

A third edition of the *Shipwreck* being called for in 1769, considerable improvements and additions were prepared by the author: but being appointed purser to the *Aurora* frigate, which was going out to India, with Mr. Vansittart,* and others, as com-

* It is said, Mr. Falconer was promised the private secretaryship to the commissioners. See *Lives of Sc. Poets*, vol. iii. p. 75

missioners for the Company's affairs, in the hurry of his preparations and departure, it is supposed that he left the care of the new edition to his friend Mallet. It is said that there are some mistakes in the nautical terms; and Dr. Clarke says, "the inferiority of many passages is strikingly evident," — but if David Mallet the poet is the person alluded to, he was one to whom the fame of the poem might have been safely entrusted; for he was skilled in all the art of versification, and is not likely to have let negligences or errors escape his notice.

We are now drawing to the melancholy and unexpected close of our author's life. The *Aurora* left England on the 30th Sept. 1769, and after touching at the Cape, which she left on the 27th December, was lost in some part of her remaining passage. It has been supposed that this unfortunate vessel perished by fire: but the more general opinion seems to be, that she foundered in the Mosambique Channel. Captain Lee,* although a stranger to its navigation, would not be dissuaded from attempting it: and it is said, that Mr. Vansittart, who

Mr. Alex. Campbell says, "It should seem from a note subjoined to an address to his mistress, first printed in Dr. Gilbert Stuart's *Edinburgh Magazine and Review* for November, 1773, that Falconer had been *several times in India*, and it is not improbable but that his talents had gained him patronage, in consequence of which his appointment in the *Aurora* was such as might have ensured his fortune and independence." — vol. v. *Introd.* p. 238.

* See *Gent. Mag.* vol. xli. p. 237.

went out in it, as commissioner, was so averse to this dangerous experiment, that if another ship had been at the Cape, he would have proceeded in her. On the 19th November, 1773, a Black was examined before the board of directors, who affirmed — that he was one of five persons who had been saved from the wreck of the *Aurora*: that the said frigate had been cast away on a reef of rocks off Macao: that he was two years on an island after he escaped, and was miraculously preserved by a coasting ship happening to touch upon the island. “Falconer” (says Burns, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop), “the unfortunate author of the *Shipwreck*, which you so much admire, is no more. After weathering the dreadful catastrophe he so feelingly describes in his poem, and after weathering many hard gales of fortune, he went to the bottom with the *Aurora* frigate! I forget what part of Scotland had the honour of giving him birth, but he was the son of obscurity and misfortune. He was one of those daring, adventurous spirits, which Scotland beyond any other country is remarkable for producing. Little does the fond mother think, as she hangs delighted over the sweet little leech at her bosom, where the poor fellow may hereafter wander, and what may be his fate. I remember a stanza in an old Scottish ballad, which, notwithstanding its rude simplicity, speaks feelingly to the heart: —

‘ Little did my mother think,
That day she cradled me,
What land I was to travel on,
Or what death I should die! ’ ”

In person, Falconer was about five feet two inches in height, of a thin, light make, with hard features, and a weather-beaten complexion. His hair was brown, and he was marked with the smallpox. In his common address, it is said, he was blunt and forbidding: but quick and fluent in conversation. His observation was keen, and his judgments acute and severe. By natural temper he was cheerful, and used to amuse his companions, the seamen, with acrostics which he made on their favourite nymphs. He was a good and skilful seaman. As for education, he assured Governor Hunter that it was confined to reading, English, and arithmetic. In his voyages, he had picked up a little colloquial knowledge of Italian and Spanish, and such languages as are spoken on the shores of the Mediterranean. That he was esteemed by his mess-mates is shown in a passage of a little work, called the *Journal of a Seaman*, written in 1755, published by Murray in 1815. “How often,” says the author, “have I wished to have the associate of my youth, Bill Falconer, with me to explore these beauties, and to read them in his sweet poetry. But, alas! I parted with him in Old England, never perhaps to meet more in this world. His may be a happier lot, led

by a gentler star: he may pass through this busy scene with more ease and tranquillity than has been the fortune of his humble friend, Penrose." *

In considering the merits of the poem of *The Shipwreck*, it is necessary to dismiss from our minds the exaggerated praises which are to be met with in the pages of some of his editors, as Dr. S. Clarke and Mr. Chalmers, neither of whom, as appears to me, had any pretensions to be considered judges of poetical excellence. If the poem is estimated by a judgment lying between its positive merits and the disadvantages under which it was composed, — undoubtedly the author will receive no slight proportion of praise. And though, with the exception of some happier parts, it cannot satisfy the taste which has been formed on the finished writings of our leading poets, yet it is a singularly elegant production of a person who had received no education beyond the mere elements of language, and who was subsequently occupied in the severe duties and business of a seafaring life — equally without learning or leisure. The poetical powers of Falconer, in whatever rank they may be placed, were the gift of nature; for any assistance they may have derived from subsequent application was only a proof that the original powers previously existed.

* See *Lives of the Scottish Poets*, 1822, vol. iii. p. 77. The life of Falconer is signed R. E. It is doubtful whether this journal of Penrose is real or fictitious. — v. *Quarterly Rev.*

The Milton of the village remained neither mute nor inglorious.*

The plan of the poem is simple, but not defective; though it is not difficult to see that it might have been improved by a greater diversity of character, and a more powerful and animated variety of description. In fact, there is not much to praise in the curiosity of the design, or the complication of circumstances through which it was conducted: but though inartificial, it is not carelessly or inefficiently arranged. That the description of the general distress, which has occupied the mind of the reader through the former portion of the poem, should at last merge in the narration of particular and personal history, as in the case of Palemon, was justly and happily conceived, and thus a dramatic character is drawn over the close. It is agreed that the nautical descriptions are appropriate and correct. The great fault of the poem is one that extends through its entire composition, and consists in the absence of any very striking and original bursts of genius, — of that fresh and vivid colouring which is given by a bright imagination, — and of those beautiful combinations, happy associations, and masterly touches of the great masters of song. It is true that Falconer is not an imitator of his predecessors, or a mannerist in any particular school of poetry.

* “Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest.” — *Gray*.

There are no favorite expressions, nor turns of language, nor descriptions copied from preceding poets ; his style is not an echo of any other writer. It is most probable that he had studied Pope's Homer, which was the storehouse of all succeeding poets, and the style, language, combinations of words, and tone and modulation of which descended from poet to poet, till it became at one time a conventional form of poetical speech. 'There are a few marks in his poem just sufficient to show that Falconer was not unacquainted with Pope's writings, and he had read sufficiently to make himself familiar with the language of poetry in his day : indeed much of the flatness and tameness of his expressions arises from his use of this long worn and current coin of Parnassus.

Mr. Campbell has justly observed — that “ his diction too generally abounds with common-place expletives, and feeble lines.” Of the first, I should point out such as, — black adversity — unspotted truth — trembling order — melting tear — sacred Maro's art — brazen voice of battle — happy plains — and many others of the like kind. Of the latter, such lines as the following : —

Determin'd from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies;
and

This vast phenomenon whose lofty head.*

* We remember our late lamented friend, the learned transla-

Add to this, that the construction of Falconer's verse is not often vigorous, or musically varied, and that there is an ungraceful change of the past and present tenses. Such are the defects that might be expected, in the work of a person imperfectly educated, and who, though possessing a taste and feeling for poetry, and a power of embodying his ideas in poetical language, yet had not any of those strong and original powers which can burst through all obstacles, and compensate for all defects. Such *was* Burns, — and such *is* Ebenezer Elliot, the man of all the self-educated poets, since the days of Burns, of the most original powers, the finest imagination, and the most copious and animated style.

There is little in the descriptions of the scenery of Greece, or of the “isles that crown the Ægean main,” that could not have been written equally well without the aid of personal observation; nothing graphic and local in the touches; and the various allusions to the historic fame, and the heroic characters of Greece, are too faint and general to afford much delight. With regard to the introduction of sea phrases, I agree with Campbell — “that the effect of some of them is to give a definite and authentic character to his descriptions; but that of most of them, to a landsman's ear, resembles slang
tor of Plato and Aristotle, repeating to us an Ode to Venus, the first line of which was,

Before I enter on this great affair, etc.

and produces obscurity." — Such appear to me the defects of this poem; yet notwithstanding these, the Shipwreck will probably remain, as it has always been, a popular poem — not popular among the higher classes of society, nor with those who require, for the gratification of their taste, the delicate and curious finish of the perfect artist; or those who can delight alone in the flashes and outbreaks of the most powerful intellects, in the most original conceptions, and the richest combinations of thought and imagery: — but to others, and those perhaps the most numerous, Falconer's poem will always be a source of rational gratification. The subject itself is interesting — the scenery which belongs to it — the descriptions of natural objects — the changes and various aspects of nature — the sunshine and the storm — the calm and the tempest; while the increasing interest of the story — the impending danger of the ship — the courage and constancy of the crew — the vivid descriptions of the terrific storm — these all combine in keeping the attention alive, and awakening strong sympathy in persons whose feelings are easily aroused; which are neither repressed nor stifled by the customs and courtesies of refined society; nor weakened by a too frequent indulgence in stories of fictitious calamity.

There are some elegant and poetical lines scattered through the narrative, as

Or win the anchor from his dark abode.

Again on the same subject,

Uptorn, reluctant, from its oozy cave,
The pond'rous anchor rises on the wave;

and

Prone on the midnight surge with parting breath;

and

Soft as the happy swain's enchanting lay
That pipes among the shades of Endermay;

and

In every look the Paphian graces shine,
Soft breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine.

There are also some longer passages of superior merit, one or two of which we extract.

Immortal train! who guide the maze of song,
To whom all science, arts, and arms belong,
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name,
Or in lamenting elegies express
The varied pang of exquisite distress;
If e'er with trembling hope * I fondly stray'd
In life's fair morn beneath your hallow'd shade,
To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain,
Or listen to the enchanting voice of love,
While all Elysium warbled through the grove;
Oh! by the hollow blast that moans around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound;
By the long surge that foams through yonder cave,
Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colours give my verse to glow,
The sad memorial of a tale of woe!

* "There they alike in *trembling hope* repose." — Gray.

The fate, in lively sorrow, to deplore
Of wanderers shipwreck'd on a leeward shore.

Alas! neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine:
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,
To plough the tide where wintry tempests roar?
Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
Stranger to Phœbus and the tuneful train?
Far from the Muses' academic grove,
'T was his the vast and trackless deep to rove;
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone:
Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns forever glow,
Smote by the freezing, or the scorching blast,
"A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,"
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador;
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains,
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Isthmus, laved by adverse tides,
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.
But while he measured o'er the painful race
In fortune's wild illimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way,
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway,
Bade new distresses every instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe.

* * * * *

Such joyless toils, in early youth endured,
The expanding dawn of mental day obscured,
Each genial passion of the soul opprest,
And quench'd the ardour kindling in his breast.
Then censure not severe the native song;
Though jarring sounds the measured verse prolong,
Though terms uncouth offend the softer ear,
Yet truth, and human anguish deign to hear:

No laurel wreaths these lays attempt to claim,
Nor sculptured brass to tell the poet's name.

* * * * *

O first-born daughter of primeval time!
By whom transmitted down in every clime
The deeds of ages long elapsed are known,
And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone;
Whose magic breath dispels the mental night,
And o'er the obscured idea pours the light;
Say on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fated ship befell,
Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores.
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasured stores!
Full on my soul the dreadful scene display,
And give its latent horrors to the day.

I shall add to this the character of "Arion," in
which the poet himself is designed.

To Rodmond, next in order of command,
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band:
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of fame;
Whose vital spring had just began to bloom,
When o'er it sorrow spread her sickening gloom?
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms
His bosom danced to Nature's boundless charms;
On him fair science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower:
But soon adversity, with freezing blast,
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove
Where science and the tuneful sisters rove.
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;

To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er the untravell'd zone:
In vain — for rude adversity's command
Still, on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps opposed,
And every gate of hope against him closed.
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train!
To call Arion this ill-fated swain;
For like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep;
And both the raging surge in safety bore,
Amid destruction, panting to the shore.
This last, our tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion, haply, yet may save;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad remembrance bleeds at every vein.

Of Falconer's minor poems, it is not necessary to say much; they can do no honour to the author of the *Shipwreck*. The poem *Sacred to the Memory of the Prince of Wales* is written in the following style; which may be called the *Old Elegiac*:—

O bear me to some awful silent glade
Where cedars form an unremitting shade;
Where never track of human feet was known;
Where never cheerful light of Phœbus shone;
Where chirping linnets warble tales of love,
And hoarser winds howl murmuring through the grove;
Where some unhappy wretch aye mourns his doom,
Deep melancholy wandering through the gloom;
Where solitude and meditation roam,
And where no dawning glimpse of hope can come.
Place me in such an unfrequented shade,
To speak to none but with the mighty dead:

To assist the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
And aid hoarse howling Boreas with my sighs.

* * * * *

Ye powers, and must a prince so noble die,
Whose equal breathes not under the ambient sky?

The poem called the Demagogue is filled with abuse of Lord Chatham in most virulent and unmeasured terms. The language is in many parts inflated, in others, mean and prosaic; of the former the following lines will be an example:—

Methinks I hear the bellowing demagogue
Dumb-sounding declamations disemogue;
Expressions of immeasurable length,
Where pompous jargon fills the place of strength;
Where fulminating, rumbling eloquence,
With loud theatric rage, bombards the sense;
And words deep ranked in horrible array
Exasperated metaphors convey.

And these again sink into such couplets as the following:—

But all the events collected to relate,
Let us his actions recapitulate.

The ballad of the “Fond Lover” is the most pleasing of his minor productions.

THE DIRGE OF POOR ARION.*

WHAT pale and bleeding youth (while the fell blast
Howls o'er the wreck, and fainter sinks the cry
Of struggling wretches ere o'erwhelmed they die)
Yet floats upborne upon the driving mast?
O poor Arion! has thy sweetest strain,
That charm'd old Ocean's wildest solitude,
At this dread hour his waves' dark might subdued?
Let sea-maids thy reclining head sustain;
And wipe the blood, and briny drops, that soil
Thy locks, and give once more thy wreathed shell
To ring with melody:— Oh fruitless toil!
Hark! o'er thy head again the tempests swell;
Hark! hark again the storm's black demons yell
More loud; the bellowing deep reclaims his spoil!
Peace! and may weeping sea-maids sing the knell.

W. L. BOWLES.

FAREWELL, poor FALCONER! when the dark sea
Bursts like despair, I shall remember thee;
Nor ever from the sounding beach depart
Without thy music stealing on my heart,
And thinking still I hear dread Ocean say,
Thou hast declared my might, be thou my prey!

W. L. BOWLES.

* Written on the platform at Portsmouth, April 16, 1803.

THE SHIPWRECK,

IN THREE CANTOS.

THE TIME EMPLOYED IN THIS POEM IS ABOUT SIX DAYS.

Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui. — VIRG. *ÆN.* lib. ii.

THE SHIPWRECK

IN THREE CANTOS.

THIS POEM IS EMPLOYED IN THIS FORM IN ABOUT THE YEAR

OF THE YEAR 1840

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "SHIPWRECK"

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION,

PUBLISHED BY A. MILLAR, IN OCTAVO, 1764.

WITH A CHART OF THE SHIP'S PATH FROM CANDIA TO
CAPE COLONNA.

It is perhaps necessary to acquaint the public, that the author of this poem designed not at first to enlarge the work with so many notes, and, to avoid this, proposed to refer his readers to any one of the modern dictionaries, which should be thought most proper for explaining the technical terms occasionally mentioned in the poem; but, after strict examination of them all, including a silly, inadequate performance that has lately appeared, by a sea-officer,* he could by no means recommend their explanations, without forfeiting his claim to the character assumed in the title-page, of which he is much more tenacious than of his reputation as a poet.

Although it is so frequent a practice to take the advantage of public approbation, and raise the price of performances that have been much encouraged, the author chooses to steer in a quite different

* Can a sea-officer be so ignorant as to mistake the names of the most common things in a ship?

channel : it being a considerable time since the first edition sold off (notwithstanding the high price, and the singularity of the subject), he might very justly continue the price ; but as it deterred a number of the inferior officers of the sea from purchasing it, at their repeated requests it has been printed now in a smaller edition : at the same time, the author is sorry to observe, that the gentlemen of the sea, for whose entertainment it was chiefly calculated, have hardly made one tenth of the purchasers.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD EDITION,

DATED FROM SOMERSET HOUSE, OCTOBER 1, 1769, THE
YEAR IN WHICH FALCONER SAILED FOR INDIA.

THE favourable reception which this performance has hitherto met with from the public, has encouraged the author to give it a strict and thorough revision ; in the course of which, he flatters himself, it will be found to have received very considerable improvements.

INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM.

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms ;
While Albion bids the avenging thunder roll
Along her vassal deep from pole to pole ;
Sick of the scene, where war with ruthless hand
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land ;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death ;
'Tis mine, retired beneath this cavern hoar
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal string ;
A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore :
Where hostile elements conflicting rise,
And lawless surges swell against the skies,
Till hope expires, and peril and dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.

Immortal train ! who guide the maze of song,

To whom all science, arts, and arms belong,
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name,
Or in lamenting elegies express
The varied pang of exquisite distress ;
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd
In life's fair morn beneath your hallow'd shade,
To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain,
Or listen to the enchanting voice of love,
While all Elysium warbled through the grove ;
Oh ! by the hollow blast that moans around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound ;
By the long surge that foams through yonder cave,
Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave ;
With living colours give my verse to glow,
The sad memorial of a tale of woe !
The fate, in lively sorrow, to deplore
Of wanderers shipwreck'd on a leeward shore.

Alas ! neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine :
Ah ! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,
To plough the tide where wintry tempests roar ?
Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
Stranger to Phoebus and the tuneful train ?
Far from the Muses' academic grove,

'Twas his the vast and trackless deep to rove ;
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone :
Where polar skies congeal the eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns forever glow,
Smote by the freezing, or the scorching blast,
"A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,"
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador ;
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains,
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Isthmus, laved by adverse tides,
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.
But while he measured o'er the painful race
In fortune's wild illimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way,
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway,
Bade new distresses every instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe ;
In regions where the Almighty's chastening hand
With livid pestilence afflicts the land,
Or where pale famine blasts the hopeful year,
Parent of want and misery severe ;
Or where, all-dreadful in the embattled line,
The hostile ships in flaming combat join,
Where the torn vessel wind and waves assail,

Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail. —
Such joyless toils, in early youth endured,
The expanding dawn of mental day obscured,
Each genial passion of the soul opprest,
And quench'd the ardour kindling in his breast.
Then censure not severe the native song;
Though jarring sounds the measured verse prolong,
Though terms uncouth offend the softer ear,
Yet truth, and human anguish deign to hear:
No laurel wreaths these lays attempt to claim,
Nor sculptured brass to tell the poet's name.

And lo! the power that wakes the eventful song
Hastes hither from Lethean banks along;
She sweeps the gloom, and, rushing on the sight,
Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light
In her right hand an ample roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years,
With every wise and noble art of man
Since first the circling hours their course began:
Her left a silver wand on high display'd,
Whose magic touch dispels oblivion's shade.
Pensive her look; on radiant wings, that glow
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She sails; and swifter than the course of light
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas she restores,

And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's shores;
To things long past a second date she gives,
And hoary time, from her, fresh youth receives;
Congenial sister of immortal Fame,
She shares her power, and Memory is her name.

O first-born daughter of primeval time!
By whom transmitted down in every clime
The deeds of ages long elapsed are known,
And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone;
Whose magic breath dispels the mental night,
And o'er the obscured idea pours the light;
Say on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fated ship befell,
Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores.
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasured stores!
Full on my soul the dreadful scene display,
And give its latent horrors to the day.

FIRST CANTO:

THE SCENE OF WHICH LIES NEAR THE CITY OF
CANDIA.

TIME, ABOUT FOUR DAYS AND A HALF.

ARGUMENT.

I. Retrospect of the voyage. Arrival at Candia. State of that island. Season of the year described.—II. Character of the master, and his officers, Albert, Rodmond, and Arion. Palemon, son to the owner of the ship. Attachment of Palemon to Anna, the daughter of Albert.—III. Noon. Palemon's history.—IV. Sunset. Midnight. Arion's dream. Unmoor by moonlight. Morning. Sun's azimuth taken. Beautiful appearance of the ship, as seen by the natives from the shore.

THE SHIPWRECK.

CANTO I.

I. A SHIP from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held.
Of famed Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that isle her name the vessel drew ;
The wayward steps of fortune they pursued,
And sought in certain ills imagined good.
Though caution'd oft her slippery path to shun,
Hope still with promised joys allured them on ;
And, while they listen'd to her winning lore,
The softer scenes of peace could please no more.
Long absent they from friends and native home
The cheerless ocean were inured to roam ;
Yet heaven, in pity to severe distress,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with success ;
Still, to compensate toils and hazards past,
Restored them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the sun to rule the varying year
Across the equator roll'd his flaming sphere,
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale.
She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore
Unwearying wafted her commercial store ;
The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her course pursued ;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
And visited the margin of the Nile;
And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling voyage hastens to its goal.
They, blind to fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blast their hope foresaw,
But from gay Venice soon expect to steer
For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near.
Inflamed by hope, their throbbing hearts elate
Ideal pleasures vainly antedate,
Before whose vivid intellectual ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Already British coasts appear to rise,
The chalky cliffs salute their longing eyes ;
Each to his breast, where floods of rapture roll,
Embracing strains the mistress of his soul ;
Nor less o'erjoy'd, with sympathetic truth,
Each faithful maid expects the approaching youth ;

In distant souls congenial passions glow,
And mutual feelings mutual bliss bestow :
Such shadowy happiness their thoughts employ —
Illusion all, and visionary joy !

Thus time elapsed, while o'er the pathless tide
Their ship through Grecian seas the pilots guide.
Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's shore,
Which, blest with favouring winds, they soon explore ;

The haven enter, borne before the gale,
Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal powers ! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of desolating war :
Here arts and commerce with auspicious reign
Once breathed sweet influence on the happy plain ;
While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
Young Pleasure led the jocund Hours along ;
In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
To crown the valleys with eternal green ;
For wealth, for valour, courted and revered,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd. —
Ah ! who the flight of ages can revoke ?
The free-born spirit of her sons is broke ;
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke ;
No longer fame their drooping heart inspires,
For stern oppression quench'd its genial fires.

Though still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,
Supply the barren shores of Greece around,
Sharp penury afflicts these wretched isles;
There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles;
The vassal wretch contented drags his chain,
And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain:
These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
A seventh year mock the weary labourer's toil. —
No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,
Now views with triumph captive gods adore;
No lovely Helens now with fatal charms
Excite the avenging chiefs of Greece to arms;
No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings were proud to die;
Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay:
Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,
Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains!

Now, in the southern hemisphere, the sun
Through the bright Virgin and the Scales had run,
And on the ecliptic wheel'd his winding way
Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
Four days becalm'd the vessel here remains,
And yet no hopes of aiding wind obtains;
For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep:

This, when the autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom heaven informs,
Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms. —
No dread of storms the master's soul restrain,
A captive fetter'd to the oar of gain :
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds, to sail from Candia's bay ;
Determined, from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire,
Ere yet the deepening incidents prevail,
Till roused attention feel our plaintive tale,
Record whom chief among the gallant crew
The unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew :
Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave, and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold ?

They can ! for gold too oft with magic art
Can rule the passions, and corrupt the heart :
This crowns the prosperous villain with applause,
To whom in vain sad merit pleads her cause ;
This strews with roses life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to pleasure's soft abode ;
This spreads with slaughter'd heaps the bloody
plain,

And pours adventurous thousands o'er the main.

II. The stately ship, with all her daring band,
To skilful Albert own'd the chief command.
Though train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refined ;
Each joy of wedded love, at home, he knew,
Aboard, confest the father of his crew ;
Brave, liberal, just, the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene.
Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race ;
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted, and by seas repell'd ;
Or point her devious track through climes unknown
That leads to every shore and every zone.
He saw the moon through heaven's blue concave glide,
And into motion charm the expanding tide,
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles ;
Light and attraction, from their genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminish'd force ;
While on the margin of declining day
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.
Inured to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
'The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll :
O'er the wild surge when dismal shades preside.

His equal skill the lonely bark could guide ;
His genius, ever for the event prepared,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shared.

Rodmond the next degree to Albert bore ;
A hardy son of England's farthest shore,
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main ;
That, with her pitchy entrails stored, resort,
A sooty tribe, to fair Augusta's port.
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger, proud of skilful bands ;
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar and shelve the watery path they sound,
With dexterous arm, sagacious of the ground.
Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks, with course inclined ;
Expert to moor where terrors line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode ;
But drooping, and relax'd, in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplined in war.
Such Rodmond was : by learning unrefined,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind ;
Boisterous of manners ; train'd in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth ;
To scenes that nature's struggling voice control,

And freeze compassion rising in the soul :
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the
 shore,
With foul intent the stranded bark explore ;
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy justice slumbers o'er her sword.
The indignant muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal.
Too oft example, arm'd with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where mercy loves to dwell :
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
The sacred social passions never knew.
Unskill'd to argue, in dispute yet loud,
Bold without caution, without honours proud ;
In art unschool'd, each veteran rule he prized,
And all improvement haughtily despised.
Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glow'd his daring mind
Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmond, next in order of command,
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band :
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of fame ;
Whose vital spring had just began to bloom,
When o'er it sorrow spread her sickening gloom ?

While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms
His bosom danced to nature's boundless charms ;
On him fair science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower :
But soon adversity, with freezing blast,
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove
Where science and the tuneful sisters rove.
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more ;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er the untravell'd zone :
In vain — for rude adversity's command
Still, on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps opposed,
And every gate of hope against him closed.
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train !
To call Arion this ill-fated swain ;
For like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep ;
And both the raging surge in safety bore,
Amid destruction, panting to the shore.

This last, our tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion, haply, yet may save ;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad remembrance bleeds at every vein.

These, chief among the ship's conducting train,
Her path explored along the deep domain ;
Train'd to command, and range the swelling sail,
Whose varying force conforms to every gale.
Charged with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name :
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came the victim of unhappy love !
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled,
For her a sacred flame his bosom fed :
Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn
This genuine passion, nature's eldest born !
'T was his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.

Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease,
To her Palemon told his tender tale
Soft as the voice of summer's evening gale.
His soul, where moral truth spontaneous grew,
No guilty wish, no cruel passion knew ;
Though tremblingly alive to nature's laws,
Yet ever firm to honour's sacred cause :

O'erjoy'd he saw her lovely eyes relent,
The blushing maiden smiled with sweet consent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove
Unheard they breathed alternate vows of love :
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew ;
While their chaste souls possess'd the pleasing pains
That truth improves, and virtue ne'er restrains.
In evil hour the officious tongue of fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
Palemon's father heard the tale confest :
Long had he listen'd with suspicion's ear,
And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth ! thy liberal heart he knew,
A heart to nature's warm impressions true :
Full oft his wisdom strove with fruitless toil
With avarice to pollute that generous soil ;
That soil impregnated with nobler seed
Refused the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of fortune's sun
(For many freighted ships from shore to shore,
Their wealthy charge by his appointment bore),
With scorn the parent eyed the lowly shade
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid

He, by the lust of riches only moved,
Such mean connexions haughtily reprov'd;
Indignant he rebuked the enamour'd boy,
The flattering promise of his future joy;
He soothed and menaced, anxious to reclaim
This hopeless passion, or divert its aim:
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her powers, enchanting music fail'd,
And pleasure's syren voice no more prevail'd:
Long with unequal art, in vain he strove
To quench the ethereal flame of ardent love.

The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
In look, and voice, assumed a harsher strain:
In absence now his only hope remain'd;
And such the stern decree his will ordain'd.
Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom;
High beat his heart, fast flow'd the unbidden tear,
His bosom heaved with agony severe;
In vain with bitter sorrow he repined,
No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind —
To thee, brave Albert! was the charge consign'd.
The stately ship forsaking England's shore
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, the unhappy youth

Still loved fair Anna with eternal truth ;
Still Anna's image swims before his sight
In fleeting vision through the restless night ;
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart still panted for its secret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
To him since young Arion first was known ;
Who wandering here through many a scene re-
nown'd,
In Alexandria's port the vessel found ;
Where, anxious to review his native shore,
He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
Oft by pale Cynthia's melancholy light
With him Palemon kept the watch of night,
In whose sad bosom many a sigh supprest
Some painful secret of the soul confest :
Perhaps Arion soon the cause divined,
Though shunning still to probe a wounded mind ;
He felt the chastity of silent woe,
Though glad the balm of comfort to bestow.
He with Palemon oft recounted o'er
The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,
Recall'd to memory by the adjacent shore :
The scene thus present, and its story known,
The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.
Thus, though a recent date their friendship bore,

Soon the ripe metal own'd the quickening ore ;
For in one tide their passions seem'd to roll,
By kindred age and sympathy of soul.

These o'er the inferior naval train preside,
The course determine, or the commerce guide :
O'er all the rest, an undistinguish'd crew,
Her wing of deepest shade oblivion drew.

III. A sullen languor still the skies opprest,
And held the unwilling ship in strong arrest.
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray ;
Relax'd from toil, the sailors range the shore,
Where famine, war, and storm are felt no more ;
The hour to social pleasure they resign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
On deck, beneath the shading canvas spread,
Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read —
Of dragons roaring on the enchanted coast,
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost :
But with Arion, from the sultry heat
Of noon, Palemon sought a cool retreat. —
And lo ! the shore with mournful prospects crown'd,
The rampart torn with many a fatal wound,
The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the strand,
Bewail the stroke of war's tremendous hand.
What scenes of woe this hapless isle o'erspread,

Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled :
Full twice twelve summers were yon towers assail'd,
Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevail'd ;
While thundering mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd,
While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.

But now before them happier scenes arise ;
Elysian vales salute their ravish'd eyes :
Olive and cedar form'd a grateful shade,
Where light with gay romantic error stray'd :
The myrtles here with fond caresses twine,
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine :
And lo ! the stream, renown'd in classic song,
Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove ;
Soft o'er the fairy region languor stole,
And with sweet melancholy charm'd the soul.
Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind
For consolation on his friend reclined,
In pity's bleeding bosom, pour'd the stream
Of love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme :
" Too true thy words ! by sweet remembrance
taught,
My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought ;
In vain it courts the solitary shade,
By every action, every look betray'd.

The pride of generous woe disdains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal;
Yet sure, if right Palemon can divine,
The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine:
Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.

“Albert thou know’st, with skill and science
graced;

In humble station though by fortune placed,
Yet never seaman more serenely brave
Led Britain’s conquering squadrons o’er the wave.
Where full in view Augusta’s spires are seen,
With flowery lawns and waving woods between,
An humble habitation rose, beside
Where Thames meandering rolls his ample tide.
There live the hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter, and a faithful wife:
For his return with fond officious care
Still every grateful object these prepare:
Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

“This blooming maid in virtue’s path to guide
The admiring parents all their care applied;
Her spotless soul to soft affection train’d,
No voice untuned, no sickening folly stain’d:
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,

Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale.
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms:
Her face, in beauty's sweet attraction drest,
The smile of maiden innocence exprest;
While health, that rises with the new-born day,
Breathed o'er her cheek the softest blush of May:
Still in her look complacence smiled serene;
She moved the charmer of the rural scene!

“’Twas at that season, when the fields resume
Their loveliest hues, array'd in vernal bloom:
Yon ship, rich freighted from the Italian shore,
To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore.
While thus my father saw his ample hoard,
From this return, with recent treasures stored,
Me, with affairs of commerce charged, he sent
To Albert's humble mansion — soon I went!
Too soon, alas! unconscious of the event.
There, struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw;
There, wounded first by love's resistless arms,
My glowing bosom throb'd with strange alarms.
My ever charming Anna! who alone
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone,
Oh! while all-conscious memory holds her power,
Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour,

When from those eyes, with lovely lightning
 fraught,
My fluttering spirits first the infection caught?
When, as I gazed, my faltering tongue betray'd
The heart's quick tumults, or refused its aid;
While the dim light my ravish'd eyes forsook,
And every limb, unstrung with terror, shook.
With all her powers, dissenting reason strove
To tame at first the kindling flame of love:
She strove in vain; subdued by charms divine,
My soul a victim fell at beauty's shrine.
Oft from the din of bustling life I stray'd,
In happier scenes to see my lovely maid:
Full oft, where Thames his wandering current leads,
We roved at evening hour through flowery meads;
'There, while my heart's soft anguish I reveal'd,
To her with tender sighs my hope appeal'd.
While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believed,
Her snowy breast with secret tumult heaved;
For, train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth,
Nature was hers, and innocence, and truth:
She never knew the city damsel's art,
Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart. —
My suit prevail'd! for love inform'd my tongue,
And on his votary's lips persuasion hung:
Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,

And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.
Thrice happy hours! where with no dark allay
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day:
For here the sigh that soft affection heaves
From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
Elysian scenes! too happy long to last;
Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast;
Too soon some demon to my father bore
The tidings, that his heart with anguish tore.
My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice
Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice:
Then, in the whirling wave of pleasure, sought
From its loved object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind
In chains of adamant the lawless wind;
For love had aim'd the fatal shaft too sure,
Hope fed the wound, and absence knew no cure.
With alienated look, each art he saw
Still baffled by superior nature's law:
His anxious mind on various schemes revolved,
At last on cruel exile he resolved.
The rigorous doom was fix'd; alas! how vain
To him of tender anguish to complain:
His soul, that never love's sweet influence felt,
By social sympathy could never melt;
With stern command to Albert's charge he gave

To waft Palemon o'er the distant wave.

“The ship was laden and prepared to sail,
And only waited now the leading gale :
'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove
The poignant torments of despairing love ;
The impatient wish, that never feels repose,
Desire, that with perpetual current flows ;
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear,
Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near.
Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
The western breezes inauspicious blew,
Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
The vessel parted on the falling tide,
Yet time one sacred hour to love supplied :
The night was silent, and advancing fast,
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast ;
Impatient hope the midnight path explored,
And led me to the nymph my soul adored.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear,
She came confest ! the lovely maid drew near !
But, ah ! what force of language can impart
The impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart !
O ye ! whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
The trembling ecstasies of genuine love ;
When, with delicious agony, the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought ;

Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell;
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul.

“In transport lost, by trembling hope imprest,
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast,
While hers congenial beat with fond alarms;
Dissolving softness! Paradise of charms!
Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
Our blending spirits that each other drew!
O bliss supreme! where virtue's self can melt
With joys that guilty pleasure never felt;
Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
And kindle sweet affection's purest fire.
Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries —
While sorrow bursts with interrupting sighs —
For ever destined to lament in vain,
Such flattering, fond ideas entertain!
My heart through scenes of fair illusion stray'd
To joys decreed for some superior maid.
'Tis mine, abandon'd to severe distress,
Still to complain, and never hope redress.
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone,
And let this tortured bosom beat alone.
The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease;
Go then, dear youth! nor tempt the faithless seas.

Find out some happier maid, whose equal charms
With fortune's fairer joys, may bless thy arms :
Where, smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,
Prosperity shall hail each new-born day.
Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate.
Go then, I charge thee by thy generous love,
That fatal to my father thus may prove ;
On me alone let dark affliction fall,
Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.
Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate.

“ She ceased : while anguish in her angel-face
O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace :
Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid. —
O soul of all my wishes ! I replied,
Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide ?
Canst thou, bright pattern of exalted truth,
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth,
And I, ingrateful ! all that sweetness see
Consign'd to lasting misery for me ?
Sooner this moment may the eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb !
Attest, thou moon, fair regent of the night !
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight :

By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
Which sweet possession only knows to heal;
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep,
Where fate, and ruin, sad dominion keep;
Though tyrant duty o'er me threatening stands,
And claims obedience to her stern commands,
Should fortune, cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile, or frown, shall never change my love
My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine.

“Oh, cease to weep, this storm will yet decay,
And the sad clouds of sorrow melt away:
While through the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
The famed and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain:
For this, prosperity, with brighter ray
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
Thou too, sweet maid! ere twice ten months are
o'er,
Shall hail Palemon to his native shore,
Where never interest shall divide us more. —

“Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender
grief,
Now found an interval of short relief:
So melts the surface of the frozen stream

Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.
With cruel haste the shades of night withdrew,
And gave the signal of a sad adieu.
As on my neck the afflicted maiden hung,
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung ;
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas ! the wandering lover's grave :
With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguiled the falling tear.
While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes,
She pour'd her soul to heaven in suppliant sighs :
Look down with pity, O ye powers above !
Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding love ;
Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,
Alone can tell if he returns no more ;
Or if the hour of future joy remain,
Long-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain.
Bid every guardian minister attend,
And from all ill the much-loved youth defend.
With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in vain,
And, urged by strong attraction, met again.
At last, by cruel fortune torn apart
While tender passion beat in either heart,
Our eyes transfix'd with agonizing look,
One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.
Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,

Pensive and pale, of every joy bereft :
She to her silent couch retired to weep,
Whilst I embark'd, in sadness, on the deep."

His tale thus closed, from sympathy of grief
Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief :
To mutual friendship thus sincerely true,
No secret wish, or fear, their bosoms knew ;
In mutual hazards oft severely tried,
Nor hope, nor danger, could their love divide.

Ye tender maids ! in whose pathetic souls
Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls,
Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
The secret wound you tremble to reveal ;
Ah ! may no wanderer of the stormy main
Pour through your breasts the soft delicious bane ;
May never fatal tenderness approve
The fond effusions of their ardent love.
Oh ! warn'd, avoid the path that leads to woe,
Where thorns, and baneful weeds, alternate grow ;
Let them severer stoic nymphs possess,
Whose stubborn passions feel no soft distress.

Now as the youths returning o'er the plain
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
First, with attention roused, Arion eyed
The graceful lover, form'd in nature's pride :
His frame the happiest symmetry display'd,

And locks of waving gold his neck array'd ;
In every look the Paphian graces shine,
Soft breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine :
With lighten'd heart he smiled serenely gay,
Like young Adonis, or the son of May.
Not Cytherea from a fairer swain
Received her apple on the Trojan plain.

IV. The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene :
Creation smiles around ; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay ;
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain ;
The golden lime, and orange, there were seen
On fragrant branches of perpetual green ;
The crystal streams that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean, hush'd, forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore :
And lo ! his surface lovely to behold
Glow in the west, a sea of living gold !
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains ;
Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns !
While glowing Vesper leads the starry train,

And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main.
Emerging clouds the azure east invade,
And wrap the lucid spheres in gradual shade,
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove,
With dying numbers tune the soul to love :
With joyful eyes the attentive master sees
The auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
Round the charged bowl the sailors form a ring ;
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing,
As love, or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake the homely strain :
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.
Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
When eastern breezes, yet enervate, rise :
The waning moon behind a watery shroud
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long protracted cloud ;
A mighty halo round her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross'd, portentous shone :
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails,
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.

While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night :
Now, blooming Anna with her happy swain
Approach'd the sacred hymeneal fane ;
Anon, tremendous lightnings flash between,

And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen :
Now with Palemon, up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climb'd ; while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love :
Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd, beneath, the jaws of hell. —
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
He hears, and thrice the hollow decks rebound ;
Upstarting from his couch on deck he sprung ;
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle
rung :

All hands unmoor ! proclaims a boisterous cry,
All hands unmoor ! the cavern'd rocks reply.
Roused from repose aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass arm :
The order given, up springing with a bound,
They fix the bars, and heave the windlass round ;
At every turn the clanging pauls resound ;
Up-torn reluctant from its oozy cave
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
High on the slippery masts the yards ascend,
And far abroad the canvas wings extend.
Along the glassy plain the vessel glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides ;
The lunar rays in long reflection gleam,

With silver deluging the fluid stream ;
Levant and Thracian gales alternate play,
Then in the Egyptian quarter die away.
A calm ensues ; adjacent shores they dread,
The boats, with rowers mann'd, are sent ahead ;
With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow ;
The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend :
Success attends their skill, the danger's o'er !
The port is doubled, and beheld no more.

Now morn with gradual pace advanced on high,
Whitening with orient beam the twilight sky :
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But frowning stern, and wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent mists, tall Ida's height,
Tremendous rock ! emerges on the sight ;
North-east, a league, the Isle of Standia bears,
And westward, Freschin's woody Cape appears.

In distant angles while the transient gales
Alternate blow, they trim the flagging sails ;
The drowsy air attentive to retain,
As from unnumber'd points it sweeps the main.
Now swelling stud-sails on each side extend,
Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend ;
While all, to court the veering winds, are placed

With yards alternate square, and sharply braced.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun yet struggling in the cloud ;
Through the wide atmosphere, condensed with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.

The pilots now their azimuth attend,
On which all courses, duly form'd, depend :
The compass placed to catch the rising ray,
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey ;
Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic-circle glides ;
Now seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Thus height and polar distance are obtain'd,
Then latitude and declination gain'd ;
In chiliads next the analogy is sought,
And on the sinical triangle wrought :
By this magnetic variance is explored,
Just angles known, and polar truth restored.

The natives, while the ship departs their land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow before the breeze
She moved triumphant o'er the yielding seas :
Her bottom through translucent waters shone,
White as the clouds beneath the blaze of noon ;
The bending wales their contrast next display'd,

All fore and aft in polish'd jet array'd.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gazed o'er the vassal waves that roll'd below :
Where'er she moved the vassal waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.
The imperial trident graced her dexter hand,
Of power to rule the surge like Moses' wand ;
The eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep.
Her left, propitious, bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the watery field ;
There her bold genius in his floating car
O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war :
And lo ! the beasts that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tamed into union, yoked in friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main.
From the proud margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view.
The immortal shield from Neptune she received,
When first her head above the waters heaved.
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest,
A figured scutcheon glitter'd on her breast ;
There from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.
Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,

Inwove with laurels of unfading green.

Such was the sculptured prow ; from van to rear
The artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier !
Embalm'd with orient gum, above the wave
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad stern, a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controll'd,
An allegoric tale on high portray'd —
There a young hero, here a royal maid :
Fair England's genius in the youth exprest,
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confest,
The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd ;
No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd.
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
Serene as summer's evening skies she saw ;
Serene, yet firm ; though mild, impressing awe.
Her nervous arm, inured to toils severe,
Brandish'd the unconquer'd Caledonian spear :
The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dyed with hostile gore.
Blue was her rocky shield ; her piercing eye
Flash'd like the meteors of her native sky ;
Her crest, high-plumed, was rough with many a scar,
And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern star.

The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame,
The hardy offspring of some Runic dame :
Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow,
Renown'd in song, the terror of the foe.
The sword that oft the barbarous north defied,
The scourge of tyrants ! glitter'd by his side :
Clad in refulgent arms in battle won,
The George emblazon'd on his corselet shone :
Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre,
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire ;
Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell,
Or waft rapt fancy through the gulfs of hell :
Struck with contagion, kindling fancy hears
The songs of heaven, the music of the spheres !
Borne on Newtonian wing through air she flies,
Where other suns to other systems rise.

These front the scene conspicuous ; overhead
Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread :
While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,
Beneath their feet, the father of the flood :
Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perch'd by the martial maid the bird of Jove ;
There, on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay :
Yonder, fair commerce stretch'd her winged sail,
Here, frown'd the god that wakes the living gale.

High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
The imperial flag that rules the watery world.
Deep blushing armors all the tops invest,
And warlike trophies either quarter drest :
Then tower'd the masts, the canvas swell'd on high,
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day ;
Thus, like a swan, she cleaved the watery plain,
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main.

SECOND CANTO:

THE SCENE LIES AT SEA, BETWEEN CAPE FRESCHIN,
IN CANDIA, AND THE ISLAND OF
FALCONERA, WHICH IS NEARLY TWELVE LEAGUES
NORTHWARD OF CAPE SPADO.

TIME, FROM NINE IN THE MORNING UNTIL ONE O'CLOCK
OF THE NEXT DAY AT NOON.

ARGUMENT.

- I. Reflections on leaving shore. II. Favourable breeze. Waterspout. The dying dolphin. Breeze freshens. Ship's rapid progress along the coast. Top-sails reefed. Gale of wind. Last appearance, bearing, and distance of Cape Spado. A squall. Top-sails double reefed. Main-sail split. The ship bears up ; again hauls upon the wind. Another main-sail bent and set. Porpoises. III. The ship driven out of her course from Candia. Heavy gale. Top-sails furled. Top-gallant-yards lowered. Heavy sea. Threatening sun-set. Difference of opinion respecting the mode of taking in the main-sail. Courses reefed. Four seamen lost off the lee main-yard arm. Anxiety of the master and his mates on being near a lee-shore. Mizzen reefed. IV. A tremendous sea bursts over the deck ; its consequences. The ship labours in great distress. Guns thrown overboard. Dismal appearance of the weather. Very high and dangerous sea. Storm of lightning. Severe fatigue of the crew at the pumps. Critical situation of the ship near the Island Falconera. Consultation and resolution of the officers. Speech and advice of Albert ; his devout address to Heaven. Order given to scud. The fore stay-sail hoisted and split. The head yards braced aback. The mizzen mast cut away.

THE SHIPWRECK.

CANTO II.

I. ADIEU ! ye pleasures of the sylvan scene,
Where peace and calm contentment dwell serene :
To me, in vain, on earth's prolific soil,
With summer crown'd, the Elysian valleys smile ;
To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart :
Ye tempests ! o'er my head congenial roll
To suit the mournful music of my soul ;
In black progression, lo, they hover near,
Hail social horrors ! like my fate severe :
Old ocean hail ! beneath whose azure zone
The secret deep lies unexplored, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea,
And fearless view this awful scene with me.
Ye native guardians of your country's laws !
Ye brave assertors of her sacred cause !
The muse invites you, judge if she depart,
Unequal, from the thorny rules of art ;

In practice train'd, and conscious of her power,
She boldly moves to meet the trying hour :
Her voice attempting themes before unknown
To music, sings distresses all her own.

II. O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propell'd by flattering gales, the vessel glides :
Rodmond exulting felt the auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confined.
The thoughts of home that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul ;
Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was rising to the view,
When on the larboard quarter they descry
A liquid column towering shoot on high :
The foaming base the angry whirlwinds sweep,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deep ;
Still round, and round, the fluid vortex flies,
Diffusing briny vapours o'er the skies.
This vast phenomenon, whose lofty head,
In heaven immersed, embracing clouds o'erspread,
In spiral motion first, as seamen deem,
Swells, when the raging whirlwind sweeps the
stream.

The swift volution, and the enormous train,

Let sages versed in nature's lore explain.
The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling billows fly.
The guns were primed; the vessel northward veers,
Till her black battery on the column bears :
The nitre fired; and, while the dreadful sound
Convulsive shook the slumbering air around,
The watery volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down, a dreadful deluge, from on high !
The expanding ocean trembled as it fell,
And felt with swift recoil her surges swell ;
But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more.
While southward now the increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear :
Ahead they see the consecrated grove
Of Cyprus, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels,
And to the freshening gale still deeper heels.

But now, beneath the lofty vessel's stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern,
Beaming from burnish'd scales refulgent rays
Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze.
In curling wreaths they wanton on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now downward swiftly glide ;
Awhile beneath the waves their tracks remain,

And burn in silver streams along the liquid plain.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides, unhappy, near the triple prong:
Rodmond, unerring, o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends;
Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through.
The upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain,
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain:
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike the astonish'd sight!
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid west
With parting beams all o'er profusely drest;
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
When orient dew's impearl the enamell'd lawn,
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow;
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow,
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,
And now assume the purple's deeper dye.
But here description clouds each shining ray:

What terms of art can nature's powers display !

The lighter sails, for summer winds and seas,
Are now dismiss'd, the straining masts to ease ;
Swift on the deck the stud-sails all descend,
Which ready seamen from the yards unbend :

The boats then, hoisted in, are fix'd on board,
And on the deck with fastening gripes secured.

The watchful ruler of the helm no more
With fix'd attention eyes the adjacent shore,
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wondrous magnet, guides the wayward prow.

The powerful sails, with steady breezes swell'd,
Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd :

Across her stem the parting waters run,
As clouds, by tempests wafted, pass the sun.

Impatient thus she darts along the shore,
Till Ida's mount, and Jove's, are seen no more ;

And, while aloof from Retimo she steers,

Maleca's foreland full in front appears.

Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress grove,
That once inclosed the hallow'd fane of Jove ;

Here too, memorial of his name, is found

A tomb in marble ruins on the ground.

This gloomy tyrant, whose despotic sway

Compell'd the trembling nations to obey,

Through Greece for murder, rape, and incest known,

The Muses raised to high Olympus' throne ;
For oft, alas ! their venal strains adorn
The prince whom blushing virtue holds in scorn
Still Rome and Greece record his endless fame,
And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.

But see ! in confluence borne before the blast,
Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'ercast :
The blackening ocean curls, the winds arise,
And the dark scud in swift succession flies.
While the swoln canvas bends the masts on high,
Low in the wave the leeward cannon lie.
The master calls, to give the ship relief,
The top-sails lower, and form a single reef !
Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels ;
Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing wheels.
Down the tall masts the top-sails sink amain,
Are mann'd and reef'd, then hoisted up again.
More distant grew receding Candia's shore,
And southward of the west Cape Spado bore.

Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone.
Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade :
A lowering squall obscures the southern sky,
Before whose sweeping breath the waters fly.
Its weight the top-sails can no more sustain —

Reef top-sails, reef! the master calls again.
The halyards and top-bow-lines soon are gone,
To clue-lines and reef-tackles next they run:
The shivering sails descend; the yards are square;
Then quick aloft the ready crew repair:
The weather-earings and the lee they past,
The reefs enroll'd, and every point made fast.
Their task above thus finished, they descend,
And vigilant the approaching squall attend.
It comes resistless! and with foaming sweep
Upturns the whitening surface of the deep:
In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward sisters scour the blasted heath.
The clouds, with ruin pregnant, now impend,
And storm and cataracts tumultuous blend.
Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies:
Brail up the mizzen quick! the master cries,
Man the clue-garnets! let the main-sheet fly!
It rends in thousand shivering shreds on high!
The main-sail all in streaming ruins tore,
Loud fluttering, imitates the thunder's roar:
The ship still labours in the oppressive strain,
Low bending, as if ne'er to rise again.
Bear up the helm a-weather! Rodmond cries:
Swift at the word the helm a-weather flies;
She feels its guiding power, and veers apace,

And now the fore-sail right athwart they brace :
With equal sheets restrain'd, the bellying sail
Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.
While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
The helm the attentive timoneer applies :
As in pursuit along the aërial way
With ardent eye the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
Obliquely wheeling through the fluid space ;
So, govern'd by the steersman's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion still commands.

But now the transient squall to leeward past,
Again she rallies to the sullen blast :
The helm to starboard moves ; each shivering sail
Is sharply trimm'd to clasp the augmenting gale ;
The mizzen draws ; she springs aloof once more,
While the fore stay-sail balances before.
The fore-sail braced obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow the extended tack confined ;
Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
And haul the bow-line to the bowsprit-end :
To top-sails next they haste ; the bunt-lines gone,
Through rattling blocks the clue-lines swiftly run ;
The extending sheets on either side are mann'd,
Abroad they come ! the fluttering sails expand ;
The yards again ascend each comrade mast,

The leeches taught, the halyards are made fast,
The bow-lines haul'd, and yards to starboard braced,
And straggling ropes in pendant order placed.

The main-sail, by the squall so lately rent,
In streaming pendants flying, is unbent :
With brails refix'd, another soon prepared,
Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.
To each yard-arm the head-rope they extend,
And soon their earings and their robans bend.
That task perform'd, they first the braces slack,
Then to the chesstree drag the unwilling tack.
And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the sheet they tally, and belay.

Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
A troop of porpoises their course explore ;
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide :
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
That burn in sparkling trails along the main.
These fleetest coursers of the finny race,
When threatening clouds the ethereal vault deface,
Their route to leeward still sagacious form,
To shun the fury of the approaching storm.

III. Fair Candia now no more beneath her lee
Protects the vessel from the insulting sea ;
Round her broad arms impatient of control,

Roused from the secret deep, the billows roll :
Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
And all the scene an hostile aspect wore.
The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid
From Candia's bay the unwilling ship betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.
Tost on the tide she feels the tempest blow,
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe :
As the proud horse with costly trappings gay,
Exulting, prances to the bloody fray ;
Spurning the ground he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight ;
E'en so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
The bounding vessel dances on the tide.
Fierce and more fierce the gathering tempest
grew ;
South, and by west, the threatening demon blew ;
Auster's resistless force all air invades,
And every rolling wave more ample spreads.
The ship no longer can her top-sails bear ;
No hopes of milder weather now appear.
Bow-lines and halyards are cast off again,
Clue-lines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain :
Embrail'd each top-sail, and by braces squared,
The seamen climb aloft, and man each yard.

They furl'd the sails, and pointed to the wind
The yards, by rolling tackles then confined,
While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies ;
Like a hoarse mastiff through the storm he cries,
Prompt to direct the unskilful still appears,
The expert he praises, and the timid cheers.
Now some, to strike top-gallant-yards attend,
Some, travellers up the weather-back-stays send,
At each mast-head the top-ropes others bend :
The parrels, lifts, and clue-lines soon are gone,
Topp'd and unrigg'd, they down the back-stays run ;
The yards secure along the booms were laid,
And all the flying ropes aloft belay'd.
Their sails reduced, and all the rigging clear,
Awhile the crew relax from toils severe ;
Awhile their spirits with fatigue opprest,
In vain expect the alternate hour of rest.
But with redoubling force the tempests blow,
And watery hills in dread succession flow :
A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies ;
New troubles grow, fresh difficulties rise ;
No season this from duty to descend ;
All hands on deck must now the storm attend.

His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray :
His languid fires, half lost in ambient haze,

Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze ;
Till deep immersed the sickening orb descends,
And cheerless night o'er heaven her reign extends :
Sad evening's hour, how different from the past !
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast,
No ray of friendly light is seen around ;
The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.

The ship no longer can whole courses bear,
To reef them now becomes the master's care ;
The sailors, summon'd aft, all ready stand,
And man the enfolding brails at his command.
But here the doubtful officers dispute,
Till skill, and judgment, prejudice confute :
For Rodmond, to new methods still a foe,
Would first, at all events, the sheet let go ;
To long-tried practice obstinately warm,
He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
This Albert and Arion disapprove,
And first to brail the tack up firmly move :
“ The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye
On sure experience may with truth rely,
Who from the reigning cause foretells the effect,
This barbarous practice ever will reject ;
For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail
Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale ;
And he who strives the tempest to disarm,

Will never first embrail the lee yard-arm."
So Albert spoke ; to windward, at his call,
Some seamen the clue-garnet stand to haul ;
The tack's eased off, while the involving clue
Between the pendent blocks ascending flew.
The sheet and weather-brace they now stand by.
The lee clue-garnet and the bunt-lines ply :
Then, all prepared, Let go the sheet ! he cries —
Loud rattling, jarring, through the blocks it flies !
Shivering at first, till by the blast impell'd,
High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvas swell'd ;
By spilling lines embraced, with brails confined,
It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
The fore-sail then secured with equal care,
Again to reef the main-sail they repair ;
While some above the yard o'er-haul the tye,
Below, the down-haul tackle others ply ;
Jears, lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends,
And down the mast its mighty yard descends.
When lower'd sufficient they securely brace,
And fix the rolling tackle in its place ;
The reef-lines and their earings now prepared,
Mounting on pliant shrouds they man the yard.
Far on the extremes appear two able hands,
For no inferior skill this task demands :
To windward, foremost, young Arion strides,

The lee yard-arm the gallant boatswain rides.
Each caring to its cringle first they bend,
The reef-band then along the yard extend ;
The circling earings round the extremes entwined,
By outer and by inner turns they bind ;
The reef-lines next from hand to hand received,
Through eyelet-holes and roban-legs were reeved ;
The folding reefs in plaits inroll'd they lay,
Extend the worming lines, and ends belay.

Hadst thou, Arion ! held the leeward post
While on the yard by mountain billows tost,
Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil ;
But ruling Heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to suffer, and relate.

For, while aloft the order those attend
To furl the main-sail, or on deck descend,
A sea, upsurging with stupendous roll,
To instant ruin seems to doom the whole :
O friends, secure your hold ! Arion cries :
It comes all dreadful ! down the vessel lies
Half buried sideways ; while, beneath it tost,
Four seamen off the lee yard-arm are lost :
Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the yard enfold ;
In vain to grapple flying ropes they try,

The ropes, alas ! a solid gripe deny :
Prone on the midnight surge with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with death ;
High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep.
Bereft of power to help, their comrades see
The wretched victims die beneath the lee,
With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan,
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own !

 In dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,
Nor can determine on the next command :
Though still they knew the vessel's armed side
Impenetrable to the clasping tide ;
Though still the waters by no secret wound
A passage to her deep recesses found ;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward shore !
"Should they, though reef'd, again their sails extend,
Again in shivering streamers they may rend ;
Or, should they stand, beneath the oppressive strain,
The down-press'd ship may never rise again :
Too late to weather now Morea's land,
And drifting fast on Athens' rocky strand." —
Thus they lament the consequence severe,
Where perils unallay'd by hope appear :

Long pondering in their minds each fear'd event,
At last to furl the courses they consent ;
That done, to reef the mizzen next agree,
And try beneath it sidelong in the sea.

Now down the mast the yard they lower away,
Then jears and topping-lift secure belay ;
The head, with doubling canvas fenced around,
In balance near the lofty peak they bound ;
The reef enwrapp'd, the inserting knittles tied,
The halyards throt and peak are next applied.
The order given, the yard aloft they sway'd,
The brails relax'd, the extended sheet belay'd ;
The helm its post forsook, and, lash'd a-lee,
Inclined the wayward prow to front the sea.

IV. When sacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coast,
With notes divine deplored his consort lost ;
Though round him perils grew in fell array,
And fates and furies stood to bar his way ;
Not more adventurous was the attempt, to move
The infernal powers with strains of heavenly love,
Than mine, in ornamental verse to dress
The harshest sounds that terms of art express.
Such arduous toil sage Dædalus endured
In mazes, self-invented, long immured,
Till genius her superior aid bestow'd,
To guide him through that intricate abode :

Thus, long imprison'd in a rugged way
Where Phœbus' daughters never aim'd to stray,
The muse, that tuned to barbarous sounds her
 string,

Now spreads, like Dædalus, a bolder wing;
The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
Replete with sad variety of woe.

As yet, amid this elemental war,
Where desolation in his gloomy car
Triumphant rages round the starless void,
And fate on every billow seems to ride;
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear:
Though their firm hearts no pageant-honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles at his post;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn.
Though now full oft they felt the raging tide
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side;
Though every rising wave more dreadful grows,
And in succession dire the deck o'erflows;
No future ills unknown their souls appall,
'They know no danger, or they scorn it all.
But e'en the generous spirits of the brave,
Subdued by toil, a friendly respite crave;
They, with severe fatigue alone opprest,

Would fain indulge an interval of rest.

Far other cares the master's mind employ,
Approaching perils all his hopes destroy :
In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of art ;
Across the geometric plane expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands ;
Ungrateful task ! for, no asylum found,
Death yawns on every leeward shore around. —
While Albert thus, with horrid doubts dismay'd,
The geometric distances survey'd,
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
Secure your lives ! grasp every man a shroud !
Roused from his trance, he mounts with eyes aghast ;
When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,
A giant surge down rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dissever'd ruins lie.
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main,
Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores ;
Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan ;
The trembling deep recoils from zone to zone :
Thus the torn vessel felt the enormous stroke ;
The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke ;
Torn from their planks the cracking ring-bolts drew,

And gripes and lashings all asunder flew ;
Companion, binnacle, in floating wreck,
With compasses and glasses strew'd the deck ;
The balanced mizzen, rending to the head,
In fluttering fragments from its bolt-rope fled ;
The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
And, rent with labour, yawn'd their pitchy seams.

They sound the well, and, terrible to hear !
Five feet immersed along the line appear :
At either pump they ply the clanking brake,
And, turn by turn, the ungrateful office take :
Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon here
At this sad task all diligent appear.
As some strong citadel begirt with foes
Tries long the tide of ruin to oppose,
Destruction near her spreads his black array,
And death and sorrow mark his horrid way ;
Till, in some destined hour, against her wall
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall ;
It breaks ! it bursts before the cannonade !
And following hosts the shatter'd domes invade ;
Her inmates long repel the hostile flood,
And shield their sacred charge in streams of blood :
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help incessant, by rotation, lend ;
But all in vain ! for now the sounding cord,

Updrawn, an undiminish'd depth explored.
Nor this severe distress is found alone ;
The ribs opprest by ponderous cannon groan ;
Deep rolling from the watery volume's height,
The tortured sides seem bursting with their weight :
So reels Pelorus with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows ;
Hoarse through his entrails roars the infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame.
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And fate, vindictive, all their skill defies :
For this, one remedy is only known,—
From the torn ship her metal must be thrown :
Eventful task ! which last distress requires,
And dread of instant death alone inspires ;
For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
Fill'd ever and anon with rushing seas,
Some fatal billow with recoiling sweep
May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.

No season this for counsel or delay ;
Too soon the eventful moments haste away.
Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart ;
These only now their misery can relieve,
These only now a dawn of safety give.
While o'er the quivering deck from van to rear

Broad surges roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue.
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-side ;
Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave,
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave :
Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er the
 deep,

Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untamed he stood ; the stern aërial war
Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar.
Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist,
The cordage of the leeward-guns unbraced,
And pointed crows beneath the metal placed :
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw.
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's associates wheel'd the artillery round .
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The ponderous arms across the steep defile ;
Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.

The ship, thus eased, some little respite finds
In this rude conflict of the seas and winds :
Such ease Alcides felt, when, clogg'd with gore.

The envenom'd mantle from his side he tore ;
When, stung with burning pain, he strove too late
To stop the swift career of cruel fate ;
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procured,
Sad harbinger of sevenfold pangs endured.
Such, and so short, the pause of woe she found !
Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings in terrific blaze
Deluge the cheerless gloom with horrid rays :
Above, all ether fraught with scenes of woe
With grim destruction threatens all below ;
Beneath, the storm-lash'd surges furious rise,
And wave uproll'd on wave assails the skies ;
With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
The ship, half swallow'd in the black profound.

With ceaseless hazard and fatigue opprest,
Dismay and anguish every heart possest ;
For while, with sweeping inundation, o'er
The sea-beat ship the booming waters roar,
Displaced beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient station to resume.
By secret ambushes, their force to prove,
Through many a winding channel first they rove ;
Till gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Through her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.
When unrelenting thus the leaks they found,

The clattering pumps with clanking strokes resound ;
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdued,
The tough bull-hide must ever be renew'd :
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill,
And down their weary limbs thick dews distill ;
No ray of light their dying hope redeems,
Pregnant with some new woe, each moment teems.

Again the chief the instructive chart extends,
And o'er the figured plane attentive bends.
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne ;
But here, alas ! his science nought avails,
Skill droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid ;
Then, in the graduated arch contain'd,
The angle of lee-way, seven points, remain'd. —
Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart,
When, on the immediate line of drift, he found
The rugged isle, with rocks and breakers bound,
Of Falconera ; distant only now
Nine lessening leagues beneath the leeward bow .
For, if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost ;
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,

The steep St. George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots, of their hopeless state,
In mournful consultation, long debate :
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appall
When some proud city verges to her fall,
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night.
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied pillars raised aloft their head :
But here the queen of shade around them threw
Her dragon wing, disastrous to the view !
Dire was the scene with whirlwind, hail, and shower ;
Black melancholy ruled the fearful hour :
Beneath, tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
Where fate on every billow seem'd to ride.
Enclosed with ills, by peril unsubdued,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood :
Skill'd to command, deliberate to advise,
Expert in action, and in council wise,
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul the chief referr'd :—

“ Ye faithful mates ! who all my troubles share,
Approved companions of your master's care,
To you, alas ! 't were fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well.
This morn with favouring gales the port we left,

Though now of every flattering hope bereft.
No skill, nor long experience could forecast
The unseen approach of this destructive blast :
These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know.
The hour, the occasion, all your skill demands, —
A leaky ship, embay'd by dangerous lands !
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds ;
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds.
'T is ours the doubtful remedy to find,
To shun the fury of the seas and wind ;
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more.
One only shift, though desperate, we must try,
And that, before the boisterous storm to fly :
Then less her sides will feel the surges' power,
Which thus may soon the foundering hull devour.
'T is true, the vessel and her costly freight
To me consign'd, my orders only wait ;
Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign.
Forbid it, Heaven ! that in this dreadful hour
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power !
But should we now resolve to bear away,
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay :
Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,

Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale ;
For then, if broaching sideway to the sea,
Our dropsied ship may founder by the lee ;
Vain all endeavours then to bear away,
Nor helm, nor pilot, would she more obey."

He said : the listening mates with fix'd regard
And silent reverence, his opinion heard :
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their counsels hung impending fate.
Rodmond, in many a scene of peril tried,
Had oft the master's happier skill descried,
Yet now, the hour, the scene, the occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own.
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart ;
Alike to him each climate, and each blast,
The first in danger, in retreat the last :
Sagacious, balancing the opposed events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissents :—

"Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils succeeding toils our strength o'erpower
Our bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find,
Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind :
Yet where with safety can we dare to scud
Before this tempest, and pursuing flood ?
At random driven, to present death we haste,

And one short hour perhaps may be our last.
Though Corinth's gulf extend along the lee,
To whose safe ports appears a passage free,
Yet think ! this furious unremitting gale
Deprives the ship of every ruling sail ;
And if before it she directly flies,
New ills enclose us and new dangers rise :
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares,
There distant Greece her rugged shelves prepares ;
Our hull, if once it strikes that iron coast,
Asunder bursts, in instant ruin lost ;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew,
Beyond relief, are doom'd to perish too :
Such mischiefs follow if we bear away ;
O safer that sad refuge — to delay !

“ Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope :
Though sorely buffeted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee ;
The crew, though harass'd much with toils severe,
Still at their pumps, perceive no hazards near :
Shall we, incautious, then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell ?
Prudence forbids ! this southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon ;
Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,

Nor into mountains lash the unruly tide :
These leaks shall then decrease — the sails once
more

Direct our course to some relieving shore.”

Thus while he spoke, around from man to man
At either pump a hollow murmur ran :
For, while the vessel through unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, the invading water drinks,
Sounding her depth they eyed the wetted scale,
And lo ! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail :
Yet at their post, by terrors unsubdued,
They with redoubling force their task pursued.

And now the senior pilots seem'd to wait
Arion's voice, to close the dark debate.
Not o'er his vernal life the ripening sun
Had yet progressive twice ten summers run ;
Slow to debate, yet eager to excel,
In thy sad school, stern Neptune ! taught too well ;
With lasting pain to rend his youthful heart
Dire fate in venom dipt her keenest dart,
Till his firm spirit, temper'd long to ill,
Forgot her persecuting scourge to feel :
But now the horrors, that around him roll,
Thus roused to action his rekindling soul : —

“ Can we, delay'd in this tremendous tide,
A moment pause what purpose to decide ?

Alas! from circling horrors thus combined,
One method of relief alone we find.
Thus water-logg'd, thus helpless to remain
Amid this hollow, how ill judged! how vain!
Our sea-breach'd vessel can no longer bear
The floods that o'er her burst in dread career;
The labouring hull already seems half-fill'd
With water through a hundred leaks distill'd;
Thus drench'd by every wave, her riven deck,
Stript, and defenceless, floats a naked wreck;
At every pitch the o'erwhelming billows bend
Beneath their load the quivering bowsprit's end —
A fearful warning! since the masts on high
On that support with trembling hope rely;
At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
In dire dismay, anticipating death;
Still all our powers the increasing leaks defy,
We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh.
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
To light and save us from a watery tomb;
That bids us shun the death impending here,
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.

“'Tis urged indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding sail;
And, driven before it on the watery waste,
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste.

But haply Falconera we may shun,
And long to Grecian coasts is yet the run :
Less harass'd then, our scudding ship may bear
The assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear,
And since as soon that tempest may decay
When steering shoreward — wherefore thus delay ?
Should we at last be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there awhile may ride
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide :
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing power,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour ;
But here, ingulf'd and foundering, while we stay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey."

He said : Palemon saw with grief of heart
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art ;
In silent terror and distress involved,
He heard their last alternative resolved :
High beat his bosom — with such fear subdued,
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering swain explored
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd ;
'Trembling, approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell.
Arion saw, with secret anguish moved,
The deep affliction of the friend he loved,

And all awake to friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tremors beat.
Alas ! no season this for tender love ;
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove :
He tried with soft persuasion's melting lore
Palemon's fainting courage to restore ;
His wounded spirit heal'd with friendship's balm,
And bade each conflict of the mind be calm.

Now had the pilots all the events revolved,
And on their final refuge thus resolved ;
When, like the faithful shepherd who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds,
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs : —

“ Unhappy partners in a wayward fate,
Whose courage now is known perhaps too late ;
Ye who unmoved behold this angry storm
In conflict all the rolling deep deform ;
Who, patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are near ;
The truth, though painful, I must now reveal,
That long in vain I purposed to conceal :
Ingulf'd, all help of art we vainly try,
To weather leeward shores, alas ! too nigh ;
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The seas, that thunder o'er her batter'd side ;

And while the leaks a fatal warning give
That in this raging sea she cannot live,
One only refuge from despair we find —
At once to wear and scud before the wind.
Perhaps e'en then to ruin we may steer,
For rocky shores beneath our lee appear ;
But that's remote, and instant death is here :
Yet there, by Heaven's assistance, we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main ;
Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride
Till with abating rage the blast subside.
But if, determined by the will of Heaven,
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
These councils follow'd, from a watery grave
Our crew perhaps amid the surf may save : —

“ And first, let all our axes be secured
To cut the masts and rigging from aboard ;
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar
To float between the vessel and the shore.
The longest cordage too must be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather-rails belay'd :
So they, who haply reach alive the land,
The extended lines may fasten on the strand,
Whene'er, loud thundering on the leeward shore,
While yet aloof, we hear the breakers roar.
Thus for the terrible event prepared,

Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard;
So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our seamen save:
Then westward turn the stem, that every mast
May shoreward fall as from the vessel cast.
When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground;
And, when you hear aloft the dreadful shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our sailors must descend
The dangerous business of the deck to tend.
Then burst the hatches off, and, every stay
And every fastening lanyard cut away,
Planks, gratings, booms, and rafts to leeward cast;
Then with redoubled strokes attack each mast,
That buoyant lumber may sustain you o'er
The rocky shelves and ledges to the shore:
But as your firmest succour, till the last
O cling securely on each faithful mast!
Though great the danger, and the task severe,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear:
If once that slavish yoke your souls subdue,
Adieu to hope! to life itself adieu!

“I know among you some have oft beheld
A bloodhound train, by rapine's lust impell'd,
On England's cruel coast impatient stand,

To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon their strand :
These, while their savage office they pursue,
Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew,
Who, 'scaped from every horror of the main,
Implored their mercy, but implored in vain.
Yet dread not this, a crime to Greece unknown ;
Such bloodhounds all her circling shores disown ;
Who, though by barbarous tyranny oppress'd,
Can share affliction with the wretch distress'd :
Their hearts, by cruel fate inured to grief,
Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief."

With conscious horror struck, the naval band
Detested for a while their native land ;
They cursed the sleeping vengeance of the laws,
That thus forgot her guardian sailor's cause.

Meanwhile the master's voice again they heard
Whom, as with filial duty, all revered :
"No more remains — but now a trusty band
Must ever at the pumps industrious stand ;
And, while with us the rest attend to wear,
Two skilful seamen to the helm repair —
And thou Eternal Power ! whose awful sway
The storms revere, and roaring seas obey,
On thy supreme assistance we rely ;
Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die !
Perhaps this storm is sent with healing breath

From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and
death :

"Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust,
With thee, great Lord ! whatever is, is just."

He said : and, with consenting reverence fraught,
The sailors join'd his prayer in silent thought :
His intellectual eye, serenely bright,
Saw distant objects with prophetic light.
Thus in a land, that lasting wars oppress,
That groans beneath misfortune and distress ;
Whose wealth to conquering armies falls a prey,
Till all her vigour, pride, and fame decay ;
Some bold sagacious statesman, from the helm,
Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm :
He darts around his penetrating eyes
Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise ;
With deep attention marks the invading foe,
Eludes their wiles and frustrates every blow,
Tries his last art the tottering state to save,
Or in its ruins find a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills ;
On either side they rise, tremendous scene !
A long dark melancholy vale between.
The balanced ship now forward, now behind,
Still felt the impression of the waves and wind,

And to the right and left by turns inclined ;
But Albert from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw.
The order now was given to “bear away” ;
The order given, the timoneers obey :
Both stay-sail sheets to mid-ships were convey’d,
And round the foremast on each side belay’d ;
Thus ready, to the halyards they apply,
They hoist—away the flitting ruins fly !
Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
Conceals his grief, and doubles all his cares. —
“Away there ! lower the mizzen-yard on deck,”
He calls, “and brace the foremost yards aback !”
His great example every bosom fires,
New life rekindles and new hope inspires.
While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
One desperate remedy at last he tries : —
“Haste ! with your weapons cut the shrouds and
 stay,
And hew at once the mizzen-mast away !”
He said : to cut the girding stay they run ;
Soon on each side the sever’d shrouds are gone :
Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands,
The impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands ;
Brandish’d on high, it fell with dreadful sound,
The tall mast groaning felt the deadly wound ;

Deep gash'd beneath, the tottering structure rings,
And crashing, thundering, o'er the quarter swings.
Thus, when some limb, convulsed with pangs of
 death,

Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath,
The experienced artist from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its course delays ;
But if the infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
To stop the course of death's inflaming tides,
The infected member from the trunk divides.

THIRD CANTO:

THE SCENE IS EXTENDED FROM THAT PART OF
THE ARCHIPELAGO WHICH LIES
TEN MILES TO THE NORTHWARD OF FALCONERA,
TO CAPE COLONNA IN ATTICA.

THE TIME ABOUT SEVEN HOURS ; FROM ONE, UNTIL EIGHT IN
THE MORNING.

ARGUMENT.

- I. The beneficial influence of poetry in the civilization of mankind. Diffidence of the author. II. Wreck of the mizzen-mast cleared away. Ship put before the wind—labours much. Different stations of the officers. Appearance of the island of Falconera. III. Excursion to the adjacent nations of Greece renowned in antiquity. Athens. Socrates, Plato, Aristides. Solon. Corinth—its architecture. Sparta. Leonidas. Invasion by Xerxes. Lycurgus. Epaminondas. Present state of the Spartans. Arcadia. Former happiness, and fertility. Its present distress the effect of slavery. Ithaca, Ulysses, and Penelope. Argos and Mycæne. Agamemnon. Macronisi. Lemnos. Vulcan. Delos. Apollo and Diana. Troy. Sestos. Leander and Hero. Delphos. Temple of Apollo. Parnassus. The Muses. IV. Subject resumed. Address to the Spirits of the Storm. A tempest, accompanied with rain, hail, and meteors. Darkness of the night, lightning and thunder. Daybreak. St. George's cliffs open upon them. The ship, in great danger, passes the island of St. George. V. Land of Athens appears. Helmsman struck blind by lightning. Ship laid broadside to the shore. Bowsprit, foremast, and main top-mast carried away. Albert, Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon strive to save themselves on the wreck of the foremast. The ship parts asunder. Death of Albert and Rodmond. Arion reaches the shore. Finds Palemon expiring on the beach. His dying address to Arion, who is led away by the humane natives.

THE SHIPWRECK.

CANTO III.

I. WHEN in a barbarous age, with blood defiled,
The human savage roam'd the gloomy wild ;
When sullen ignorance her flag display'd,
And rapine and revenge her voice obey'd ;
Sent from the shores of light, the Muses came,
The dark and solitary race to tame,
The war of lawless passions to control,
To melt in tender sympathy the soul ;
The heart's remote recesses to explore,
And touch its springs when prose avail'd no more.
The kindling spirit caught the empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay :
Roused from the chaos of primeval night,
At once fair truth and reason sprung to light.
When great Mæonides, in rapid song,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,

Subservient only to a nobler plan ;
But I, perplex'd in labyrinths of art,
Anatomize, and blazon every part ;
Attempt with plaintive numbers to display,
And chain the events in regular array ;
Though hard the task to sing in varied strains,
When still unchanged the same sad theme remains.
O could it draw compassion's melting tear
For kindred miseries, oft beheld too near ;
For kindred wretches, oft in ruin cast
On Albion's strand beneath the wintry blast ;
For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
Her bravest sons, her guardian sailors know —
Then every breast should sigh at our distress ;
This were the summit of my hoped success ;
For this, my theme through mazes I pursue
Which nor Mæonides nor Maro knew.

II. Awhile the mast, in ruins dragg'd behind,
Balanced the impression of the helm and wind :
The wounded serpent agonized with pain
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain.
But now, the wreck dissever'd from the rear,
The long reluctant prow began to veer :
While round before the enlarging wind it falls,
“ Square fore and aft the yards,” the master calls :
“ You timoneers her motion still attend,

For on your steerage all our lives depend :
So steady ! meet her ! watch the curving prow,
And from the gale directly let her go.”
“Starboard again !” the watchful pilot cries ;
“Starboard !” the obedient timoneer replies :
Then back to port, revolving at command,
The wheel rolls swiftly through each glowing hand.
The ship no longer, foundering by the lee,
Bears on her side the invasions of the sea ;
All lonely o’er the desert waste she flies,
Scourged on by surges, storms, and bursting skies.
As when inclosing harponeers assail
In Hyperborean seas the slumbering whale,
Soon as their javelins pierce his scaly side,
He groans, he darts impetuous down the tide,
And, rack’d all o’er with lacerating pain,
He flies remote beneath the flood in vain —
So with resistless haste the wounded ship
Scuds from pursuing waves along the deep ;
While, dash’d apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow ;
Her joints forget their firm elastic tone,
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan.
Upheaved behind her in tremendous height,
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright ;
Now quivering o’er the topmost waves she rides,

While deep beneath the enormous gulf divides ;
Now launching headlong down the horrid vale,
Becalm'd she hears no more the howling gale,
Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the skies.
As that rebellious angel, who, from heaven,
To regions of eternal pain was driven,
When dreadless he forsook the Stygian shore
The distant realms of Eden to explore,
Here, on sulphureous clouds sublime upheaved,
With daring wing the infernal air he cleaved ;
There, in some hideous gulf descending prone,
Far in the void abrupt of night was thrown —
E'en so she climbs the briny mountain's height,
Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight :
The masts, about whose tops the whirlwinds sing,
With long vibration round her axle swing.

To guide her wayward course amid the gloom,
The watchful pilots different posts assume :
Albert and Rodmond on the poop appear,
There to direct each guiding timoneer ;
While at the bow the watch Arion keeps,
To shun what cruisers wander o'er the deeps.
Where'er he moves Palemon still attends,
As if on him his only hope depends ;
While Rodmond, fearful of some neighbouring shore,

Cries, ever and anon, "Look out afore!"

Thus o'er the flood four hours she scudding flew,
When Falconera's rugged cliffs they view,
Faintly along the larboard bow descried,
As o'er its mountain tops the lightnings glide.
High o'er its summit, through the gloom of night,
The glimmering watch-tower casts a mournful light :
In dire amazement riveted they stand,
And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand —
But scarce perceived, when past the beam it flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies.
That danger past reflects a feeble joy,
But soon returning fears their hope destroy.
As in the Atlantic Ocean, when we find
Some Alp of ice driven southward by the wind,
The sultry air all sickening pants around,
In deluges of torrid ether drown'd,
Till when the floating isle approaches nigh,
In cooling tides the aërial billows fly ;
Awhile deliver'd from the scorching heat,
In gentler tides our feverish pulses beat ;
Such transient pleasure, as they pass'd this strand,
A moment bade their throbbing hearts expand :
The illusive meteors of a lifeless fire,
Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire. [tongue
III. Say, Memory ! thou, from whose unerring

Instructive flows the animated song,
What regions now the scudding ship surround?
Regions of old through all the world renown'd;
That, once the poet's theme, the Muses' boast,
Now lie in ruins, in oblivion lost!
Did they whose sad distress these lays deplore,
Unskill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore,
Unconscious pass along each famous shore?
They did: for in this desert, joyless soil,
No flowers of genial science deign to smile;
Sad ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
Withers the bloom of every springing flower;
For native tempests here, with blasting breath,
Despoil, and doom the vernal buds to death;
Here fancy droops, while sullen clouds and storm
The generous temper of the soul deform.
Then, if among the wandering naval train,
One stripling, exiled from the Aonian plain,
Had e'er, entranced in fancy's soothing dream,
Approach'd to taste the sweet Castalian stream
(Since those salubrious streams, with power divine,
To purer sense the soften'd soul refine),
Sure he, amid unsocial mates immured,
To learning lost, severer grief endured;
In vain might Phœbus' ray his mind inspire,
Since fate with torrents quench'd the kindling fire.

If one this pain of living death possest,
It dwelt supreme, Arion ! in thy breast,
When, with Palemon, watching in the night
Beneath pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
You oft recounted those surrounding states,
Whose glory fame with brazen tongue relates.

Immortal Athens first, in ruin spread,
Contiguous lies at Port Liono's head ;
Great source of science ! whose immortal name
Stands foremost in the glorious roll of fame.
Here god-like Socrates and Plato shone,
And, firm to truth, eternal honour won :
The first in virtue's cause his life resign'd,
By Heaven pronounced the wisest of mankind ;
The last proclaim'd the spark of vital fire,
The soul's fine essence, never could expire.
Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage
That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage ;
Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause,
Whose sacred precepts shine through Solon's laws.
Of all her towering structures, now alone
Some columns stand, with mantling weeds o'er-
grown.

The wandering stranger near the port descries
A milk-white lion of stupendous size,
Of antique marble : hence the haven's name,

Unknown to modern natives whence it came,
Next, in the gulf of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies ;
Whom, though by tyrant victors oft subdued,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with admiration view'd.
Her name, for architecture long renown'd,
Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd ;
But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.

Then further westward, on Morea's land,
Fair Misitra, thy modern turrets stand :
Ah ! who, unmoved with secret woe, can tell
That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell.
Here once she flourish'd at whose trumpet's sound
War burst his chains, and nations shook around :
Here brave Leonidas from shore to shore
Through all Achaia bade her thunders roar.
He, when imperial Xerxes from afar
Advanced with Persia's sumless hosts to war,
Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
And Greece all shudder'd as the chief drew near ;
He, at Thermopylæ's decisive plain,
Their force opposed with Sparta's glorious train ;
Tall Cæta saw the tyrant's conquer'd bands
In gasping millions bleed on hostile lands.
Thus vanquish'd, haughty Asia heard thy name,

And Thebes and Athens, sicken'd at thy fame ;
Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,
Gain'd, like thine arms, superlative applause ;
E'en great Epaminondas strove in vain
To curb thy spirit with a Theban chain.
But ah, how low that free-born spirit now !
Thy abject sons to haughty tyrants bow ;
A false, degenerate, superstitious race
Invest thy region, and its name disgrace.

Not distant far, Arcadia's blest domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains :
Thrice happy soil ! where, still serenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breathed perpetual May ;
Where buxom Ceres bade each fertile field
Spontaneous gifts in rich profusion yield.
Then, with some rural nymph supremely blest,
While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast,
Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
And sung of sylvan sports in artless strain —
Soft as the happy swain's enchanting lay
That pipes among the shades of Endermay.
Now, sad reverse ! oppression's iron hand
Enslaves her natives, and despoils her land ;
In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train,
With midnight ravage, scour the uncultured plain.

Westward of these, beyond the Isthmus, lies

The long sought isle of Ithacus the wise ;
Where fair Penelope, of him deprived,
To guard her honour endless schemes contrived.
She, only shielded by a stripling son,
Her lord Ulysses long to Ilion gone,
Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repell'd.
And undefiled her nuptial contract held ;
True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
Met arts with art, and triumphed at the last.

Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan :
Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts
Across the *Ægean* main to Dardan coasts.
Unhappy prince ! who, on a hostile shore,
Fatigue, and danger, ten long winters bore,
And when to native realms restored at last,
To reap the harvest of thy labours past,
There found a perjured friend, and faithless wife,
Who sacrificed to impious lust thy life.
Fast by *Arcadia* stretch these desert plains,
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.

Next, *Macronisi* is adjacent seen,
Where adverse winds detain'd the Spartan queen ;
For whom, in arms combined, the Grecian host,
With vengeance fired, invaded *Phrygia's* coast ;
For whom so long they labour'd to destroy

The lofty turrets of imperial Troy.
Here driven by Juno's rage, the hapless dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilion came :
The port an image bears of Parian stone,
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.

Due east from this appears the immortal shore
That sacred Phœbus and Diana bore,
Delos, through all the Ægean seas renown'd,
Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround.
By Phœbus honour'd, and by Greece revered,
Her hallow'd groves e'en distant Persia fear'd ;
But now a desert, unfrequented land,
No human footstep marks the trackless sand.

Thence to the north, by Asia's western bound,
Fair Lemnos stands, with rising marble crown'd ;
Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill-fated Vulcan from the ethereal world.
There his eternal anvils first he rear'd ;
Then, forged by Cyclopean art, appear'd
Thunders that shook the skies with dire alarms,
And form'd by skill divine, immortal arms.
There, with this crippled wretch, the foul disgrace
And living scandal of the empyreal race,
In wedlock lived the beauteous queen of love ;
Can such sensations heavenly bosoms move !

Eastward of this appears the Dardan shore,

That once the imperial towers of Ilium bore,
Illustrious Troy ! renown'd in every clime
Through the long records of succeeding time ;
Who saw protecting gods from heaven descend
Full oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend.
Though chiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain,
With fate the gods and heroes fought in vain ;
That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame
At midnight was involved in Grecian flame ;
And now, by time's deep ploughshare harrow'd o'er,
The seat of sacred Troy is found no more.
No trace of her proud fabrics now remains,
But corn and vines enrich her cultured plains ;
Silver Scamander laves the verdant shore,
Scamander, oft o'erflow'd with hostile gore.

Not far removed from Ilion's famous land,
In counter-view appears the Thracian strand,
Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
Display'd her cresset each revolving night,
Whose gleam directed loved Leander o'er
The rolling Hellespont from Asia's shore ;
Till in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast,
She saw her lover's lifeless body tost.
Then felt her bosom agony severe ;
Her eyes, sad gazing, pour'd the incessant tear ;
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, frantic with despair,

She beat her swelling breast, and tore her hair ;
On dear Leander's name in vain she cried,
Then headlong plunged into the parting tide :
The exulting tide received the lovely maid,
And proudly from the strand its freight convey'd.

Far west of Thrace, beyond the Ægean main,
Remote from ocean lies the Delphic plain :
The sacred oracle of Phœbus there
High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair.
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile,
August the fabric, elegant its style ;
On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors,
And chequer'd marble paved the polish'd floors ;
The roof, where storied tablature appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould was rear'd ;
Of shining porphyry the shafts were framed,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flamed ;
Apollo's priests, before the holy shrine,
Suppliant, pour'd forth their orisons divine.
To front the sun's declining ray 'twas placed,
With golden harps and branching laurels graced :
Around the fane, engraved by Vulcan's hand,
The sciences and arts were seen to stand ;
Here Æsculapius' snake display'd his crest,
And burning glories sparkled on his breast,
While from his eye's insufferable light

Disease and death recoil'd in headlong flight.
Of this great temple, through all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erspread,
Renown'd Parnassus lifts its honour'd head.
There roses blossom in eternal spring,
And strains celestial feather'd warblers sing:
Apollo, here, bestows the unfading wreath;
Here zephyrs aromatic odours breathe;
They o'er Castalian plains diffuse perfume,
Where round the scene perennial laurels bloom.
Fair daughters of the sun, the sacred Nine
Here wake to ecstasy their harps divine,
Or bid the Paphian lute mellifluous play,
And tune to plaintive love the liquid lay.
Their numbers every mental storm control,
And lull to harmony the afflicted soul,
With heavenly balm the tortured breast compose,
And soothe the agony of latent woes.
The verdant shades that Helicon surround,
On rosy gales seraphic tunes resound;
Perpetual summers crown the happy hours,
Sweet as the breath that fans Elysian flowers;
Hence pleasure dances in an endless round,
And love and joy, ineffable, abound. [strains

IV. Stop, wandering thought! methinks I feel their

Diffuse delicious languor through my veins.
Adieu, ye flowery vales, and fragrant scenes,
Delightful bowers, and ever vernal greens!
Adieu, ye streams! that o'er enchanted ground
In lucid maze the Aonian hill surround;
Ye fairy scenes! where fancy loves to dwell,
And young delight, for ever, oh, farewell!
The soul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the sense Lethean dew distill.
Awake, O Memory! from the inglorious dream;
With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme;
Collect thy powers, arouse thy vital fire!
Ye spirits of the storm my verse inspire!
Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
In torrent pour along the swelling strain.

Now, through the parting wave impetuous bore,
The scudding vessel stemm'd the Athenian shore.
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repell;
For this assault should either quarter feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel:
The steersmen every bidden turn apply,
To right and left the spokes alternate fly.
Thus, when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose

Superior armies that around them close ;
Still shield the flanks, the routed squadrons join,
And guide the flight in one continued line :
Thus they direct the flying bark before
The impelling floods, that lash her to the shore.
High o'er the poop the audacious seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire ;
With labouring throes she rolls on either side,
And dips her gunnels in the yawning tide ;
Her joints unhinged in palsied languors play,
As ice-flakes part beneath the noon-tide ray.
The gale howls doleful through the blocks and shrouds,
And big rain pours a deluge from the clouds ;
From wintry magazines that sweep the sky,
Descending globes of hail impetuous fly ;
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze ;
The ethereal dome in mournful pomp array'd
Now buried lies beneath impervious shade,
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the horror of the night.
Such terror Sinai's trembling hill o'erspread,
When heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head :
It seem'd, the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combined,
And here, to one ill-fated ship opposed,

At once the dreadful magazine disclosed.
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
The inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings;
Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks,
Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes:
Loud, and more loud, the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck the fiery tides discharge.
There all aghast the shivering wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood;
Wide bursts in dazzling sheets the living flame,
And dread concussion rends the ethereal frame;
Sick earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And nature, shuddering, feels the horrid roar.

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light;
E'en now my ear with quick vibration feels
The explosion burst in strong rebounding peals;
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on the electric wire:
Yet ah! the languid colours vainly strive
To bid the scene in native hues revive.

But lo! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
Hail, sacred vision! who, on orient wings,
The cheering dawn of light propitious brings;
All nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray

That gave her beauties to returning day —
All but our ship ! which, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descried ;
For now in front her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
So the lost lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The maid adored resigns her blooming charms,
To bless with love some happier rival's arms :
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day
That tore Æneas from her sight away,
That saw him parting never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight !
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign !
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme.

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise ;
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green ;
Huge breakers on the larboard bow appear,
And full a-head its eastern ledges bear.
To steer more eastward Albert still commands,

And shun, if possible, the fatal strands.
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their skill relentless fates oppose ;
For while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow ;
While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to.
Alarming thought ! for now no more a-lee
Her trembling side could bear the mountain'd sea,
And if pursuing waves she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the frightful shore ;
A shore, where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in secret ambush lurks around.
Not half so dreadful to Æneas' eyes
The straits of Sicily were seen to rise,
When Palinurus from the helm descried
The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side,
While in the west, with hideous yawn disclosed,
His onward path Charybdis' gulf opposed.
The double danger he alternate view'd,
And cautiously his arduous track pursued :
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
Between the extremes the daring vessel flies.
With terrible irruption bursting o'er
The marble cliffs, tremendous surges roar ;
Hoarse through each winding creek the tempest raves,

And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.
Should once the bottom strike this cruel shore,
The parting ship that instant is no more ;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew,
Beyond relief, are doom'd to perish too.
But haply she escapes the dreadful strand,
Though scarce her length in distance from the land :
Swift as the weapon quits the Scythian bow,
She cleaves the burning billows with her prow,
And forward hurrying with impetuous haste,
Borne on the tempest's wings the isle she past !
With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
The sailors view this refuge left behind ;
Happy to bribe with India's richest ore
A safe accession to that barren shore.
When in the dark Peruvian mine confined,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive wastes his life away,
For ever exiled from the realms of day,
Not half such pangs his bosom agonize
When up to distant light he rolls his eyes,
Where the broad sun, in his diurnal way
Imparts to all beside his vivid ray,
While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain
For scenes he never shall possess again.

V. But now Athenian mountains they descry,

And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high,
Where marble columns, long by time defaced,
Moss-cover'd on the lofty Cape are placed ;
There rear'd by fair devotion to sustain
In elder times Tritonia's sacred fane.
The circling beach in murderous form appears,
Decisive goal of all their hopes and fears.
The seamen now in wild amazement see
The scene of ruin rise beneath their lee :
Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
As dumb with terror they behold the last.
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night.
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compassion gazed upon the blind ;
And, while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides the unhappy victim to the shroud :
" Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend ! " he cries ;
" Thy only succour on the mast relies."
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course :
Quick to the abandon'd wheel Arion came,
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim.
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,

Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly :
Fate spurs her on ! — thus, issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star,
And, as it feels attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

The moment fraught with fate approaches fast,
While thronging sailors climb each quivering mast ;
The ship no longer now must stem the land,
And “ Hard a starboard ! ” is the last command.
While every suppliant voice to Heaven applies,
The prow, swift wheeling, to the westward flies :
Twelve sailors, on the fore-mast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend.
Fatal retreat ! for, while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down prest by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep-crashing rends.
Beneath her bow the floating ruins lie ;
The fore-mast totters, unsustain'd on high ;
And now the ship, forelifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee ;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the main top-mast by the cap away.
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain,
Through hostile floods, their vessel to regain ;
Weak hope, alas ! they buffet long the wave,

And grasp at life though sinking in the grave ;
Till all exhausted, and bereft of strength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length ;
The burying waters close around their head,
They sink ! for ever number'd with the dead.

Those who remain the weather shrouds embrace,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' case ;
Transfixt with terror at the approaching doom,
Self-pity in their breasts alone has room.
Albert, and Rodmond, and Palemon, near
With young Arion, on the mast appear :
E'en they, amid the unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess ;
In every vein the reflux blood congeals,
And every bosom mortal terror feels.
Begirt with all the horrors of the main
They view'd the adjacent shore, but view'd in vain :
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breast,
That sees remote the mansions of the blest.

It comes ! the dire catastrophe draws near,
Lash'd furious on by destiny severe :
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath !
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,

This last tremendous shock of fate to prove !
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain,
Nor let this total havoc whirl my brain ;
Since I, all trembling in extreme distress,
Must still the horrible result express.

In vain, alas ! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore ;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Immortal Zeno's self would trembling see
Inexorable fate beneath the lee ;
And Epictetus at the sight, in vain
Attempt his stoic firmness to retain.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Spectator of such various horrors been,
E'en he had stagger'd at this dreadful scene.

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For every wave now smites the quivering yard ;
High o'er the ship they throw a dreadful shade,
Then on her burst in terrible cascade,
Across the founder'd deck o'erwhelming roar,
And foaming, swelling, bound upon the shore.
Swift up the mounting billow now she flies,
Her shatter'd top half-buried in the skies ;
Borne o'er a latent reef the hull impends,

Then thundering on the marble crags descends.
Her ponderous bulk the dire concussion feels,
And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels :
Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock
Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock :
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes
In wild despair ; while yet another stroke
With strong convulsion rends the solid oak :
Ah Heaven ! — behold her crashing ribs divide !
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.

Oh, were it mine with sacred Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Like him, the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress ;
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I, with unrivall'd strains, deplore
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore.

As o'er the surf the bending main-mast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung :
Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast ;
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;
Till all benumb'd, and feeble, they forego

Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below :
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan :
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend ;
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the involving tide ;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive :
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach — a lifeless crew !

Next, O unhappy chief, the eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb.
What scenes of misery torment thy view !
What painful struggles of thy dying crew !
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood
O'erspread with corpses, red with human blood !
So pierced with anguish hoary Priam gazed,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed ;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expired beneath the victor's murdering steel.
Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
Sad refuge ! Albert grasps the floating mast.
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas ! beneath superior woe ;
For now strong nature's sympathetic chain

Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain.
His faithful wife, for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas ! who never shall return,
To black adversity's approach exposed,
With want, and hardships unforeseen enclosed —
His lovely daughter, left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend,
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray —
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd ;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His outstretch'd arms the master's legs enfold.
Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear,
For death bids every clenching joint adhere :
All faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, " Oh protect my wife and child ! " he cries :
'The gushing streams roll back the unfinish'd sound,
He gasps, and sinks amid the vast profound.

Five only left of all the shipwreck'd throng
Yet ride the mast which shoreward drives along ;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all assaults of hostile waves endures.
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives:

“ Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious ! from the wreck depart ?
Alas ! these rocks all human skill defy ;
Who strikes them once, beyond relief must die :
And now sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.”

Thus thought Arion ; anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found.

The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly :
When now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two, next Arion, furious tears away.

Hurl'd on the crags, behold they gasp, they bleed,
And groaning, cling upon the elusive weed !
Another billow bursts in boundless roar, —
Arion sinks ! and memory views no more.

Ha ! total night and horror here preside ;
My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide ;
It is their funeral knell ! and gliding near
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear.
But lo ! emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave,
Again the dismal prospect opens round, —
The wreck, the shore, the dying, and the drown'd !
And see ! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two, who scramble on the adjacent rocks,

Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelm'd! and never rise again.

Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore.
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow.
Awhile they wait the exhausted waves' retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet:
O Heaven! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand,
Still on destruction's brink they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That, damp with death, appears not yet to glow.
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays
With trembling ardour of unequal praise;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And hope the sicken'd spark of life revives;
Her magic powers their exiled health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.

Roused by the blustering tempest of the night,
A troop of Grecians mount Colonna's height;
When, gazing down with horror on the flood,
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood —
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,
And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground.

Though lost to science and the nobler arts,
Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts ;
Strait down the vale with hastening steps they hied,
The unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.

Meanwhile, those three escaped beneath explore
The first adventurous youth who reach'd the shore :
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay.—

It is Palemon ! oh, what tumults roll
With hope and terror in Arion's soul —

“If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend, and this sole remnant of our crew,
With us to travel through this foreign zone,
And share the future good or ill unknown !”

Arion thus ; but ah, sad doom of fate !
That bleeding memory sorrows to relate,
While yet afloat, on some resisting rock
His ribs were dash'd, and fractured with the shock.

Heart-piercing sight ! those cheeks so late array'd
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade ;

Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head :

Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.

Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna ! hung portray'd ;

The unconscious figure, smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen :
Hadst thou, soft maiden ! in this hour of woe
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could express
Thine agony, thine exquisite distress ?
But thou, alas ! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes shall never see again.
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gazed,
And cautiously the wounded youth upraised ;
Palemon then, with equal pangs opprest,
In faltering accents thus his friend addrest : —

“ O rescued from destruction late so nigh,
Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie,
Are we then, exiled to this last retreat
Of life, unhappy ! thus decreed to meet ?
Ah ! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
Enchanting hopes ! for ever now destroy'd ;
For wounded, far beyond all healing power,
Palemon dies, and this his final hour :
By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
At once cut off from fortune, life, and love !
Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night. —
Ah ! wretched father of a wretched son,
Whom thy paternal prudence has undone,

How will remembrance of this blinded care
Bend down thy head with anguish, and despair !
Such dire effects from avarice arise,
That, deaf to nature's voice, and vainly wise,
With force severe endeavours to control
The noblest passions that inspire the soul.
But, O thou sacred power, whose law connects
The eternal chain of causes and effects,
Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age !
And you, Arion ! who with these, the last
Of all our crew, survive the shipwreck past,
Ah ! cease to mourn, those friendly tears restrain,
Nor give my dying moments keener pain !
Since heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore,
When parted hence, to England's distant shore ;
Shouldst thou, the unwilling messenger of fate,
To him the tragic story first relate ;
Oh ! friendship's generous ardour then suppress,
Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress ;
Nor let each horrid incident sustain
The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
Ah ! then remember well my last request
For her who reigns for ever in my breast ;
Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
The helpless maid to succour and defend :

Say, I this suit implored with parting breath,
So Heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
But oh! to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
What dire untimely end thy friend befell,
Draw o'er the dismal scene soft pity's veil,
And lightly touch the lamentable tale.
Say that my love, inviolably true,
No change, no diminution ever knew;
Lo! her bright image pendent on my neck
Is all Palemon rescued from the wreck;
Take it, and say, when panting in the wave
I struggled life and this alone to save.

“My soul, that fluttering hastens to be free,
Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,
But strives in vain; the chilling ice of death
Congeals my blood, and chokes the stream of
breath.

Resign'd, she quits her comfortless abode
To course that long, unknown, eternal road —
O sacred source of ever-living light!
Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight:
Direct her onward to that peaceful shore
Where peril, pain, and death prevail no more.

“When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,
That steals from pity's eye the melting tear,
Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join'd,

To absence, sorrow, and despair consign'd ;
Oh ! then, to swell the tides of social woe
That heal the afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
While memory dictates, this sad shipwreck tell,
And what distress thy wretched friend befell.
Then, while in streams of soft compassion drown'd,
The swains lament, and maidens weep around ;
While lisping children, touch'd with infant fear,
With wonder gaze, and drop the unconscious tear ;
Oh ! then this moral bid their souls retain,
All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain !”

The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung ;
His bosom heaves a mortal groan — he dies !
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes.

As thus defaced in death Palemon lay,
Arion gazed upon the lifeless clay ;
Transfix'd he stood, with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd :

“ O ill-starr'd votary of unspotted truth,
Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth,
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
He will obey, though painful, thy command !
His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
And all the horrors of this dismal day.
Disastrous day ! what ruin hast thou bred,

What anguish to the living and the dead !
How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn,
Through life's sad journey hopeless to complain !
Can sacred justice these events ordain ?
But, O my soul ! avoid that wondrous maze
Where reason, lost in endless error, strays ;
As through this thorny vale of life we run,
Great Cause of all effects, thy will be done !”

Now had the Grecians on the beach arrived,
To aid the helpless few who yet survived :
While passing, they behold the waves o'erspread
With shatter'd rafts and corpses of the dead ;
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclined.
The generous natives, moved with social pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain ;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY,

IN WHICH THE PRECEDING NARRATIVE IS CONCLUDED.

THE scene of death is closed ! the mournful strains
Dissolve in dying languor on the ear ;
Yet pity weeps, yet sympathy complains,
And dumb suspense awaits o'erwhelm'd with fear.

But the sad Muses with prophetic eye
At once the future and the past explore ;
Their harps oblivion's influence can defy,
And waft the spirit to the eternal shore.

Then, O Palemon ! if thy shade can hear
The voice of friendship still lament thy doom,
Yet to the sad oblations bend thine ear,
That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.

From young Arion first the news received,
With terror, pale unhappy Anna read ;
With inconsolable distress she grieved,
And from her cheek the rose of beauty fled.

In vain, alas ! the gentle virgin wept ;
Corrosive anguish nipt her vital bloom ;
O'er her soft frame diseases sternly crept,
And gave the lovely victim to the tomb.

A longer date of woe, the widow'd wife
Her lamentable lot afflicted bore ;
Yet both were rescued from the chains of life
Before Arion reach'd his native shore !

The father unrelenting phrenzy stung,
Untaught in virtue's school distress to bear ;
Severe remorse his tortured bosom wrung,
He languish'd, groan'd, and perish'd in despair.

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu !
Your toils, and pains, and dangers are no more ;
The tempest now shall howl unheard by you,
While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.

On you the blast, surcharged with rain and snow,
In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat ;
Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat.

No more the joyful maid, with sprightly strain,
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home ;

Nor hopeless love impart undying pain,
When far from scenes of social joy you roam.

No more on yon wide watery waste you stray,
While hunger and disease your life consume;
While parching thirst, that burns without allay,
Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom.

No more you feel contagion's mortal breath,
That taints the realms with misery severe;
No more behold pale famine, scattering death,
With cruel ravage desolate the year.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling strain,
Unheard, shall form the long embattled line:
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tremble, when the hostile squadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue, and hazards still molest
The wandering vassals of the faithless deep,
Oh happier, now escaped to endless rest,
Than we who still survive to wake and weep!

What, though no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell;
Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing bell?

The tutor'd sigh, the vain parade of woe,
No real anguish to the soul impart ;
And oft, alas ! the tear that friends bestow
Belies the latent feelings of the heart.

What, though no sculptured pile your name displays,
Like those who perish in their country's cause ;
What, though no epic muse in living lays
Records your dreadful daring with applause?

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown
With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name ;
And oft, too oft, the venal Muses crown
The slaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet shall remembrance from oblivion's veil
Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere ;
And soft compassion at your tragic tale
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

INTRODUCTION.

PAGE 5, line 3. *While Albion bids, &c.*

In the third edition, the beauty of the third and fourth line has been greatly injured:—

“While ocean hears vindictive thunders roll
Along his trembling wave from pole to pole.”

The wave of ocean cannot be said to tremble: all editions subsequent to the third, render this alteration still more improper by reading “trembling waves.”

P. 5, l. 12. *Than ever trembled from the vocal string.*

In the third edition, the following unequal lines were introduced after the above passage:—

“No pomp of battle swells the exalted strain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain;
But o’er the scene while pale remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps.”

P. 5, l. 13. *A scene from dumb oblivion to restore.*

In this passage, as in some others, the third edition claims a preference. In the second, the lines ran thus:—

“To paint a scene yet strange to epic lore,
Whose desert soil no laurel ever bore.”

P. 5, l. 19. *Immortal train, &c.*

This passage is also improved in the third edition. It previously had been thus expressed:—

“Ye all recording Nine! whose sacred strains
With sweet enchantment charm Elysian plains;
Whose golden trumpets, fraught with endless fame,
Arts, arms, and heroes to all space proclaim.”

The two succeeding lines are very beautiful. Though omitted in the third edition, I have ventured to restore them, with many others of similar merit:—

“Or in lamenting elegies express
The varied pang of exquisite distress.”

P. 6, l. 29. *Or listen to the enchanting voice of love.*

The whole of the beautiful passage from “If e’er with trembling hope,” to “Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave,” was added in the third edition: but an error, either of the press, or of the author, is evident in the above line, as it is generally printed:—

“Or listen, while the enchanting voice of love.”

Mr. Bowles suggested the reading which I have followed: Mr. Pocock, to whose taste I am greatly indebted, rather prefers “Or listened —”

P. 6, l. 31. *Oh! by the hollow blast.*

The solemn cadence, the impressive tones, and the judicious contrast of imagery, "If e'er with trembling hope," &c. and "Oh! by the hollow blast that moans around," are peculiarly calculated to awake attention, and are conceived in the genuine spirit of poetic taste. There are indeed a few verbal inaccuracies in this Introduction; such as—"The trumpet's breath bids ruin smile," which perhaps would have been better expressed, "The trumpet's breath bids havoc on:" but the whole is finely worked up; and, like a grand overture, prepares the mind of the reader for what follows. W. L. B.

This remark of my friend is so just, that, in consequence of it, I was induced to print the Introduction by itself, in order to render its effect more striking. It hitherto has been printed with the Narrative, or only separated by a line; and consequently has lost much of its exquisite beauty.

P. 6, l. 32. *That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound.*

The Æolian harp: see Thomson, *Castle of Indolence*, i. 40, 41. This thought, so beautifully expressed, seems not only suggested by the Æolian harp, but by the hollow sound of a southerly wind; the dread of seamen in many climates, especially in the British Channel, as it is always attended with rain, and great obscurity, which increases with the storm, and renders the coast of Ireland, England, and South Wales, a dangerous lee-shore. On land, the peasants call it a high wind, i. e. one that sounds hollow and high. Seamen know its knell; and a shift of wind may be expected to follow from the west, or N. W., which blows low, being a counter current of air, furious in the extreme; and this causes the hollow sound before the gale is felt. N. P.

The learned reader may wish to be reminded of a curious passage in Hoffman's *Lexicon Universale*, published upwards of 150 years ago, relative to the Æolian harp. It is cited in the Gentle-

man's Magazine, vol. xxiv. p. 174, and the following lines are added:—

Salve, quæ fingis proprio modulamine carmen,
 Salve, Memnoniam vox imitata lyram!
 Dulce, O! divinumque sonas sine pollicis ictu,
 Dives naturæ simplicis, artis inops!
 Talia quæ incultæ dant mellea labra puellæ,
 Talia sunt faciles quæ modulantur aves!"

P. 6, l. 41. *Ah! will they leave, &c.*

An idea somewhat similar occurs in Ariosto (C. 46, stanza 17) on the subject of the piscatorial poesy of Sannazaro:—

"Jacopo Sannazar, che alle Camene
 Lasciar fa i monti ed abitar le arene."

F. D.

P. 7, l. 52. *A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast!*

The passage in Shakspeare's Henry the Fourth, Pt. II. Act 3, whence this line is taken, is always deeply impressed on a sea-man's mind:—

"Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery shrouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

P. 8, l. 72. *Till o'er her crew distress and death
prevail.*

In the eleven lines that succeed, I have followed the second edition. In the third, the author very inadvertently introduced the following: —

“Where'er he wander'd, thus vindictive fate
Pursued his weary steps with lasting hate:
Roused by her mandate, storms of black array
Winter'd the morn of life's advancing day;
Relax'd the sinews of the living lyre,
And quench'd the kindling spark of vital fire.
Thus while forgotten, or unknown, he wooes,
What hope to win the coy reluctant Muse?”

These lines strongly savour of fatalism, and are unworthy of a British mariner. The minds of our mariners (I speak from experience), with very few exceptions, always display a high sense of Christianity, and a belief in an over-ruling Providence: a truth which I have endeavoured to support, throughout the whole of a publication, which the public has honoured with attention, entitled *Sermons on the Character and Professional Duties of Seamen*. When Falconer published the third edition, his temper was soured by disappointment; and, in this instance, he forgot the principles of a Christian Mariner.

P. 8, l. 83. *And lo! the power that wakes the
eventful song.*

I had preferred the following text, as given in the first and second editions; but, in deference to a friend, whose poetic taste has been long approved, I followed the third edition: although the repetition of light, as a rhyme, in the fourth and thirteenth line, has certainly a bad effect. As Mr. Bowles also observes, “the epithet propitious is too tame: it should have been instant light.” The passage stood thus originally: —

"Thee Memory! too, the tragic tale implores,
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasured stores!" —

"She comes confest, auspicious to the sight,
O'er all my soul diffusing sacred light:
Serenely mild her look; around her head
Refulgent wreaths of azure glory spread.
Her radiant wings, like Iris' flaming bow,
With various hues in rich profusion glow:
With these, along the immensity of space,
She scours the rapid, intellectual race." &c.

P. 9, l. 100. *And hoary time, from her, fresh youth
receives.*

The classic ideas of our unfortunate mariner in many instances resemble those of the Italian poets: thus Tasso, when speaking of memory, exclaims (C. 1, st. 36): —

"Mente, degli anni e dell' obbligo nemica,
Delle cose custode e dispensiera."

F. D.

P. 9, l. 113. *Full on my soul the dreadful scene
display.*

This and the following line were unaccountably omitted in the third edition.

CANTO I.

P. 13, l. 1.

*A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held.*

Falconer begins his narrative with all the simplicity of the

great masters, and seems to have had in view the opening of the *Æneid*:—

Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Littora:

I have followed in the first four lines the third edition; in the second, it was thus expressed:—

“A ship from Egypt, o’er the watery plain
Design’d her course to Adria’s rich domain;
From fair Britannia’s isle derived her name,
And thence her crew, the slaves of Fortune, came.”

I was not fond of styling seamen “the slaves of fortune!”

P. 14, l. 17. *Thrice had the sun, &c.*

How admirably, yet naturally, is the whole of what follows in this and the next page contrived, towards engaging the attention of the reader, and leading it gradually on to the great event of the poem! I have in part preferred the text of the second edition.

P. 14, l. 21. *from shore to shore*
Unwearying wafted her commercial store.

The British merchantmen, at the time this poem was written, and for a considerable time afterwards, remained trading from port to port in the Levant and Mediterranean, until ordered for England; when they generally loaded with silks at Leghorn.

The length of time to which these voyages were extended probably arose from the respect paid to the British flag, and the Mediterranean pass. Any British ship, though worn and crazy, sold for a considerable sum to the Genoese, or other neighbouring states, if the pass could also accompany the ship. This traffic at last caused some complaints, and is now impracticable. The pass must be returned to the Lords of the Admiralty.

Mr. Eton, in his Survey of the Turkish Empire, treats at large on the state of the British trade to the Levant (page 448, 3d edit.), and assigns four causes for its gradual decline. 1. The rivalship of other European nations. 2. The diminution of the consumption of our manufactures in Turkey, by the impoverished state of the country. 3. Some branches of trade being got into other channels. 4. The monopoly of the Levant Company in London.

P. 15, l. 51. *The haven enter, &c.*

The harbour of Candia, though naturally a fine basin, in which ships were securely sheltered from every wind, is described by Tournefort, in 1718, as capable of receiving nothing but boats. Ships of burden keep under the isle of Dia, or Standia, to the N. E. of Candia; and consequently that was the anchorage to which Falconer alludes. All merchant vessels freighted by the Turks at Candia are obliged to sail almost empty to the ports of Dia, whither their cargoes are conveyed in boats. The French merchants have in consequence taken up their residence at Canea; but even there the harbour will only receive ships of 200 tons burden, and its mouth is exposed to all the violence of the north winds; its bottom, however, is good, except to the west of the town, where there are several rocks under water extremely dangerous. The harbour of Canea might be enlarged so as to admit the largest frigates. The chief revenue of Canea consists in olive oil. According to Tournefort, the island of Candia in the year 1699, yielded 300,000 measures of oil, which the French merchants purchased, on account of the failure of oils in Provence.

P. 15, l. 54. *Mark the fell track of desolating war.*

The revolutions of this celebrated island may thus be briefly given. It received the name of Candia from the Saracens about the year 808, when they subdued it, after being repulsed in their attempts on the islands of Sardinia and Corsica by the maritime

counts whom Charlemagne appointed, under the title of Comites ad custodiendam Oram Maritimam deputati. This island was afterwards annexed to the Greek empire, either under Romanus the First in 961, or as others think, under Nicephorus Phocas in 964. When the Emperor Alexis was murdered, and Baldwin was crowned, Candia passed, in 1204, from Boniface Marquis of Montserrat to the Venetians, who had assisted in that great revolution; and from them it came to the Turks after the memorable war which lasted nearly thirty years. The siege commenced in 1646, and on the fourth of October, 1670, the Grand Vizier entered Cardia; which answers to what Falconer afterwards says (page 27, l. 351):—

“Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled:

Full twice twelve summers were yon towers assail’d.”

The Venetians, however, retained three fortresses a considerable time afterwards—Sudæ, Grabusa, and Spina-Longæa. English merchant vessels resorted to Candia about the year 1522; since (according to Rymer’s *Fœdera*, vol. xiii. page 766) we find that Henry VIII. then appointed Censio de Balhazari (resident on the island) for life, governor, master, protector, or consul of the English nation there.

P. 15, l. 63. *Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?*

This idea is more forcibly expressed by Falconer than even by Metastasio:—

“L’età, che viene e fugge,
E non ritorna più.”

F. D.

P. 16, l. 74.

These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil

A seventh year mock the weary labourer’s toil.

So correct is Falconer in this description of the state of Candia, that it almost is word for word what M. Olivier of the

National Institute has lately published: "Far from the rod of the Turks, and under the shield of their privileges, the Greeks of the islands of the Archipelago, assured of being able to enjoy, to a certain degree, the fruit of their labours, in general cultivate their fields, or apply themselves to some industry with sufficient ardour and intelligence. But in Crete, exposed incessantly to see their crops taken away from them by the Aga; to be stripped of their property by the Pacha; to be insulted, cudgelled, and robbed by every Janizary; the cultivators are never inclined to snatch from the earth, by an increase of labour, a produce which they would see pass into the hands of those whom they have so much reason to hate.

"The fields which they cultivate, planted by their ancestors when a civilized, industrious, and trading people (the Venetians) governed the island, and favoured agriculture, are running to waste from day to day: the olive tree perishes; the vine disappears; the soil is washed away by the rains; yet these unfortunate Greeks, disheartened as they are, think not of repairing the damages which time is incessantly occasioning them. There is nothing but the pressing want of living and of paying the taxes, that can induce them to gather their olives, sow their lands, and give their attention to a few bees." *Travels in the Ottoman Empire* (vol. ii. p. 242).

P. 16.

This intermixture of historical reflection is very judicious, as it relieves the uniformity of the subject: it was the result of Falconer's natural feelings, but it exhibits the master-hand of the poet's discernment.

W. L. B.

P. 16, l. 86.

the sun

Through the bright Virgin and the Scales had run.

Virgo is that constellation of the zodiac which the sun enters about the 21st or 22d of August. Libra, the Balance, or Scales,

was so named, because when the sun arrives at this constellation, which is the time of the autumnal equinox, the days and nights are equal, as if weighed in a balance. Falconer with great judgment places the sun in Scorpio; which it is conjectured was so named, since, when the sun arrives at this constellation, the heavy gales, storms, and various maladies of autumn commence. The poet accordingly mentions the sickening vapours, and approaching storms, which then prevailed.

P. 17, l. 99. *A captive fetter'd to the oar of gain.*

Falconer here appears to have confused his characters: nor could I by any reference to preceding editions correct it. Albert is throughout the poem styled the master of the ship, and, in the very next page, is represented as

. the father of his crew,
Brave, liberal, just!

Our author therefore must here have alluded to what past in the sordid mind of Palemon's father, whom he should have more correctly styled the owner of the ship. The third edition varies from the text of the second, which I have followed, yet does not in the least remove the difficulty, but, on the contrary, rather augments it:—

“True to his trust, when sacred honour calls,
No brooding storm the master's soul appalls:
The advancing season warns him to the main:
A captive fetter'd to the oar of gain.”

P. 17, l. 114. *This crowns the prosperous villain
with applause.*

Falconer throughout too much displays a mind that has been soured by adversity. If the prosperous villain ever seems to be crowned with applause in this world, such applause is only deceitful and treacherous, like the calm which precedes a

storm. Armstrong's idea of the magic power of gold was more correct: —

“Riches are oft by guilt or baseness earn'd,
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.”

P. 17, l. 118. *This spreads with slaughter'd heaps
the bloody plain.*

In this instance, as in many others, Falconer, or some of his friends, weakened in the third edition the beauty and correctness of the original, viz: —

“With slaughter'd victims fills the weeping plain,
And smooths the furrows of the treacherous main.”

A plain, however bloody, cannot be said to weep; nor can gold, however powerful, smooth the furrows of the ocean.

P. 18, l. 125. *Aboard, confest the father of his
crew.*

The third edition, in which many beautiful lines are added to the character of Albert, reads *Abroad!* which spoils the whole force of the sentence. There is also a considerable portion of single-heartedness attached to the word *aboard*, which, perhaps, few except seamen will duly appreciate; it showed that Albert was the same man on shore and when walking his quarter-deck.

P. 18, l. 128. *Him science taught.*

The character and general information of the captains, or masters, of our merchantmen, are not sufficiently known: what Falconer here says of Albert, is a true portrait of the majority of them. I need not look far among this class of men to find the counterpart of Albert.

P. 19, l. 154.

*Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger, proud of skilful bands.*

In the coal trade, the course of the numerous vessels to London lying chiefly through difficult and dangerous passages between the sands, our seamen who are employed in that valuable nursery are trained from the early age of nine or ten years to heave the lead and to take the helm; and hence their superiority in those respects over seamen who have only been on foreign voyages. It was in this school that the circumnavigator Cooke was formed. N. P.

P. 19, l. 158. *O'er bar and shelve.*

A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth or sand that has been collected, by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a river, or haven, so as to render navigation difficult, and often dangerous. A shelf, or shelve, so called from the Saxon schylf,* is a name given to any dangerous shallows, sand-banks, or rocks, lying immediately under the surface of the water.

FALCONER.

P. 20, l. 175. *While tardy justice slumbers o'er her sword.*

Soon after Falconer wrote, this grievance was considerably redressed. In the year 1775, and during the month of April, John Parry, a person of fortune, was executed at Shrewsbury, for having in 1773 plundered the wreck of the ship called *Charming Nancy* on the coast of Anglesea. Another person of the name of Roberts was also found guilty at the same time for the like offence. They moved an arrest of judgment, and their case was referred to the Judges, who decided against them: both received sentence at the Salop assizes.—Even a few months since, some inhabitants of Whitstable in Kent were brought up

* [Scelfe. F. J. C.]

to London on information that great quantities of goods had been found in their possession, saved from vessels recently wrecked: yet so common was this practice, and so universal was it become in the first commercial country in the world, that these very people were much surprised when informed they had no right to the goods.

N. P.

To the above note, I wish to add some beautiful lines that were written by Mr. Bowles at Bamborough Castle. This very ancient castle, as he informs us, which had been the property of the family of the Forsters, whose heiress married Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, is now appropriated by the will of that pious prelate, among other benevolent purposes, to the noble one of ministering instant relief to such shipwrecked mariners as may happen to be cast on that dangerous coast; for whose preservation, and that of their vessels, every possible assistance is contrived, and is at all times ready. The whole estate is vested in the hands of trustees, one of whom, Dr. Sharp, Archdeacon of Northumberland, with an active zeal, well suited to the nature of the humane institution, makes this castle his chief residence, attending with unwearied diligence to the proper application of the charity.

“Ye holy tow’rs that shade the wave-worn steep,
Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
Though, hurrying silent by, relentless time
Assail you, and the winter whirlwinds sweep!
For far from blazing grandeur’s crowded halls,
Here charity hath fix’d her chosen seat,
Oft listening tearful when the wild winds beat,
With hollow bodings round your ancient walls:
And pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry;
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
And snatch him cold and speechless from the wave.”

P. 20, l. 192. *But what avails it to record a name.*

How very beautiful and affecting is this natural transition!

W. L. B.

P. 21, l. 202–205.

Most exquisitely touched! Forlorn of heart—condemned reluctant to the faithless sea—long farewell—and laurel grove:—every epithet has its full force.

W. L. B.

P. 22, l. 226. *These, chief among the ship's conducting train.*

Conducting train is not a happy expression, but I have preferred this line as it stood in the second edition, to what was deemed an improvement in the third:—

“Such were the pilots; tutor'd to divine
The untravell'd course by geometric line.”

The mates of a merchant vessel cannot be styled her pilots, and it is an error which Falconer, otherwise so correct, too often makes: there was therefore no occasion to augment instances of it.

P. 22, l. 246.

*Though tremblingly alive to nature's laws,
Yet ever firm to honour's sacred cause.*

After these lines, the following succeed in the second edition:—

“Thrice happy soil! had learning's vital ray
Produced its pregnant blossoms to the day:
But all the abortive beauties of his mind
A sordid father's avarice confined,

And nursed alone the mercenary art
 That kills the springing roses of the heart.
 But he indignant saw the golden chain
 In servile bonds each generous thought restrain:
 His virtue still appear'd, though wrapp'd in shade,
 As stars with trembling light the clouds pervade."

P. 25, l. 321. *Recall'd to memory by the adjacent shore.*

This line is most happily introduced: at once recalling the mind to the situation of the ship, and artfully preparing the reader for the episode of Palemon's history. W. L. B.

P. 26, l. 332. *A sullen languor still the skies opprest.*

How clearly is every circumstance set before us in this description! W. L. B.

P. 26, l. 340.

*On deck, beneath the shading canvas spread,
 Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read.*

The character of Rodmond is here admirably preserved. It can never be sufficiently lamented that the crews of our ships are not supplied with cheap editions of such books as Robinson Crusoe, Sinbad's Narrative, Roderic Random, and some of the most interesting voyages. The perusal of such works would often tend to allay the ferment of an irritated and harassed mind. So persuaded was I, from experience, of the beneficial effect likely to result from an adoption of this idea, that I mentioned it to Lord Spencer when he presided at the Board: by whom it was approved.

A passage occurs in Mickle's translation of Camoens' *Lusiadas* which resembles the above description by Falconer. (Ed. 8vo. vol. ii. p. 103.)

The weary fleet before the gentle gale
With joyful hope display'd the steady sail.
Through the smooth deep they plough'd the lengthening way,
Beneath the wave the purple car of day
To sable night the eastern sky resign'd,
And o'er the decks cold breathed the midnight wind.
All but the watch in warm pavilions slept,
The second watch the wonted vigils kept:
Supine their limbs, the mast supports the head,
And the broad yard-sail o'er their shoulders spread
A grateful cover from the chilly gale,
And sleep's soft dews their heavy eyes assail:
Languid, against the languid power they strive,
And sweet discourse preserves their thoughts alive.
When Leonardo, whose enamour'd thought
In every dream the plighted fair one sought:
"The dews of sleep what better to remove
Than the soft, woful, pleasing tales of love?"
"Ill timed, alas!" the brave Veloso cries,
"The tales of love that melt the heart and eyes,
The dear enchantments of the fair I know,
The fearful transport, and the rapturous woe:
But with our state ill suits the grief, or joy:
Let war, let gallant war our thoughts employ!
With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inspire
The scorn of danger, and the hero's fire." —
His mates with joy the brave Veloso hear,
And on the youth the speaker's toil confer.
The brave Veloso takes the word with joy:
"And truth," he cries, "shall these slow hours decoy,
The warlike tale adorns our nation's fame;
The Twelve of England give the noble theme."

P. 32, l. 490.

*The vessel parted on the falling tide,
Yet time one sacred hour to love supplied.*

The ship, which was lying at her moorings in the river Thames, is said to part, on her quitting them.

The falling tide, or tide of ebb, is thus described by Dr. Hutton:—"The sea is observed to flow for about six hours, from south towards north; the sea gradually swelling; so that, entering the mouths of rivers, it drives back the river-waters towards their heads, or springs. After a continual flux of six hours, the sea seems to rest for about a quarter of an hour; after which it begins to ebb, or retire back again, from north to south, for six hours more; in which time, the water sinking, the rivers resume their natural course. Then, after a seeming pause of a quarter of an hour, the sea again begins to flow as before: and so on alternately."

P. 32, l. 500. *O ye! whose melting hearts.*

The lines that follow are exquisitely conceived, but they were also beautiful, though inferior, in the second edition:—

"O all ye soft perceptions, that impart
Impetuous rapture to the fainting heart,
In life's last gloom who bid the enchanting ray
Of joy voluptuous agonies convey."

P. 35, l. 579. *So melts the surface of the frozen
stream.*

I am in doubt whether this idea was not better expressed in the second edition:—

"So feels the frozen stream at noon of day
Awhile the parting sun's enervate ray."

P. 36, l. 588. *And from her cheek beguiled the falling tear.*

It is singular that Johnson should not have more strongly marked in his excellent dictionary this sense of the verb beguile: thus Shakspeare in Othello:—

“And often did beguile me of my tears.”

This idea was not so elegantly worded in the second edition, but the following lines were added, which ought not afterwards to have been omitted:—

“So the reviving sun exhales the showers
That fall alternate on the evolving flowers.”

The whole of Palemon's interesting history was considerably embellished and enlarged in the third edition. In the second, Palemon, accompanied by his sordid father, joins the ship at Dover; and Anna and her mother, who both came on board whilst the vessel remained in the river, to take leave of Albert, are thus introduced:—

“Fast by that dome, where from afflicting fate
The veteran sailor finds a safe retreat,
The boat prepares to waft them to the shore:
They part, alas! perhaps to meet no more.
O Muse, in silence hide the mournful scene,
Where all the pangs of sympathy convene!”

What a loss has this asylum experienced by the recent death of its treasurer!

P. 37, l. 610. *Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief.*

The four lines that follow are not in the third edition, where they have been omitted to make room for a simile; of which Falconer was too fond:—

“The hapless bird, thus, ravish'd from the skies,
Where all forlorn his loved companion flies,

In secret long bewails his cruel fate,
 With fond remembrance of his winged mate;
 Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
 Composed at length, his sadly-warbling strain
 In sweet oblivion charms the sense of pain."

This simile, as Mr. Bowles observes, is new, pathetic, and poetical; but yet its application to Palemon is totally false, since he never grew familiar with a foreign train: with him,

"Hope fed the wound, and absence knew no cure."

P. 37, l. 616. *Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls.*

Our poet here employs an improper epithet to mark the character of the sacred stream of compassion; and, instead of impetuous, might have rather used unceasing, or untainted.

P. 39, l. 671. *Deep midnight now involves the livid skies.*

A passage that has wonderful accuracy and beauty. The scene begins with description, picturesque and pleasing; then a general effect of the phantasms of sleep is spread over it; it then becomes more particular, and the mind is roused by the striking contrast — All hands unmoor! Nothing can exceed the manner in which this whole scene is set before us: the weighing of the anchor, and the appearance of the vessel as she glides secure along the glassy plain.

W. L. B.

No one but a seaman would have thought of the epithet livid, so expressive of the discoloured sky, of that deep black and blue which pervades its concavity at sea, previous to an easterly gale. The waning moon was thus originally introduced:—

"The pale-orb'd moon, diffusing watery rays,
 Gleam'd o'er protracted clouds and ambient haze."

During the time that I passed at sea with my ever-lamented friend Admiral Payne, I was frequently induced by that superior taste for poetry which he possessed, to observe the variations of the sublime scenery with which we were surrounded. The view by moonlight at sea is strikingly beautiful; and the dimness of its waning orb renders the different parts of a ship more grand and terrific. Thomson well described it (Summer, l. 1687): —

“A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye.”

I remember watching this effect in the Impetueux off Brest, when a ray of the moon's feeble light played undulating from the horizon to that part of the deck on which I stood. A variety of gigantic meteors appeared to pass upon the waves. The moon then seemed to struggle through a thick fleecy cloud, from which at length she rapidly emerged with fresh lustre, and gave a new character to the scene. The mid-watch had just commenced, and the hoarse voice of the boatswain's mates proclaimed the hour of night. The sound of the ship's bell was long heard in sullen vibration; whilst the following passages from Hamlet came over my memory, and gave to the whole scene an additional effect: —

BERN. Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRAN. For this relief much thanks: 't is bitter cold, and I am sick at heart.

* * * * * * *

MAR. What, has this thing appeared again to-night?

BERN. I have seen nothing.

P. 40, l. 698. *And with their levers.*

The windlass is a large cylindrical piece of timber used in merchant ships to heave up the anchors: it is furnished with strong iron pauls to prevent it from turning back by the efforts of the cable, when charged with the weight of the anchor, or strained by the violent jerking of the ship in a tempestuous sea. As the windlass is heaved about in a vertical direction, it is evi-

dent that the effort of an equal number of men acting upon it will be much more powerful than on the capstan. It requires, however, some dexterity and address to manage the handspec, or lever, to the greatest advantage; and to perform this the sailors must all rise at once upon the windlass, and, fixing their bars therein, give a sudden jerk at the same instant; in which movement they are regulated by a sort of song pronounced by one of the number. The most dexterous managers of the handspec in heaving at the windlass are generally supposed to be the colliers of Northumberland; and of all European mariners, the Dutch are certainly the most awkward and sluggish in this manœuvre.

FALCONER.

P. 41, l. 710. *Levant and Thracian gales.*

Or, as in the third edition, "From east to north"

P. 41, l. 715. *The stately ship they tow.*

From the Saxon teohan. Towing is chiefly used, as in the present instance, when a ship for want of wind is forced toward the shore by the swell of the sea.

FALCONER.

P. 41, l. 724. *Tall Ida's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight;
North-east, a league, the Isle of Standia bears,
And westward, Freschin's woody cape appears.*

The celebrated Mount Ida, which covers almost the middle of Candia, is thus described by Tournefort (vol. i. p. 41):—"Mount Ida is nothing but a huge, overgrown, ugly, sharp-raised, bald-pated eminence; not the least shadow of a landscape, no delightful grotto, no bubbling spring, nor purling rivulet to be seen. Begging Dionysius Periegetes's pardon, as likewise his commentator's, the Archbishop of Thessalonica, the praises they bestowed on this mountain seem to be strained, or at least are now past

their season. Ida according to Helladius, as cited in the Biblioth. of Photius, was the common appellative of all mountains from whence a great extent of country could be discovered: and if Suidas may be credited, all forests that afford an agreeable prospect were called Ide, from *Ιδεῖν*, to see. — The Isle of Standia, or rather Dia, has been already mentioned in a previous note, as being situated N. E. of the Port of Candia. It lies at the distance of about four leagues, and contains three harbours: the two easternmost are much esteemed. — Cape Freschin, or Freschia, is the easternmost of the two projecting points of land on the northern coast of Candia, and forms a mark for ships coming to an anchor in the road."

P. 41, l. 732.

*Now swelling stud-sails on each side extend,
Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend.*

1. Stud, or studding-sails, called by the French *bonnettes en étui*, are light sails, which are extended in moderate breezes beyond the skirts of the principal sails; where they appear as wings upon the yard-arms. (According to a conjecture of one of Falconer's friends, these sails seem originally to have been called steadying sails, from their tendency to keep the ship in a steady course, as also from the Saxon word *sted* [?] to assist.) 2. Stay-sail: — though the form of sails is so extremely different, they may all be divided into sails which have either three, or four sides. A stay-sail comes under the first class, and receives its name from a large strong rope on which it is hoisted, called a stay; employed to support the mast, by being extended from its upper end towards the fore part of the ship, as the shrouds (a range of large ropes) are extended to the right and left of the mast, and behind it. The yards of a ship are said to be square, when they hang across the ship, at right angles with the mast; and braced, when they form greater or lesser angles with the ship's length.

FALCONER

P. 42, l. 740. *The pilots now their azimuth extend.*

The magnetical azimuth, a term which astronomers have borrowed from the Arabians, is clearly described by Johnson, as being the apparent distance of the sun from the north or south point of the compass ; and this is discovered, by observing with an azimuth compass, when the sun is ten or fifteen degrees above the horizon.

P. 42, l. 759. *White as the clouds beneath the blaze of noon.*

Before the art of coppering ships' bottoms was discovered they were painted white. The wales are the strong flanks which extend along a ship's side, at different heights, throughout her whole length, and form the curves by which a vessel appears light and graceful on the water : they are usually distinguished into the main-wale and the channel-wale. FALCONER.

P. 46, l. 841. *Deep-blushing armors all the top invest.*

In our largest merchantmen, the tops, or platforms which surround the heads of the lower mast (for every ship's mast, taken in its apparent length, consists of the lower mast, the top-mast, and top-gallant mast) are fenced on the aft, or hinder side, by a rail of about three feet high, stretching across, supported by stanchions, between which a netting is usually constructed, the outside of which was formerly covered with red baize, or canvas painted red, and was called the top-armor; being a sort of blind against the enemy for the men who were there stationed. This name is now nearly lost, and the netting is always covered with black canvas

CANTO II.

P. 50, l. 25.

*Rodmond exulting felt the auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confined.*

Falconer in these lines has preserved the existence of a very old custom among seamen, particularly those of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden; which consisted in their binding a rope, with several knots tied in it, around the main-mast: this they considered as an infallible spell to secure the continuance of a favourable wind.

N. P.

P. 50, l. 30. *Distress recedes.*

After this line, the third edition introduces eight lines, which, in the second, follow line 36, Canto i. in the present edition.

P. 50, l. 33.

they descry

A liquid column towering shoot on high.

All that follows is truly grand, and much superior to what Camoens wrote on the same subject: who, by a strange want of taste for poetical propriety, though his genius was undoubtedly of the first order, compared the appearance of the swoln enormous volume of the water-spout, to a leech on the lips of a cow! I congratulate the public that some of the smaller, yet truly exquisite, poems of this original and great writer, have been so faithfully and so elegantly rendered into English by Lord Strangford. It is to be wished that Camoens' master-poem, the *Lusiadas*, might be undertaken by one so capable of expressing its beauties in English.

W. L. B.

P. 50, l. 41.

*In spiral motion first, as seamen deem,
Swells, when the raging whirlwind sweeps the stream.*

Notwithstanding the different accounts that have been published respecting this extraordinary meteor, some philosophers still entertain a doubt whether the water in the first instance ascends, or descends. Falconer, like all the seamen I have ever met with, favours the first idea. The same opinion was also supported by Dr. Forster in his *Voyage round the World* (vol. i. p. 191). "The water," he says, "in a space of fifty or sixty fathoms, moved towards the centre; and there rising into vapour, by the force of the whirling motion ascended in a spiral form toward the clouds. According to the opinion of Signor Beccaria, water-spouts have an electrical origin, and as a remarkable proof of this, they have been dispersed by presenting to them sharp-pointed knives, or swords. — Their form is that of a speaking-trumpet, with the wider end in the clouds; and their first appearance is in the semblance of a deep cloud, the upper part of which is white, and the lower black. They are generally seen in calm weather. The subject of water-spouts, and the ascent or descent of the water in the first instance, is discussed by Mr. Oliver and Dr. Perkins, in the second volume of the *American Philosophical Transactions*. Dr. Perkins supports the latter idea, and dwells on Mr. Stuart's account of water-spouts, which also tends to support the theory of descent: Mr. Stuart's figures were drawn with the appearance of a bush round their base. Dr. Lindsay also, in several letters which he published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vols. li. liii. lv.), endeavours to establish the same theory. Some valuable remarks on this subject have appeared from Professor Wilcke of Upsal.

P. 52, l. 83. *What radiant changes strike the aston-
ish'd sight.*

Falconer feels all the enthusiasm of the ancient poets in his description of their sacred fish, whom Ovid made the preserver

of his Arion. (Fasti, lib. xi. 113.) — Our naturalists now divide this genus into three species: the dolphin, the porpoise, and the grampus. The beauty of the dying dolphin even surpasses Falconer's account of it. In the above line there is a striking similarity to an expression in a late Cambridge Tripos on Fishing, by a gentleman of Trinity College: speaking of the trout, when taken out of the water, he adds — “et leti variabilis umbra.” — The appearance of the dolphin in this part of the poem has additional beauty, as the sure sign of an approaching gale.

P. 53, l. 109.

*Across her stem the parting waters run,
As clouds, by tempests wafted, pass the sun.*

There is peculiar beauty in these lines, which perhaps none but a seaman will feel the full force of; and it is for want of this, that hardly any painter, who has not been himself at sea, can make his ships look alive, as sailors term it, upon the waves. The outspreading of the salt foam of these parting waters gives great variety and life to marine scenery, and adds much to the correctness of any design. A ship not only throws up the salt foam with her keel ahead, but flings it out boldly at her sides, and leaves the striated sea covered with it to a considerable distance. — And now I am upon this subject, let me observe that nothing can look more forced or unnatural in a marine drawing, than the introduction of floating barrels, or a log of wood, on which artists are often accustomed to write their names; but the various kinds of gull, Mother Carey's Chicken, and other aquatic birds, may be introduced with considerable effect.

P. 53, l. 113. *And while aloof from Retimo she
steers.*

An account of this city, with a beautiful view of it, is given by Tournefort in his Voyage to the Levant (vol. i. p. 28). It is the third place in the island, and is governed by a bashaw

under the viceroy of Canea. Retimo extends along the haven, the shore of which is covered with gardens: the citadel, that was built for its security, stands on a sharp rock stretching into the sea. Ships of war were at one time laid up in ordinary below the citadel, but at present there is scarcely depth enough for small craft. Retimo is the Rhithymna of Ptolemy. — Malacha's Foreland, Cabo Maleca, or Cape Melier, lies twelve miles N. E. of Canea; the town and island of La Suda are situated beneath this cape.

P. 54, l. 127. *But see! in confluence borne before
the blast.*

I do think that neither Virgil, nor any poet, ancient or modern, has ever introduced the description of a storm, or described it, so clearly, faithfully, and poetically, as Falconer has done in the following lines. W. L. B.

The gradual rising of a gale of wind (the term by which seamen denote a storm, which is entirely banished from our naval vocabulary,) has much of the sublime. The preceding calm, which Falconer has accurately noticed, is treacherous and alarming: a watery sun-set often proclaims what may be expected; and from that moment the violence of the gale gradually steals upon the mariner, until at length—it comes resistless!—If not attended with rain, a heavy sea is soon formed. Like an immense ridge, it slowly moves along in dreadful grandeur; and, rising as it were from the abyss, threatens instant destruction, as the magnitude of the immense billows is increased by their approach to the ship: when suddenly the nearest sinks beneath her keel, whilst the ship, falling into a trough of the sea, seems almost thrown on her beam ends. As the ship rights, the billow rushes from under her with incredible force and rapidity, and with its curling and extended ridge covers the adjacent ocean with foam.

In the second edition, these lines were differently expressed. I did not know to which a preference could be given, and therefore followed the third edition:—

“But see! in confluence borne before the blast,
 A rolling dusk of clouds the moon o’ercast,
 In dreadful length diffused; the winds arise,
 And swift the scud in dark succession flies.”

The scud is a name given by seamen to the lowest and lightest clouds, which are swiftly driven along the atmosphere by the winds.

P 54, l. 132. *Low in the wave the leeward cannon
 lie.*

When the wind crosses a ship’s course, either directly or obliquely, that side of the ship upon which it acts is termed the weather side; and the opposite one, which is then pressed downwards, is termed the lee side. All on one side of her is accordingly called to windward, and all on the opposite side to leeward: hence also are derived the lee cannon, the lee braces, weather braces, &c. The same term is used by Milton: —

“The pilot of some small night-founded skiff,
 With fixed anchor,
 Moors by his side under the lee.” FALCONER.

P. 54, l. 134, 136. *Topsails, reef, blocks.*

It may be necessary to some of my readers to inform them that topsails are large square sails, of the second magnitude and height; as the courses are of the first magnitude, and the lowest. — Reefs are certain divisions of the sail, which are taken in, or let out, in proportion to the increase or diminution of the wind. Blocks are what landsmen would rather term, from the French word *pouile*, pullies.

P. 54, l. 135. *More distant grew receding Candia’s
 shore.*

Falconer with great judgment still keeps his eye on the land-

scape of the surrounding scenery; varying by this means the uniformity of the description, and giving it a more picturesque cast and natural effect. W. L. B.

P. 55, l. 149, &c. *Halyards — bow-lines — clue-lines — reef-tackles — earings.*

Halyards are those ropes by which sails are hoisted or lowered. Bow-lines are ropes fastened to the outer edge of square sails in three different places, that the windward edge of the sail may be bound tight forward on a side wind, in order to keep the sail from shivering. Clue-lines are fastened to the lower corners of the square sails, for the more easy furling of them. Reef-tackles are ropes fastened to the edge of the sail, just beneath the lowest reef; and being brought down to the deck by means of two blocks, are used to facilitate the operation of reefing. Earings are small ropes employed to fasten the upper corners of the principal sails, and the extremities of the reefs, to the respective yard-arms, particularly when any sail is to be close furled. FALCONER.

Pope in one of his letters speaks very contemptuously of what he styles the tarpaulin phrase. How wonderful that this phrase, in the hands of such a master as Falconer, should have been made subservient to such an almost magical effect.

W. L. B.

P. 55, l. 151. *The shivering sails descend.*

A most striking and happy expression.

P. 55, l. 164. *Brail up the mizzen quick.*

The mizzen is a large sail bent to the mizzen mast, and is commonly reckoned one of the courses, which consist of the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizzen. As the word, brails, is a general name given to all the ropes which are employed to haul up the bottoms, lower corners, and skirts of the great sails, so the

drawing them together, for the more ready operation of furling, is called brailing them up. The effect which the operation of brailing up the mizzen produces is noticed in the last note of this canto.

P. 55, l. 165. *Man the clue-garnets! let the main-sheet fly!*

Clue-garnets are the same to the main-sail and fore-sail which the clue-lines are to all other square-sails, and are hauled up when the sail is to be furled, or brailed. Sheets: it is necessary in this place to remark that the sheets, which are universally mistaken by our English poets for the sails, are in reality the ropes that are used to extend the clues, or lower corners of the sails, to which they are attached. FALCONER.

P. 55, l. 166. *It rends in thousand shivering shreds on high.*

As the gale rises, Falconer's description keeps pace in grandeur. The circumstances are so rapidly, and yet so distinctly brought before us, that it is impossible not to see, to hear, to partake the anxiety; and to become, if I may thus express myself, one of the unfortunate crew. W. L. B.

P. 55, l. 171. *Bear up the helm a-weather.*

The reason for putting the helm a-weather, or to the side next the wind, is to make the ship veer before it when it blows so hard that she cannot bear her side to it any longer. Veering, or wearing, is the operation by which a ship, in changing her course from one board to the other, turns her stern to windward: the French term is *virer vent arrière*. FALCONER.

P. 56, l. 176. *Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.*

A new and happy image, to convey an idea of the full expanded sail. W. L. B.

The playful Titania of our immortal bard describes the same effect, though not with equal force:—

“When we have laugh’d to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind.”

(*Midsummer Night’s Dream*, act ii.)

One of the finest pictures ever painted by my kind friend Romney was taken from this passage.

P. 56, l. 178. *Timoneer.*

The helmsman, from the French *timonier*: it is however to be lamented that our poet had not selected some more familiar term from his own language.

P. 56, l. 187. *The helm to starboard moves.*

In the third edition these lines have been altered so as entirely to destroy their beauty:—

“The helm to starboard turns; with wings inclined
The siderong canvas clasps the faithless wind.”

This could not have been done by Falconer, but by some injudicious friend who was not a seaman, and thought by this means to improve the elegance of the poem. I have often thought that Mallet, who employed our author to write for the *Critical Review*, introduced this and other similar alterations in the *Shipwreck*.

P. 56, l. 190. *While the fore stay-sail balances before.*

Called with more propriety the fore top-mast stay-sail: it is of a triangular shape, and runs upon the fore top-mast stay,

over the bowsprit: it consequently has an influence on the fore part of the ship, as the mizzen has on the hinder part; and, when thus used together, they may be said to balance each other. See also the last note of this canto. FALCONER.

P. 56, l. 192. *The extended tack confined.*

The main-sail and fore-sail of a ship are furnished with a tack on each side, which is formed of a thick rope tapering to the end, having a knot wrought upon the largest extremity, by which it is firmly retained in the clue of the sail: by this means the tack is always fastened to windward, at the same time that the sheet extends the sail to leeward. FALCONER.

P. 56, l. 195. . . . *the bunt-lines gone.*

Bunt-lines are ropes fastened to the bottoms of the square sails to draw them up to the yards, when the sails are brailed, or furled. FALCONER.

P. 56, l. 197. *The extending sheets on either side are mann'd.*

In the third edition, the incautious pen of some fresh-water sailor is again visible; which the reader will perceive by comparing the lines as they stand in the present edition with the following:—

“On either side below the sheets are mann'd,
Again the fluttering sails their skirts expand:
Once more the top-sails, though with humbler plume,
Mounting aloft, their ancient post resume:
Again the bow-lines and the yards are braced,
And all the entangled cords in order placed.”

The word cord is not known on board a ship, and therefore could not have been used by Falconer.—A yard is said to be braced, when it is turned about the mast horizontally, either to

the right or left; the ropes employed in this service are called the larboard and starboard braces.

P. 57, l. 205-8. *Brails, head-ropes, robans.*

Brails: a general name given to all the ropes which are employed to haul up, or brail, the bottoms and lower corners of the great sails. A rope is always attached to the edges of the sails, to strengthen, and prevent them from rending: those parts of it which are on the perpendicular or sloping edges, are called leech ropes; that at the bottom, the foot rope; and that on the top, or upper edge, the head rope. Robans, or rope bands, are small pieces of rope, of a sufficient length to pass two or three times about the yards, in order to fix to them the upper edges of the respective great sails: the robans for this purpose are passed through the eyelet holes under the head-rope. FALCONER.

P. 57, l. 209.

*That task perform'd, they first the braces slack,
Then to the chess-tree drag the unwilling tack.
And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the sheet they tally, and belay,*

The braces are here slackened, because the lee-brace confining the yard, the tack could not come down until the braces were cast off. The chess-tree, called by the French *taquet d'amure*, consists of a perpendicular piece of wood, fastened with iron bolts, on each side the ship: in the upper part of the chess-tree is a large hole through which the tack is passed; and when the clue, or lower corner, of the sail comes down to it, the tack is said to be aboard.—The two last lines form an extraordinary instance of that power which our author possessed of introducing the technical terms of navigation with singular effect into poetry. Taught, the *roide* of the French, and *dicht* of the Dutch sailors, implies the state of being extended or stretched out.

Tally is a word applied to the operation of hauling the sheets aft, or toward the ship's stern. To belay is to fasten.

P. 58, l. 232. *But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.*

Shakspeare uses ruffian as a verb:—

“A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortice?” OTHELLO.

The same word is afterwards used by our author as an adjective (page 74). Quarry is a term taken from hawking, and signifies game that is flown at by a hawk. Waller uses it, though not exactly in the same sense with Falconer:—

“They their guns discharge:
This heard some ships of ours, though out of view,
And swift as eagles to the quarry flew.”

P. 58, l. 240. *The bounding vessel dances on the tide.*

The whole of this, and the preceding paragraph, were added in the third edition; and, with the exception of this line, are worthy of Falconer: he could never have inserted the word dances. The situation of the ship is justly likened to that of a war-horse; who having at first exulted, on “smelling the battle afar off, the noise of the captains, and the shouting,” reels amidst the subsequent shock of the combat. Had Falconer lived, he would probably have written in a subsequent edition

“The bounding vessel labours on the tide:”

for otherwise, even supposing the vessel to dance, the simile would not hold good; as the horse reeled, in like manner the ship rolled, or rocked, or laboured.

P. 59, l. 251.

*They furl'd the sails, and pointed to the wind
The yards, by rolling tackles then confined.*

Or, as in the second edition,

“ Around the sail the gaskets they convey'd,
And rolling tackles to the cap belay'd.”

The rolling tackle is an assemblage of blocks or pulleys, through which a rope is passed, until it becomes four-fold, in order to confine the yard close down to leeward when the sail is furled, that the yard may not gall the mast, from the rolling of the ship. Gaskets are platted ropes to wrap round the sails when furled.

P. 59, l. 257, &c. *Top-gallant-yards, travellers,
back-stays, top-ropes, parrels, lifts,
topped, booms.*

Top-gallant-yards, which are the highest ones in a ship, are sent down at the approach of a heavy gale, to ease the mast-heads. Travellers are iron rings furnished with a piece of rope, one end of which encircles the ring to which it is spliced; they are principally intended to facilitate the hoisting or lowering of the top-gallant yards; for which purpose two of them are fixed on each backstay; which are long ropes that reach on each side the ship, from the top-masts (which are the second in point of height) to the chains. Top-ropes are employed to sway up, or lower, the top-masts, top-gallant-masts, and their respective yards. Parrels are those bands of rope by which the yards are fastened to the masts, so as to slide up and down when requisite; and of these there are four different sorts. Lifts are ropes which reach from each mast-head to their respective yard-arms. A yard is said to be topped, when one end of the yard is raised higher than the other, in order to lower it on deck by means of the top-ropes. Booms are spare masts, or yards, which are placed in store on deck, between the main and fore-mast, immedi-

ately to supply the place of any that may be carried away, or injured, by stress of weather. FALCONER.

P. 60, l. 279. *And cheerless night o'er heaven her reign extends.*

This is a most correct and awful description of a sunset preceding a storm, or rather a heavy gale of wind, and was some years since selected by Mr. Pocock as the subject of a large oil painting; in which this artist, with a bold originality of genius, represented only the sea and sky. No vessel whatever was introduced: the effect was admirable; and may be recommended to the notice of such persons as are fond of marine scenery. The spectator in this beautiful picture is supposed to be standing in a ship, and the view that lies before him is the expanse of ocean, rolling in all its grandeur, without any object to intercept the sight: whilst the sickening orb of the setting sun is enveloped in the crimson scud that tinges the dusk of the horizon.

I have a melancholy pleasure in retracing scenes that remind me of my lost and ever to be lamented friend, Admiral Payne; and, as it serves to illustrate a passage in the poem, I trust that such remembrance will not be deemed irrelevant by the reader.

We were cruising off Ushant, in the *Impetueux*, during an evening at the close of October, and the dreary coast so continually present to our view created a painful uniformity, which could only be relieved by observing the variations of the expanse that was before us. — The sun had just given its parting rays, and the last shades of day lingered on the distant waves; when a sky most sublime, and threatening, attracted all our attention, and was immediately provided against by the vigilant officers of the watch. To the verge of the horizon, except where the sun had left some portion of its departing rays, a hard, lowering, blue firmament presented itself: on this floated light yellow clouds, tinged with various hues of crimson, the never-failing harbingers of a gale. A strong vivid tint was reflected from them, on the sails and rigging of the ship, which rendered the scene more dreadful. The very calm that prevailed was portentous — the

sea-bird shrieked as it passed! As the tempest gradually approached, and the winds issued from the treasuries of God, the thick darkness of an autumnal night closed the whole in horrid uncertainty:—

“It was a dismal and a fearful night;
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate!” COWLEY.

P. 60, l. 288. *But here the doubtful officers dispute.*

This is particularly mentioned, not because there was, or could be, any dispute at such a time between a master of a ship and his chief mate, as the former can always command the latter; but to expose the obstinacy of a number of our veteran officers, who would rather risk any thing than forego their ancient rules, although many of them are in the highest degree equally absurd and dangerous. It is to the wonderful sagacity of these philosophers that we owe the sea maxims of avoiding to whistle in a storm, because it will increase the wind; of whistling on the wind in a calm; of nailing horse-shoes on the mast to prevent the power of witches; of nailing a fair wind to the starboard cat-head, &c.

FALCONER.

P. 61, l. 306. *The tack's eased off.*

In these lines I have followed the second edition; in the third they are somewhat different:—

“The master said; obedient to command
To raise the tack the ready sailors stand:
Gradual it loosens, while the involving clue,
Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew.”

It has been already remarked that the tack is always fastened to windward; consequently, as soon as it is cast loose, and the clue-garnet is hauled up, the weather clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation must be carefully per-

formed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting, or being torn to pieces by shivering. FALCONER.

P. 61, l. 308. *The sheet and weather-brace they now stand by.*

To stand by any rope is, in the language of seamen, to take hold of it. Whenever the sheet is cast off, it is necessary to pull in the weather-brace, to prevent the violent shaking of the sail.

P. 61, l. 311. *Loud rattling, jarring, through the blocks it flies.*

One of the finest and most descriptive lines in the whole poem; the beauty of which was entirely destroyed in the third, and all the subsequent editions:—

“Thus all prepared, ‘Let go the sheet!’ he cries:
Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies.”

P. 61, l. 314. *By spilling lines embraced.*

The spilling lines, which are only used on particular occasions in tempestuous weather, are employed to draw together and confine the belly of the sail, when inflated by the wind over the yard. FALCONER.

P. 61, l. 319. *Below, the down-haul tackle others ply.*

The violence of the gale forcing the yard much out, it could not easily have been lowered so as to reef the sail, without the application of a tackle, consisting of an assemblage of pulleys, to haul it down on the mast: this is afterwards converted into rolling tackle, which has been already described in a note, p. 164.

FALCONER

P. 61, l. 320.

*Jears, lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends,
And down the mast its mighty yard descends.*

Jears, or geers, answer the same purpose to the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizzen, as halyards do to all inferior sails. The tye, a sort of runner, or thick rope, is the upper part of the jears. The size of the main-yard, when it is gradually lowered, appears truly tremendous and mighty, as our poet terms it: I could never behold it without astonishment.

The following account of the length of the yards of our good old ship *Impetueux* will enable a landsman, after proportionable deduction, to form some idea of the yards of a merchantman:—

	Feet.	In.
Main-yard	98	9
Top-sail-yard	69	5
Top-gallant-yard	42	2
Fore-yard	85	9
Fore-top-sail-yard	67	1
Fore-top-gallant-yard	37	2
Mizzen-top-sail-yard	47	10
Mizzen-top-gallant-yard	33	0
Cross-jack-yard	66	0
Sprit-sail-yard	64	2

P. 61, l. 324, &c. *Reef-lines, shrouds, reef-band,
outer and inner turns.*

Reef-lines are only used to reef the main-sail and fore-sail. Shrouds, so called from the Saxon *scrûd*, consist of a range of thick ropes stretching downwards from the mast heads, to the right and left sides of a ship, in order to support the masts, and enable them to carry sail; they are also used as rope ladders, by which seamen ascend, or descend, to execute whatever is wanting to be done about the sails and rigging. Reef-band consists of a piece of canvas sewed across the sail, to strengthen it in the

place where the eyelet-holes of the reefs are formed. The outer turns of the earing serve to extend the sail along its yard; the inner turns are employed to confine its head rope close to its surface.

FALCONER.

P. 62, l. 346. *A sea, upsurging with stupendous roll.*

A sea is the general term given by sailors to an enormous wave; and hence, when such a wave bursts over the deck, the vessel is said to have shipped a sea.

FALCONER.

It is impossible to peruse the dreadful effects of this event without acknowledging the wonderful powers of our poet. I know only of one writer who has thus forcibly described the awful horrors of a watery grave. Mrs. Radcliff's Address to the Winds is worthy of Falconer; and will serve to impart kindred sensations to the reader's mind:—

“Viewless, through Heaven's vast vault your course ye steer,
Unknown from whence ye come, or whither go!
Mysterious powers! I hear ye murmur low,
Till swells your loud gust on my startled ear,
And awful, seems to say—some god is near!
I love to list your midnight voices float
In the dread storm that o'er the ocean rolls,
And while their charm the angry wave controls,
Mix with its sullen roar, and sink remote:
Then, rising in the pause, a sweeter note,
The dirge of spirits, who your deeds bewail,
A sweeter note oft swells while sleeps the gale.
But soon, ye sightless powers, your rest is o'er:
Solemn, and slow ye rise upon the air,
Speak in the shrouds, and bid the sea boy fear;
And the faint warbled dirge is heard no more.

“Oh then I deprecate your awful reign!
The loud lament yet bear not on your breath;
Bear not the crash of bark far on the main,

Bear not the cry of men who cry in vain,
 The crew's dead chorus sinking into death!
 Oh give not these, ye powers! — I ask alone,
 As rapt I climb these dark romantic steeps,
 The elemental war, the billows moan;
 I ask the still, sweet tear that list'ning fancy weeps."

P. 63, l. 376.

*Too late to weather now Morea's land,
 And drifting fast on Athens' rocky strand.*

To weather a shore is to pass to windward of it, which at this time was prevented by the violence of the gale. Drift is that motion and direction by which a vessel is forced to leeward sideways, when she is unable any longer to carry sail; or, at least, is restrained to such a portion of sail as may be necessary to keep her sufficiently inclined to one side, that she may not be dismasted by her violent labouring, produced by the turbulence of the sea.

FALCONER.

P. 64, l. 383. *And try beneath it sidelong in the sea.*

To try is to lay the ship with her side nearly in the direction of the wind and sea, with her head somewhat inclined to windward; the helm being fastened close to the lee side, or in the sea language, hard a-lee, to retain her in that position. See a further illustration in the last note of this canto.

FALCONER.

P. 64, l. 385, &c. *Topping-lift, knittle, throt.*

A tackle, or assemblage of pulleys, which tops the upper end of the mizzen-yard. This line, and the six following, describe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizzen. The knittle is a short line used to reef the sails by the bottom. The throt is that part of the mizzen yard which is close to the mast.

FALCONER.

P. 64, l. 386. *The head, with doubling canvas
fenced around.*

This was done to prevent any chafing of the sail when balanced. The operation of balancing is now totally disused; great improvements having been since made both in the theory and practice of seamanship. Captain Bentinck of the Royal Navy invented and used triangular courses, which he carried with singular effect in the heaviest gales, and these courses were named after him Bentincks: since which, storm stay-sails have superseded their use, and seem to answer every purpose, either for lying-to, or giving the ship way through the water. N. P.

P. 66, l. 436.

*Across the geometric plane expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands.*

Here again, the third edition has been guilty of an injudicious alteration:—

“In vain athwart the mimic seas expands.”

It is to be lamented that in our navy no mathematical instruments are sent on board by the Admiralty. Even the master is obliged to purchase them out of his pay; and, as that is but moderate, he naturally procures the cheapest that can be obtained. One set at least of the very best that the metropolis can produce should be sent from the Board to each ship; having previously been examined by the Royal Astronomer at Greenwich. The institution of an hydrographer at the Admiralty, in order to furnish our ships with correct charts, will, probably, in time lead to the above mentioned desideratum. It is painful to observe the wretched instruments that are now in use on board; nor can the exception of a few ships, whose captains are men of independent fortunes, weaken this assertion.

P. 67, l. 458. *Companion, binnacle.*

The companion is a wooden porch placed over the ladder that leads down to the cabins of the officers. The binnacle is a case which is placed on deck before the helm, containing three divisions; the middle one for a lamp, or candle, and the two others for mariner's compasses. There are always two binnacles on the deck of a ship of war, one of which is placed before the master, at his appointed station. In all the old sea books it was called bittacle.

FALCONER.

P. 67, l. 464. *They sound the well.*

The well is an apartment in a ship's hold, serving to inclose the pumps: it is sounded by dropping down a measured iron rod, which is connected with a long line. The brake is the pump handle: Falconer again alludes to this iron rod (page 76, l. 697), "sounding her depth they eyed the wetted scale." A most valuable discovery was made some years since by Mr. Richard Wells, and communicated to the American Philosophical Society, by means of which vessels could be pumped at sea without the labour of men. See also Naval Chronicle, Vol. II. p. 237.

P. 69, l. 520. *Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist.*

The waist is that part of a ship which is contained between the quarter deck and fore-castle; or the middle of that deck which is immediately below them. When the waist of a merchant ship is only one or two steps in descent from the quarter deck and fore-castle, she is said to be galley-built; but when it is considerably deeper, as with six or seven steps, she is then called frigate-built.

FALCONER.

P. 70, l. 540.

*Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings in terrific blaze
Deluge the cheerless gloom with horrid rays:
Above, all ether fraught with scenes of woe.*

I have already in the Life of Falconer mentioned the uncertainty that prevails respecting the author of the favourite song, "Cease, rude Boreas." In this passage additional testimony seems to arise, that it was composed by Falconer:—

"In our eyes blue lightnings flash:
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky!"

P. 70, l. 552. *the booming waters roar.*

Beautifully expressive of their violence: thus Young,

" booming o'er his head
The billows closed; he's number'd with the dead!"

In the third edition, however, this epithet was expunged:—

" o'er
The sea-beat ship the involving waters roar."

P. 71, l. 577. *Her place discover'd by the rules of
art.*

The lee-way, or drift, in this passage are synonymous terms. The true course and distance, resulting from these traverses, is discovered by collecting the difference of latitude and departure of each course; and reducing the whole into one departure, and one difference of latitude, according to the known rules of trigonometry: this reduction will immediately ascertain the base and perpendicular; or, in other words, will give the difference of latitude and departure, to discover the course and distance.

FALCONER.

P. 71, l. 581, &c. *Falconera, St. George, Gardalor.*

Falconera, a small island in the Archipelago, to the N. W. of Milo: there is an open space of sea to the North and South of it; but in every other direction are islands at no great distance. Falconer, in his chart, prefixed to the second edition, marked a line of rocks throughout the E. and S. E. coast of this island. The small and steep island of St. George is situated to the S. W. of Cape Colonna, at the entrance of the gulf of Egina. Gardalor lies off the coast of Attica, between Cape Colonna and Porto Leone.

P. 73, l. 615.

*These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know.*

It is in consequence of this that the Greeks in all ages have been excellent boatmen, and bad seamen. Mr. Mitford informs us, in the first volume of his History of Greece, that the English are the only navigators who can keep this sea in rough weather, and that they "alone, accustomed in all their surrounding waters to a bolder navigation, commonly venture in the Archipelago to work to windward." Mr. Wood, in his Essay on Homer, adds — "I remember to have heard an English captain of a Turkey ship, a man of knowledge and character, say, that he did not scruple, in tolerable weather, to work within the Arches, as our seamen call the Archipelago (which is itself a corruption of the modern Greek Aigiopelago), but he made it a rule never to take off his clothes; and, without leaving orders to be called in the instant of any threatening appearance in the sky, or any dubious sight of land, never to quit the deck."

P. 74, l. 661.

*Yet where with safety can we dare to scud
Before this tempest, and pursuing flood?*

The movement of scudding, from the Swedish word *skutta*, is

never attempted in a contrary wind, unless, as in the present instance, the condition of a ship renders her incapable of sustaining any longer on her side the mutual efforts of the winds and waves. The principal hazards incident to scudding are generally a pooping sea; the difficulty of steering, which exposes the vessel perpetually to the risk of broaching-to; and the want of sufficient sea-room. A sea striking the ship violently on the stern may dash it inwards, by which she must inevitably founder; in broaching-to suddenly, she is threatened with being immediately upset; and, for want of sea-room, she is endangered with shipwreck on a lee-shore; a circumstance too dreadful to require explanation.

FALCONER.

P. 76, l. 701.

*And now the senior pilots seem'd to wait
Arion's voice, to close the dark debate.*

The word pilots occurs too often, since it is invariably used in a sense foreign to its real meaning—the master and mates of the vessel. The reader will here remember, under the character of Arion that of Falconer himself is described: in the speech therefore that succeeds, we have the real sentiments of our author at this critical emergency, which, with considerable effect, he has thus reserved to close the debate.

P. 77, l. 717. *Thus water-logged.*

A ship is said to be water-logged, when, having received through her leaks a great quantity of water in her hold, she has become so heavy and inactive on the sea, as to yield without resistance to the efforts of every wave that rushes over the deck. As in this dangerous situation the centre of gravity is no longer fixed, but fluctuates from place to place, the stability of the ship is utterly lost: she is therefore almost totally deprived of the use of her sails, which operate to upset her, or press the head under water: hence there is no resource for the crew, except to free

her by the pumps, or to abandon her for the boats as soon as possible.

FALCONER.

P. 81, l. 830, 831. *Hatches, lanyard.*

Falconer, to avoid repetition, has, in the word hatches, employed a term which he himself in his dictionary informs us, seamen sometimes incorrectly use for gratings; a sort of open cover for the hatchways, formed by several small laths, or battens, which cross each other at right angles, leaving a square interval between. These gratings are not only of service to admit the air and light between decks, but also to let off the smoke of the great guns during action.

Lanyard, or laniard, is a short piece of line fastened to different things on board a ship, to preserve them in a particular place; such are the lanyards of the gun ports, the lanyard of the buoy, the lanyard of the cat hook, &c. but the lanyards alluded to in the above line were those by means of which the shrouds were kept extended; or, as a sailor would express himself, taught.

P. 84, l. 901. *Both stay-sail sheets to mid-ships were convey'd.*

The fore stay-sail being one of the sails which command the fore part of the ship, is for that reason hoisted at this time, to bear her fore part round before the wind: for the same reason, after it is split, the foremost yards are braced aback; that is, so as to form right angles with the direction of the wind. For a further illustration of this, see the subsequent note.

FALCONER.

P. 84, l. 914. *And hew at once the mizzen-mast away.*

In addition to the nautical notes by Falconer, the following illustration of the orders that have been given by Albert was subjoined by our author to the second edition:—“When a ship

is forced by the violence of a contrary wind to furl all her sails, if the storm increases, and the sea continue to rise, she is often strained to so great a degree, that, to ease her, she must be made to run before their mutual direction; which however is rarely done but in cases of the last necessity. Now as she has no head-way, the helm is deprived of its governing power, as the latter effect is only produced in consequence of the former: it therefore necessarily requires an uncommon effort to wheel, or turn her, into any different position. It is an axiom in natural philosophy that, 'Every body will persevere in its state of rest, or moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed; and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and is made according to the right line in which that force acts.'

"By this principle it is easy to conceive, how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind acting upon her sails in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon; for the sails may be so set, as to receive the current of air either directly, or more or less obliquely; and the motion communicated to the ship must of necessity conspire with that of the wind. As therefore the ship lies in such a situation as to have the wind and sea directly on her side; and these increase to such a height, that she must either founder, or scud before the storm; the aftmost sails are first taken in, or so placed that the wind has very little power on them; and the head-sails, or foremost sails, are spread abroad, so that the whole force of the wind is exerted on the ship's fore-part, which must therefore of necessity yield to its impulse. The prow being thus put in motion, its motion must conspire with that of the wind, and will be pushed about so as to run immediately before it: for this reason, when no more sail can be carried, the foremost yards are braced aback, that is, in such a position as to receive all the current of air they can contain directly, to perform the operation of head-sails; and the mizzen-yard is lowered to produce the same effect as furling, or placing obliquely the aftmost sails; and this attempt being found insufficient, the mizzen-mast is cut away, which must have been followed by the main-mast, if the expected effect had not taken place."

CANTO III.

P. 89, l. 1. *When in a barbarous age, &c.*

These beautiful introductory reflections on the beneficial influence of poetry, as promoting the civilization, and consequently the happiness of mankind, form an unanswerable reply to the enthusiastic ravings of Rousseau and his fellow madmen; who have attempted to raise the character of the human savage above the mind that has been polished with the embellishments of social life.

P. 91, l. 65.

*While round before the enlarging wind it falls,
"Square fore and aft the yards," the master calls.*

The wind is said to enlarge when it veers from the side towards the stern. To square the yards is, in this place, to haul them directly across the ship's length. FALCONER.

P. 92, l. 69. *So steady! meet her!*

Steady! is an order to steer the ship according to the line on which she then advances, without deviating to the right or left. FALCONER.

P. 92, l. 73. *Then back to port, &c.*

The left side of a ship is called port in steering, that the helmsmen may not mistake larboard for starboard. In all large ships, the tiller (or long bar of timber that is fixed horizontally to the upper end of the rudder) is guided by a wheel, which acts upon it with the powers of a crane, or windlass. FALCONER.

P. 93, l. 99. *As that rebellious angel, &c.*

This allusion to the flight of Satan from hell forms one of the most beautiful similes in the poem. It is described by Milton in two separate passages at the conclusion of his second book of *Paradise Lost*.

P. 93, l. 113, &c. *Poop, bow.*

Poop, from the Latin word *puppis*, is the hindmost and highest deck of a ship. The bow is the rounding part of a ship's side forward, beginning at the place where the planks arch inwards, and terminating where they close at the stem, or prow.

FALCONER.

P. 94, l. 129. . . . *when past the beam it flies.*

On the beam implies any distance from the ship on a line with the beams, or at right angles with the keel: thus, if the ship steers northward, any object lying east or west is said to be on her starboard or larboard beam.

FALCONER.

P. 95, l. 154.

*They did: for in this desert, joyless soil,
No flowers of genial science deign to smile.*

The whole of what follows would have been more clearly expressed had our author substituted *our* for *this*: since the reader is at first troubled to find out whether the soil of the classic territory of Greece is not alluded to: —

“They did: for in our desert, joyless soil.”

Or, in our uneducated miserable profession, no love of science, or of literature, ever appears.

In these and the following lines, Falconer very unjustly abuses the taste and classical acquirements of naval officers: his own mind was alone sufficient to contradict such an assertion. No

profession whatever cherishes with more assiduity the “flowers of genial science,” and the glowing numbers of poesy, than the British Navy. To the name of Falconer may be added that of Mickle, and many others, who were, as Mr. Pye says,

“Nursed on the waves, and cradled in the storm.”

Nor can I allow that ocean’s genius withers the bloom of every springing flower. The sublime Camoens composed the greater part of his *Lusiadas* at sea, under the immediate influence of this genius ; and if I were requested to select a person, whose taste for poetry, and other classic acquirements, was superior to that of the rest of mankind, I should be justified in mentioning a name which will ever be engraven on my heart — the late Admiral J. W. Payne.

P. 96 l. 178.

*Immortal Athens first, in ruin spread,
Contiguous lies at Port Liono’s head.*

Porto Leone, the ancient Piræus, received its modern title from a large lion of white marble, since carried by the Venetians to their arsenal. The ports of ancient Athens were—1. Phalerum ; 2. Munychia ; and 3. Piræus, the most capacious.

A particular account of modern Athens, or as it is now called, Athini, is given by Dr. Chandler : it was also visited by Lord Sandwich in his voyage round the Mediterranean. Its antiquities have been amply described by Le Roy and Stuart. I have already mentioned the dangerous navigation of the Archipelago, and it is considerably increased as you advance towards Porto Leone ; particularly if the ship is of any great burden. At the close of the year 1802, the *Braakel* of 54 guns, commanded by my brother Capt. George Clarke, was sent on this hazardous service ; which he accomplished at the most imminent risk. The following extract from his letter will illustrate the danger which Falconer so well describes :— “From the ignorance of the pilot, the *Braakel*, when in stays, struck at midnight on a point of land that forms the entrance of the harbour of Porto Leone,

eight miles from the town of Athens. I contrived to land a quantity of provisions on the rocks, and was obliged to order half the guns to be hove overboard; at the same time a sheet anchor and cable were got out astern to heave the ship off, which we in vain attempted for many hours. At length, to our great joy, being assisted by the wind coming strong right off the land, we swung round off, and rode stern to wind by the above mentioned anchor. In about an hour the weather changed; the wind shifted, and placed the ship with a strong gale, and heavy sea, close to the shore. The cable was instantly cut, and we made sail to get round the northern extremity of the point; when the pilot again mistaking the land, we anchored in a wrong position, yet clear of the rocks; until the wind shifting placed the ship in the middle of a second dark stormy night. We came slap on shore, along-side the rocks; fortunately the ship lay tolerably easy, being assisted by the anchor; which, owing to the wind shifting, brought it well out on the starboard bow. Day-break at length appeared, and the gale shifted again: hove on the anchor, and succeeded in getting her off after a few hard knocks, the loss of a little copper, and part of the false keel. Made sail again, weathered our danger, and anchored for want of wind; when a breeze springing up, we got safe into Porto Leone. In performing this we lost the sheet anchor, the stream, and the kedge. On leaving this harbour we were driven back three times, when I bore up for Port Oliver, in the island of Metelin, where there is a harbour beyond description safe and spacious. I do not think this is generally known; or what is more, that the Turks build frigates there. One of 32 guns was at this time on the stocks."

G. C.

P. 98, l. 243. *That pipes among the shades of
Endermay.*

A song entitled the Birks of Endermay was written by Mallet, and is mentioned by Dr. Currie in his Life of Burns, page 278.

P. 100, l. 287. *No human footstep marks the trackless sand.*

And thus Petrarch,

Dove vestigio uman l'arena stampi.

F. D.

P. 101, l. 311. *The seat of sacred Troy is found no more.*

Amidst the disputes that have harassed the learned world on this subject, I am glad to subjoin the opinion of my brother, fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, who has so lately visited Troy; and, after a minute examination of every particular on the spot, has been convinced that such a city did exist as was described by Homer:—"Travellers visiting the plain of Troy in search of columns or statues by which the site of ancient Ilium may be determined, are not less idly occupied than those persons who have pretended to discover such remains. The latter class have fallen into the error of the painter employed by Comte de Caylus (see Winkelman, liv. iv. ch. 8, note) to illustrate the picture by Polygnotus at Delphi, according to Pausanius; who ornamented the city of Troy with columns and statues of marble—monuments of the arts that were unknown at the time of the Trojan war. All that we can expect to discover, in order to identify the scene of that war, are the features of nature as described by Homer; and these are found, precisely answering his description." E. D. C. Dr. Chandler has lately considered this subject in his History of Troy.

P, 101, l. 320.

*Whose gleam directed loved Leander o'er
The rolling Hellespont——*

A few years since, a servant of the Neapolitan Consul at the Dardanelles swam across the Hellespont; and, after a short

walk on the Asiatic coast, returned back in safety, notwithstanding the extreme rapidity of the current. E. D. C.

P. 102, l. 333. *Remote from ocean lies the Delphic plain.*

Falconer very properly writes Delphic. Swift made a point of writing Delphos, instead of Delphi; and until I had perused Bentley's Dissertation on Phalaris, I thought it should be thus written. Jortin, on this account, says of Swift, that "he should have received instruction from whatever quarter it came; from Wotton, from Bentley, or from Beelzebub." — It was my relation, Dr. Wotton, who first noticed the absurd use of Delphos for Delphi: see the above Dissertation (Preface, page 46), where Bentley defends Dr. Wotton's opinion.

Few travellers have visited Delphi, although it is perhaps the most interesting, even in its present state, of all that were Grecian cities. Some remains of its celebrated temples may still be seen, astonishing by their prodigious size and workmanship. But the beauty of the Castalian spring, adorned with wild and hanging foliage, surrounded by the precipices and rocks of Parnassus, is unequalled. E. D. C.

P. 105, l. 409. *The impelling floods, that lash her to the shore.*

Falconer was too fond of similes, particularly in the third edition, where the following was introduced after the above line: —

"As some benighted traveller, through the shade,
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd,
While prowling savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits, and quagmires lurk before."

And after line 409, in the same page,

"As some fell conqueror, frantic with success,
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and distress."

Both these similes come too quick after that of the retreating

army. In this, and other similar instances, I have preferred the second edition.

P. 105.

After line 425 the second edition reads,

“Such flaming horror Amos’ * son foretold,
Down-rushing on the Assyrian king of old.”

And in the same page, subsequent to the fourth line, in the same edition,

“Aghast on deck the shivering wretches stood,
While fear and chill despair congeal’d their blood:
And lo! all terrible, the King of Kings
Through the sad sky, array’d in lightning, springs:
Tremendous panoply! his right arm bare,
Red burning, shoots destruction through the air!
Hark! his strong voice,” &c.

After the two lines that follow are also inserted,

“Wide bursts in dazzling sheets the sulphur’d flame,
And dread concussion rends the ethereal frame.
Not fiercer tremors shook the world beneath,
When, writhing in the pangs of cruel death,
The sacred Lord of Life resign’d his breath.”

P. 106, l. 453. *Forth issues o’er the wave the weeping morn.*

It is to be lamented that Falconer did not here describe that beautiful phenomenon called the marine rainbow, which is sometimes observed in a sea much agitated. Twenty or thirty may be seen together, and in a position opposite to that of the common bow. The Weeping Morn has been selected by Mr. Pocock as the subject of a large marine picture, which he executed with his usual genius.

* Isaiah, chap. xxx.

P. 108, l. 489. *Still they dread her broaching-to.*

The great difficulty of steering the ship at this time before the wind is occasioned by its striking her on the quarter, when she makes the least angle on either side; which often forces her stern round, and brings her broadside to the wind and sea: this is an effect of the same cause which is explained in the last note of the second canto.

FALCONER.

P. 108, l. 496.

*Not half so dreadful to Æneas' eyes
The straits of Sicily were seen to rise.*

Alluding to the following beautiful passage in Virgil (*Æneid*. III. v. 554):

“Tum procul e fluctu Trinacria cernitur Ætna,
Et gemitum ingentem pelagi, pulsataque saxa
Audimus longe, fractasque ad littora voces;
Exultantque vada, atque æstu miscenter arenæ.
Et pater Anchises: ‘Nimirum hæc illa Charybdis:
Hos Helenus scopulos, hæc saxa horrenda canebat.
Eripite, o socii, pariterque insurgite remis.’
Haud minus ac jussi faciunt: primusque rudentem
Contorsit lævas proram Palinurus ad undas:
Lævam cuncta cohors remis ventisque petivit.
Tollimur in cœlum curvato gurgite, et idem
Subducta ad manes imos descendimus unda.
Ter scopuli clamorem inter cava saxa dedere;
Ter spuman elisam et rorantia vidimus astra.”

After this allusion, the second edition inserts the following lines:—

“So they attempt St. George's shoals to clear,
Which close beneath the larboard beam appear.”

P. 110, l. 560.

*The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly.*

An idea equally correct and beautiful, and well understood by all who have been engaged with a lee shore. Having occasion to wear, the mind, anxious and care-worn, becomes impatient to try the other tack; and therefore fancies that the vessel flies towards danger with unwonted celerity. N. P.

P. 111, l. 582. *the faithful stay
Drags the main top-mast by the cap away.*

The main top-mast stay comes to the fore-mast head, and consequently depends upon the fore-mast as its support. The cap is a strong, thick block of wood, used to confine the upper and lower masts together, as the one is raised at the head of the other. The principal caps of a ship are those of the lower masts.

FALCONER.

P. 113, l. 631. *For every wave now smites the
quivering yard.*

The sea at this time ran so high, that it was impossible to descend from the mast-head without being washed overboard.

FALCONER.

P. 119, l. 793, &c.

*Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna! hung portray'd;
The unconscious figure, smiling all serene.*

This image of the calm, unconscious portrait is a most poetical, new, and striking combination. W. L. B.

P. 123, l. 873. *Oh! then, to swell the tides of
social woe.*

After this line, the second edition reads,

“Thou, who hast taught the tragic harp to mourn
In early youth o’er Frederic’s royal urn.”

P. 123, l. 882. *All thoughts of happiness on earth
are vain.*

“ sed scilicet ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini; dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.”

FALCONER.

1717. The first year of the reign of George I.

The second year of the reign of George I.

The third year of the reign of George I.

The fourth year of the reign of George I.

The fifth year of the reign of George I.

The sixth year of the reign of George I.

The seventh year of the reign of George I.

The eighth year of the reign of George I.

The ninth year of the reign of George I.

The tenth year of the reign of George I.

The eleventh year of the reign of George I.

The twelfth year of the reign of George I.

The thirteenth year of the reign of George I.

The fourteenth year of the reign of George I.

The fifteenth year of the reign of George I.

The sixteenth year of the reign of George I.

The seventeenth year of the reign of George I.

The eighteenth year of the reign of George I.

The nineteenth year of the reign of George I.

The twentieth year of the reign of George I.

The twenty-first year of the reign of George I.

The twenty-second year of the reign of George I.

The twenty-third year of the reign of George I.

The twenty-fourth year of the reign of George I.

The twenty-fifth year of the reign of George I.

THE DEMAGOGUE.

THE DEMAGOGUE.

THE DEMAGOGUE

THE DEMAGOGUE.

BOLD is the attempt, in these licentious times,
When with such towering strides sedition climbs,
With sense or satire to confront her power,
And charge her in the great decisive hour.
Bold is the man, who, on her conquering day,
Stands in the pass of fate to bar her way :
Whose heart, by frowning arrogance unawed,
Or the deep-lurking snares of specious fraud,
The threats of giant-faction can deride,
And stem, with stubborn arm, her roaring tide.
For him unnumber'd brooding ills await,
Scorn, malice, insolence, reproach, and hate :
At him who dares this legion to defy,
A thousand mortal shafts in secret fly.
Revenge, exulting with malignant joy,
Pursues the incautious victim to destroy :
And slander strives, with unrelenting aim,
To spit her blasting venom on his name.
Around him faction's harpies flap their wings,
And rhyming vermin dart their feeble stings :

In vain the wretch retreats, while in full cry,
Fierce on his throat the hungry bloodhounds fly.
Enclosed with perils thus, the conscious Muse,
Alarm'd, though undismay'd, her danger views;
Nor shall unmanly terror now control
The strong resentment struggling in her soul,
While indignation, with resistless strain,
Pours her full deluge through each swelling vein
By the vile fear that chills the coward breast,
By sordid caution is her voice supprest,
While arrogance, with big theatric rage,
Audacious struts on power's imperial stage?
While o'er our country, at her dread command,
Black discord, screaming, shakes her fatal brand?
While, in defiance of maternal laws,
The sacrilegious sword rebellion draws?
Shall she at this important hour retire,
And quench in Lethe's wave her genuine fire?
Honour forbid! she fears no threatening foe,
When conscious justice bids her bosom glow:
And while she kindles the reluctant flame,
Let not the prudent voice of friendship blame.
She feels the sting of keen resentment goad,
Though guiltless yet of satire's thorny road.
Let other Quixotes, frantic with renown,
Plant on their brows a tawdry paper crown:

While fools adore, and vassal-bards obey,
Let the great monarch ass through Gotham bray !
Our poet brandishes no mimic sword,
To rule a realm of dunces self-explored :
No bleeding victims curse his iron sway,
Nor murder'd reputation marks his way.
True to herself, unarm'd, the fearless Muse
Through reason's path her steady course pursues :
True to herself advances, undeterr'd
By the rude clamours of the savage herd.
As some bold surgeon, with inserted steel,
Probes deep the putrid sore, intent to heal,
So the rank ulcers that our patriot load,
Shall she with caustic's healing fires corrode.

Yet ere from patient slumber satire wakes,
And brandishes the avenging scourge of snakes ;
Yet ere her eyes, with lightning's vivid ray,
The dark recesses of his heart display ;
Let candour own the undaunted pilot's power,
Felt in severest danger's trying hour.
Let truth consenting, with the trump of fame,
His glory, in auspicious strains, proclaim.
He bade the tempest of the battle roar,
That thunder'd o'er the deep from shore to shore.
How oft, amid the horrors of the war,
Chain'd to the bloody wheels of danger's car,

How oft my bosom at thy name has glow'd,
And from my beating heart applause bestow'd ;
Applause, that, genuine as the blush of youth
Unknown to guile, was sanctified by truth !
How oft I blest the patriot's honest rage,
That greatly dared to lash the guilty age ;
That, rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold, and strong,
Roll'd the full tide of eloquence along ;
That power's big torrent braved with manly pride,
And all corruption's venal arts defied !
When from afar those penetrating eyes
Beheld each secret hostile scheme arise,
Watch'd every motion of the faithless foe,
Each plot o'erturn'd, and baffled every blow,
A fond enthusiast, kindling at thy name,
I glow'd in secret with congenial flame ;
While my young bosom, to deceit unknown,
Believed all real virtue thine alone.

Such then he seem'd, and such indeed might be,
If truth with error ever could agree.
Sure satire never with a fairer hand
Portray'd the object she design'd to brand.
Alas ! that virtue should so soon decay,
And faction's wild applause thy heart betray !
The muse with secret sympathy relents,
And human failings, as a friend, laments :

BUT when those dangerous errors, big with fate,
Spread discord and distraction through the state,
Reason should then exert her utmost power
To guard our passions in that fatal hour.

There was a time, ere yet his conscious heart
Durst from the hardy path of truth depart,
While yet with generous sentiment it glow'd,
A stranger to corruption's slippery road ;
There was a time our patriot durst avow
Those honest maxims he despises now.
How did he then his country's wounds bewail,
And at the insatiate German vulture rail,
Whose cruel talons Albion's entrails tore,
Whose hungry maw was glutted with her gore !
The mists of error, that in darkness held
Our reason, like the sun, his voice dispell'd.
And lo ! exhausted, with no power to save,
We view Britannia panting on the wave ;
Hung round her neck, a millstone's ponderous weight
Drags down the struggling victim to her fate !
While horror at the thought our bosom feels,
We bless the man this horror who reveals.

But what alarming thoughts the heart amaze,
When on this Janus' other face we gaze ;
For, lo ! possess'd of power's imperial reins,
Our chief those visionary ills disdains !

Alas ! how soon the steady patriot turns !
In vain this change astonish'd England mourns !
Her vital blood, that pour'd from every vein,
So late, to fill the accursed Westphalian drain,
Then ceased to flow ; the vulture now no more
With unrelenting rage her bowels tore.
His magic rod transforms the bird of prey,
The millstone feels the touch and melts away !
And, strange to tell, still stranger to believe,
What eyes ne'er saw, and heart could ne'er conceive,
At once, transplanted by the sorcerer's wand,
Columbian hills in distant Austria stand :
America, with pangs before unknown,
Now with Westphalia utters groan for groan :
By sympathy she fevers with her fires,
Burns as she burns, and as she dies expires.

From maxims long adopted thus he flew,
For ever changing, yet for ever true ;
Swoln with success, and with applause inflamed,
He scorn'd all caution, all advice disclaim'd ;
Arm'd with war's thunder, he embraced no more
Those patriot principles maintain'd before.
Perverse, inconstant, obstinate, and proud,
Drunk with ambition, turbulent and loud,
He wrecks us headlong on that dreadful strand
He once devoted all his powers to brand.

Our hapless country views with weeping eyes,
On every side, o'erwhelming horrors rise ;
Drain'd of her wealth, exhausted of her power,
And agonized as in the mortal hour ;
Her armies wasted with incessant toils,
Or doom'd to perish in contagious soils,
To guard some needy royal plunderer's throne,
And sent to fall in battles not their own.
The enormous debt at home, though long o'ercharged
With grievous burdens annually enlarged ;
Crush'd with increasing taxes to the ground,
That suck, like vampires, every bleeding wound ;
Ground with severe distress the industrious poor,
Driven by the ruthless landlord to the door.

While thus our land her hapless fate bemoans
In secret, and with inward sorrow groans ;
Though deck'd with tinsel trophies of renown,
All gash'd with sores, with anguish bending down,
Can yet some impious parricide appear,
Who strives to make this anguish more severe ?
Can one exist, so much his country's foe,
To bid her wounds with fresh effusion flow ?
There can ; to him in vain she lifts her eyes,
His soul relentless hears her piercing sighs :
Shameless of front, impatient of control,
He spurs her onward to destruction's goal.

Nor yet content on curst Westphalia's shore
With mad profusion to exhaust her store,
Still peace his pompous fulminations brand,
As pirates tremble at the sight of land.
Still to new wars the public eye he turns,
Defies all peril, and at reason spurns ;
'Till prest with danger, by distress assail'd,
That baffled courage and o'er skill prevail'd ;
'Till foundering in the storm himself had brew'd,
He strives at last its horrors to elude.
Some wretched shift must still protect his name,
And to the guiltless head transfer his shame :
Then hearing modest diffidence oppose
His rash advice, that golden time he chose,
And while big surges threaten'd to o'erwhelm
The ship, ingloriously forsook the helm.

But all the events collected to relate,
Let us his actions recapitulate.

He first assum'd, by mean perfidious art,
Those patriot tenets foreign to his heart ;
Next, by his country's fond applauses swell'd,
Thrust himself forward into power, and held
The reins on principles which he alone,
Grown drunk and wanton with success, could own ;
Betray'd her interest and abused her trust ;
Then, deaf to prayers, forsook her in disgust ;

With tragic mummary, and most vile grimace,
Rode through the city with a woful face,
As in distress, a patriot out of place!
Insults his generous prince, and in the day
Of trouble skulks, because he cannot sway;
In foreign climes embroils him with allies;
And bids at home the flames of discord rise.

She comes! from hell the exulting fury springs,
With grim destruction sailing on her wings;
Around her scream a hundred harpies fell,
A hundred demons shriek with hideous yell:
From where, in mortal venom dipt on high,
Full-drawn the deadliest shafts of satire fly,
Where Churchill brandishes his clumsy club,
And Wilkes unloads his excremental tub,
Down to where Entick, awkward and unclean,
Crawls on his native dust, a worm obscene:
While with unnumber'd wings, from van to rear,
Myriads of nameless buzzing drones appear;
From their dark cells the angry insects swarm,
And every little sting attempt to arm.
Here Chaplains,* Privileges,* moulder round,
And feeble Scourges,* rot upon the ground:

* Certain poems intended to be very satirical; but, alas! we refer our reader to the Reviews.

Here hungry Kenrick strives, with fruitless aim,
With Grub-street slander to extend his name :
At Bruin flies the slavering, snarling cur,
But only fills his famish'd jaws with fur.
Here Baldwin spreads the assassinating cloak,
Where lurking rancour gives the secret stroke ;
While gorg'd with filth, around this senseless block,
A swarm of spider-bards obsequious flock ;
While his demure Welch goat, with lifted hoof,
In Poet's-corner hangs each flimsy woof,
And frisky grown, attempts, with awkward prance,
On wit's gay theatre to bleat and dance.
Here, seiz'd with iliac passion, mouthing Leech,
Too low, alas ! for satire's whip to reach,
From his black entrails, faction's common sewer,
Disgorges all her excremental store.

With equal pity and regret the Muse
The thundering storms that rage around her views ;
Impartial views the tides of discord blend,
Where lordly rogues for power and place contend ;
Were not her patriot heart with anguish torn,
Would eye the opposing chiefs with equal scorn.
Let freedom's deadliest foes for freedom bawl ;
Alike to her who govern or who fall :
Aloof she stands, all unconcern'd and mute,
While the rude rabble bellow, "Down with Bute !"

While villany the scourge of justice bilks,
Howl on, ye ruffians, "Liberty and Wilkes!"
Let some soft mummy of a peer, who stains
His rank, some sodden lump of ass's brains,
To that abandon'd wretch his sanction give,
Support his slander, and his wants relieve:
Let the great hydra roar aloud for Pitt,
And power and wisdom all to him submit:
Let proud ambition's sons, with hearts severe,
Like parricides, their mother's bowels tear;
Sedition her triumphant flag display,
And in embodied ranks her troops array,
While coward justice, trembling on her seat,
Like a vile slave descends to lick her feet!
Nor here let censure draw her awful blade,
If from her theme the wayward Muse has stray'd:
Sometimes the impetuous torrent, o'er its mounds
Redundant bursting, swamps the adjacent grounds;
But rapid, and impatient of delay,
Through the deep channel still pursues its way.

Our pilot now retired, no pleasure knows,
But every man and measure to oppose;
Like Æsop's cur, still snarling and perverse,
Bloated with envy, to mankind a curse,
No more at council his advice will lend,
But with all others who advise contend.

He bids distraction o'er his country blaze,
Then, swelter'd with revenge, retreats to Hayes : *

* After reflecting on the various events by which this extraordinary person is characterized, we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few anecdotes from Machiavel, relative to a man of a very similar complexion and constitution, who was also distinguished by a train of incidents pretty nearly resembling those we have mentioned above; although he possibly never anticipated the similitude of fortune and character that might happen between him and any of his progeny. Speaking of the government of Florence, our historian informs us, that "Luca Pitt, a bold and resolute man, being now made gonfaloniere of justice, having entered upon his office, was very importunate with the people to appoint a balia; but perceiving it was to no purpose, he not only treated those that were members of the council with great insolence, and called them opprobrious names, but threatened them, and soon after put his threats in execution: for having filled the palace with armed men, on the eve of St. Lorenzo, in the month of August, 1453, he called the people together into the piazza, and there compelled them, by force of arms, to do that which they would not so much as hear of before. Pitt had also very rich presents, not only from Cosimo and the signiory, but from all the principal citizens, who vied with each other in their generosity to him; so that it was thought he had above twenty thousand ducats given him at that time: after which he became so popular, that the city was no longer governed by Cosimo di Medici, but by Luca Pitt. This inspired him with vanity. After this he had recourse to very extraordinary means; for he not only extorted more and greater presents from the chief citizens, but also made the commonalty supply him with workmen and artificers." Machiavel's Hist. Florence. This has an unlucky resemblance to a certain great person's driving through the city with borrowed horses, and being offered to have his horses unyoked, and his chariot drawn by his good friends the mob. We shall, in due time and place, give some account of the fall of Mr. Luca Pitt, and the contempt with which, after some particular events, he was universally regarded.

Swallows the pension ; but, aware of blame,
Transfers the proffer'd peerage to his dame.
The felon thus of old, his name to save,
His pilfer'd mutton to a brother gave.

But should some frantic wretch, whom all men
know

To nature and humanity a foe,
Deaf to the widow's moan and orphan's cry,
And dead to shame and friendship's social tie ;
Should such a miscreant, at the hour of death,
To thee his fortunes and domains bequeath ;
With cruel rancour wresting from his heirs
What nature taught them to expect as theirs ;
Wouldst thou with this detested robber join,
Their legal wealth to plunder and purloin ?
Forbid it, Heaven ! thou canst not be so base,
To blast thy name with infamous disgrace !
The Muse who wakes yet triumphs o'er thy hate,
Dares not so black a thought anticipate. —
By Heaven, the Muse her ignorance betrays !
For while a thousand eyes with wonder gaze,
Though gorged and glutted with his country's store,
The vulture pounces on the shining ore ;
In his strong talons gripes the golden prey,
And from the weeping orphan bears away.

The great, the alarming deed is yet to come,

That, big with fate, strikes expectation dumb.
O! patient, injured England, yet unveil
Thy eyes, and listen to the Muse's tale,
That true as honour, unadorn'd with art,
Thy wrongs in fair succession shall impart!

Fre yet the desolating god of war
Had crush'd pale Europe with his iron car,
Had shook her shores with terrible alarms,
And thunder'd o'er the trembling deep, "To arms!"
In climes remote, beyond the setting sun,
Beyond the Atlantic wave, his rage begun.
Alas, poor country, how with pangs unknown
To Britain did thy filial bosom groan!
What savage armies did thy realms invade,
Unarm'd, and distant from maternal aid;
Thy cottages with cruel flames consumed,
And the sad owner to destruction doom'd,
Mangled with wounds, with pungent anguish torn,
Or left to perish naked and forlorn!
What carnage reek'd upon thy ruin'd plain!
What infants bled! what virgins shriek'd in vain!
In every look distraction seem'd to glare,
Each heart was rack'd with horror and despair.
To Albion then, with groans and piercing cries,
America lift up her dying eyes;
To generous Albion pour'd forth all her pain,

To whom the wretched never wept in vain.
She heard, and instant to relieve her flew;
Her arm the gleaming sword of vengeance drew;
Far o'er the ocean wave her voice was known,
That shook the deep abyss from zone to zone.
She bade the thunder of the battle glow,
And pour'd the storm of lightning on the foe;
Nor ceased till, crown'd with victory complete,
Pale Spain and France lay trembling at her feet.*

* Although our author has no present inclination to enter into political controversy, yet he cannot avoid citing an article from one of the modern dictionaries, which in some measure is connected with this part of his subject, and exhibits a view of the fidelity and gratitude of our fellow-subjects in America.

We are informed in the article referred to, that a "cartel in the marine is a ship provided in time of war to exchange the prisoners of any two hostile powers; also to carry any particular request or proposal from the one to the other: for this reason she is particularly commanded to carry no cargo or arms, only a single gun for firing signals.

"Our honest Americans, however, who have so sorely grieved of late for paying a small part of the great taxes of this country, although demanded for their own particular protection, made not only no scruple to disobey and despise this regulation of cartels during the late war, but, on the contrary, gave continual supplies of provisions to our enemies in the West Indies, and thereby recovered them, and recruited their fallen spirits, at a time when they were gasping under the weight of our arms. With so much address, indeed, did these oppressed and unfortunate traders conduct this scheme, that ten or twelve cartels being laden at the same time with beef, pork, bread, flour, &c. sailed together for the French islands, and, in order to evade the strict examination of our ships of war, were provided with a

Her fears dispell'd, and all her foes removed,
Her fertile grounds industriously improved,

guardian privateer, equipped by the same expert owners, to seize their own vessels, and direct their course to the places of their first destination; but if they were examined by our ships of war, to an English port. But this clumsy trick did not long escape the vigilance of our naval officers, who found that the fellows sent abroad, by way of commanders or prize-masters, were utterly ignorant, and incapable of piloting any ship; and of consequence only sent to elude their scrutiny.

“The most barefaced piece of effrontery, however, that was ever committed of this kind, was the seizing an armed vessel fitted in Philadelphia to take these illegal cartels. She was commanded by a gentleman whom the majority of the merchants in that city joined to oppose and distress. They employed a crew of ruffians, who seized his vessel openly, in the most unwarranted and lawless manner, and brought her up in triumph to the town, when she had only five men aboard: and so inveterate was their hatred to the commander, that he was obliged to leave the country precipitately, as being in danger of his life.”

There cannot be a stronger confirmation of the truth of the above account, than the following letter of Mr. Pitt: —

Copy of a letter from Mr. Secretary Pitt to the several governors and councils in North America, relating to the flag of truce trade.

“Whitehall, August 24, 1760.

“Gentlemen.

“The commanders of his Majesty’s forces and fleets in North America and the West Indies have transmitted certain and repeated intelligences of an illegal and most pernicious trade carried on by the king’s subjects in North America and the West Indies, as well to the French islands as to the French settlements on the continent in America, and particularly to the rivers Mobile and Mississippi; by which the enemies, to the great reproach and detriment of government, are supplied with

Her towns with trade, with fleets her harbours
crown'd,
And plenty smiling on her plains around;
Thus blest with all that commerce could supply,
America regards with jealous eye,

provisions and other necessaries; whereby they are principally, if not alone, enabled to sustain and protract this long and expensive war. And it further appearing, that large sums of bullion are sent by the King's subjects to the above places, in return whereof commodities are taken which interfere with the product of the British colonies themselves, in open contempt of the authority of the mother-country, as well as the most manifest prejudice of the manufacturers and trade of Great Britain; in order, therefore, to put the most speedy and effectual stop to such flagitious practices, so utterly subversive of all laws, and so highly repugnant to the well-being of this kingdom:

"It is his Majesty's express will and pleasure, that you do forthwith make the strictest and most diligent inquiry into the state of this dangerous and ignominious trade; and that you do use every means in your power to detect and discover persons concerned either as principals or accessaries therein; and that you do take every step authorized by law to bring all such heinous offenders to the most exemplary and condign punishment: and you will, as soon as may be, and from time to time, transmit to me, for the King's information, full and particular accounts of the progress you shall have made in the execution of this his Majesty's commands, to the which the King expects that you pay the most exact obedience. And you are further to use your utmost endeavours to trace out and investigate the various artifices and evasions by which the dealers in this iniquitous intercourse find means to cover their criminal proceedings, and to elude the law; in order that from such lights due and timely considerations may be had what further provision may be necessary to restrain an evil of such extensive and pernicious consequences. I am, &c."

And canker'd heart, the parent, who so late
Had snatch'd her gasping from the jaws of fate ;
Who now, with wars for her begun, relax'd,
With grievous aggravated burdens tax'd,
Her treasures wasted by a hungry brood
Of cormorants, that suck her vital blood,
Who now of her demands that tribute due,
For whom alone the avenging sword she drew.

Scarce had America the just request
Received, when kindling in her faithless breast
Resentment glows, enraged sedition burns,
And, lo ! the mandate of our laws she spurns !
Her secret hate, incapable of shame
Or gratitude, incenses to a flame,
Derides our power, bids insurrection rise,
Insults our honour, and our laws defies :
O'er all her coasts is heard the audacious roar,
" England shall rule America no more ! "

Soon as on Britain's shore the alarm was heard,
Stern indignation in her look appear'd ;
Yet, loth to punish, she her scourge withheld
From her perfidious sons who thus rebell'd :
Now stung with anguish, now with rage assail'd,
Till pity in her soul at last prevail'd,
Determined not to draw her penal steel
Till fair persuasion made her last appeal.

And now the great decisive hour drew nigh:
She on her darling patriot cast her eye;
His voice like thunder will support her cause,
Enforce her dictates, and sustain her laws;
Rich with her spoils, his sanction will dismay,
And bid the insurgents tremble and obey.

He comes! — but where, the amazing theme
to hit,

Discover language or ideas fit?
Splay-footed words, that hector, bounce, and swagger,

The sense to puzzle, and the brain to stagger!
Our patriot comes! with frenzy fired, the Muse
With allegoric eye his figure views: —

Like the grim portress of hell-gate he stands,
Bellona's scourge hangs trembling in his hands;
Around him, fiercer than the ravenous shark,

"A cry of hell-hounds never-ceasing bark;"

And lo! the enormous giant to bedeck,

A golden millstone hangs upon his neck!

On him ambition's vulture darts her claws,

And with voracious rage his liver gnaws.

Our patriot comes! — the buckles of whose shoes

Not Cromwell's self was worthy to unloose.

Repeat his name in thunder to the skies,

Ye hills fall prostrate, and ye vales arise !
Through faction's wilderness prepare the way ;
Prepare, ye listening senates, to obey ;
The idol of the mob, behold him stand,
The alpha and omega of the land !

Methinks I hear the bellowing demagogue
Dumb-sounding declamations disemogue ;
Expressions of immeasurable length,
Where pompous jargon fills the place of strength ;
Where fulminating, rumbling eloquence,
With loud theatric rage, bombards the sense ;
And words, deep rank'd in horrible array
Exasperated metaphors convey.
With these auxiliaries, drawn up at large,
He bids enraged sedition beat the charge ;
From England's sanguine hope his aid withdraws,
And lists to guide in Insurrection's cause.
And lo ! where, in her sacrilegious hand,
The parricide lifts high her burning brand :
Go, while she yet suspends her impious aim,
With those infernal lungs arouse the flame !
Though England merits not her least regard,
Thy friendly voice gold boxes shall reward.
Arise, embark, prepare thy martial car,
To lead her armies and provoke the war !

Rebellion wakes, impatient of delay,
The signal her black ensigns to display.*

.

To thee, whose soul, all steadfast and serene,
Beholds the tumults that distract our scene,
And, in the calmer seats of wisdom placed,
Enjoys the sweets of sentiment and taste ;
To thee, O Marius ! whom no factions sway,
The impartial Muse devotes her honest lay.

* Luca Pitt continued at Florence, presuming upon his late alliance, and the promises which Pietro had made him. But amongst all the changes that ensued upon this revolution, nothing was more remarkable than the case of Luca Pitt, who soon began to experience the difference betwixt prosperity and adversity, betwixt living in authority and falling into disgrace. His house, which used to be crowded with swarms of followers and dependants, was now as unfrequented as a desert; and his friends and relations were not only afraid of being seen with him, but durst not even salute him if they met him in the street; some of them having been deprived of their honours, others of their estates, and all of them threatened.

The magnificent palaces which he had begun to build were abandoned by the workmen; the services he had formerly done to any one were requited with injuries and abuse; and the honours he had conferred, with infamy and taunts. Many who had made him valuable presents, now came to demand them again, as only lent; and others, who before used to flatter and extol him to the skies, in these circumstances, loaded him with contumely, and reproaches of ingratitude and violence; so that he heartily repented, though too late, that he had not followed Nicolo Soderini's advice, and preferred an honourable death to a life of ignominy and contempt.—Mach. Hist. Flor.

In her fond breast no prostituted aim,
Nor venal hope, assumes fair friendship's name.
Sooner shall Churchill's feeble meteor-ray,
That led our foundering demagogue astray,
Darkling to grope and flounce in error's night,
Eclipse great Mansfield's strong meridian light,
Than shall the change of fortune, time, or place,
Thy generous friendship in my heart efface !
O ! whether wandering from thy country far,
And plunged amid the murdering scenes of war ;
Or in the blest retreat of virtue laid,
Where contemplation spreads her awful shade ;
If ever to forget thee I have power,
May Heaven desert me at my latest hour !
Still satire bids my bosom beat to arms,
And throb with irresistible alarms.
Like some full river charged with falling showers,
Still o'er my breast her swelling deluge pours.
But rest and silence now, who wait beside,
With their strong flood-gates bar the impetuous tide.

.

A POEM

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

FROM the big horror of war's hoarse alarms,
And the tremendous clang of clashing arms,
Descend, my Muse! a deeper scene to draw
(A scene will hold the listening world in awe)*
Is my intent: Melpomene inspire,
While, with sad notes, I strike the trembling lyre!
And may my lines with easy motion flow,
Melt as they move, and fill each heart with woe;
Big with the sorrow it describes, my song,
In solemn pomp, majestic, move along.
O bear me to some awful silent glade
Where cedars form an unremitting shade;
Where never track of human feet was known;
Where never cheerful light of Phœbus shone;
Where chirping linnets warble tales of love,

* By awe, here, is meant attention.

And hoarser winds howl murmuring through the grove ;
Where some unhappy wretch aye mourns his doom,
Deep melancholy wandering through the gloom ;
Where solitude and meditation roam,
And where no dawning glimpse of hope can come.
Place me in such an unfrequented shade,
To speak to none but with the mighty dead ;
To assist the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
And aid hoarse howling Boreas with my sighs.

When winter's horrors left Britannia's isle,
And spring in blooming verdure 'gan to smile ;
When rills, unbound, began to purl along,
And warbling larks renew'd the vernal song ;
When sprouting roses, deck'd in crimson dye,
Began to bloom,
Hard fate ! then, noble Frederic, didst thou die :
Doom'd by inexorable fate's decree,
The approaching summer ne'er on earth to see ;
In thy parch'd vitals burning fevers rage,
Whose flame the virtue of no herbs assuage ;
No cooling medicine can its heat allay,
Relentless destiny cries, "No delay."
Ye powers, and must a prince so noble die,
Whose equal breathes not under the ambient sky ?
Ah ! must he die, then, in youth's full-blown prime,
Cut by the scythe of all-devouring time ?

Yes, Fate has doom'd ! his soul now leaves its weight,
And all are under the decree of fate ;
The irrevocable doom of destiny
Pronounced, " All mortals must submissive die."
The princes wait around with weeping eyes,
And the dome echoes all with piercing cries ;
With doleful noise the matrons scream around,
With female shrieks the vaulted roofs rebound :
A dismal noise ! now one promiscuous roar
Cries, " Ah ! the noble Frederic is no more !"
The chief reluctant yields his latest breath ;
His eye-lids settle in the shades of death :
Dark sable shades present before each eye,
And the deep vast abyss, eternity.
Through perpetuity's expanse he springs,
And o'er the vast profound he shoots on wings :
The soul to distant regions steers her flight,
And sails incumbent on inferior night :
With vast celerity she shoots away,
And meets the regions of eternal day,
To shine for ever in the heavenly birth,
And leave the body here to rot on earth.
The melancholy patriots round it wait,
And mourn the royal hero's timeless fate.
Disconsolate they move, a mournful band !
In solemn pomp they march along the strand :

The noble chief, interr'd in youthful bloom,
Lies in the dreary regions of the tomb.

Adown Augusta's pallid visage flow
The living pearls with unaffected woe :
Disconsolate, hapless, see pale Britain mourn,
Abandon'd isle, forsaken and forlorn !
With desperate hands her bleeding breast she beats ;
While o'er her, frowning, grim destruction threats :
She mourns with heart-felt grief, she rends her hair,
And fills with piercing cries the echoing air.
Well may'st thou mourn thy patriot's timeless end,
Thy Muse's patron, and thy merchant's friend.
What heart shall pity thy full-flowing grief?
What hand now deign to give thy poor relief?
To encourage arts, whose bounty now shall flow,
And learned science to promote, bestow ?
Who now protect thee from the hostile frown,
And to the injured just return his own ?
From usury and oppression who shall guard
The helpless, and the threatening ruin ward ?
Alas ! the truly noble Briton's gone,
And left us here in ceaseless woe to moan !
Impending desolation hangs around,
And ruin hovers o'er the trembling ground :
The blooming spring droops her enamell'd head,
Her glories wither, and her flowers all fade :

The sprouting leaves already drop away ;
Languish the living herbs with pale decay :
The bowing trees, see ! o'er the blasted heath,
Depending, bend beneath the weight of death :
Wrapp'd in the expansive gloom, the lightnings play,
Hoarse thunder mutters through the aërial way :
All nature feels the pangs, the storms renew,
And sprouts, with fatal haste, the baleful yew.

Some power avert the threatening horrid weight,
And, godlike, prop Britannia's sinking state !
Minerva, hover o'er young George's soul !
May sacred wisdom all his deeds control,
Exalted grandeur in each action shine,
His conduct all declare the youth divine !

Methinks I see him shine a glorious star,
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war :
Methinks each region does his praise resound,
And nations tremble at his name around.
His fame, through every distant kingdom rung,
Proclaims him of the race from whence he sprung :
So sable smoke, in volumes curls on high,
Heaps roll on heaps, and blacken all the sky :
Already so, his fame, methinks, is hurl'd
Around the admiring, venerating world.
So the benighted wanderer, on his way,
Laments the absence of all-cheering day ;

Far distant from his friends and native home,
And not one glimpse does glimmer through the gloom.
In thought he breathes, each sigh his latest breath,
Present, each meditation, pits of death :
Irregular, wild chimeras fill his soul,
And death, and dying, every step control :
Till from the east there breaks a purple gleam ;
His fears then vanish as a fleeting dream.
Hid in a cloud the sun first shoots his ray,
Then breaks effulgent on the illumined day ;
We see no spot then in the flaming rays,
Confused and lost within the excessive blaze.

ODE ON THE DUKE OF YORK'S SECOND

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND
AS REAR-ADMIRAL. WRITTEN ABOARD THE
ROYAL GEORGE.

AGAIN the royal streamers play !
To glory Edward hastes away ;
Adieu, ye happy silvan bowers,
Where pleasure's sprightly throng await !
Ye domes, where regal grandeur towers
In purple ornaments of state !
Ye scenes where virtue's sacred strain
Bids the tragic muse complain !
Where satire treads the comic stage,
To scourge and mend a venal age ;
Where music pours the soft, melodious lay,
And melting symphonies congenial play !
Ye silken sons of ease, who dwell
In flowery vales of peace, farewell !
In vain the goddess of the myrtle grove
Her charms ineffable displays ;
In vain she calls to happier realms of love,
Which Spring's unfading bloom arrays ;

In vain her living roses blow,
And ever-vernal pleasures grow.
The gentle sports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful shore :
Arcadian ease no longer charms,
For war and fame alone can please.
His throbbing bosom beats to arms,
To war the hero moves, through storms and wintry seas.

CHORUS.

The gentle sports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful shore,
For war and fame alone can please ;
To war the hero moves, through storms and wintry seas.

Though danger's hostile train appears
To thwart the course that honour steers,
Unmoved he leads the rugged way,
Despising peril and dismay.
His country calls ; to guard her laws,
Lo ! every joy the gallant youth resigns ;
The avenging naval sword he draws,
And o'er the waves conducts her martial lines.
Hark ! his sprightly clarions play ;
Follow where he leads the way ;

The piercing fife, the sounding drum,
Tell the deeps their master's come.

CHORUS.

Hark! his sprightly clarions play;
Follow where he leads the way;
The piercing fife, the sounding drum,
Tell the deeps their master's come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike son
The thorny course of virtue run,
When, taught by her unerring voice,
He made the glorious choice.
Severe, indeed, the attempt he knew,
Youth's genial ardours to subdue:
For pleasure, Venus' lovely form assumed;
Her glowing charms, divinely bright,
In all the pride of beauty bloom'd,
And struck his ravish'd sight.
Transfix'd, amazed,
Alcides gazed:
Enchanting grace
Adorn'd her face,
And all his changing looks confest
The alternate passions in his breast.
Her swelling bosom half reveal'd,

Her eyes that kindling raptures fir'd,
A thousand tender pains instill'd,
A thousand flatt'ring thoughts inspired :
Persuasion's sweetest language hung
In melting accent on her tongue.
Deep in his heart, the winning tale
 Infused a magic power ;
She prest him to the rosy vale,
 And show'd the Elysian bower :
Her hand, that trembling ardours move,
Conducts him blushing to the blest alcove :
Ah ! see, o'erpower'd by beauty's charms,
And won by love's resistless arms,
The captive yields to nature's soft alarms !

CHORUS.

Ah ! see, o'erpower'd by beauty's charms,
And won by love's resistless arms,
The captive yields to nature's soft alarms !

Assist, ye guardian powers above !
From ruin save the son of Jove !
By heavenly mandate Virtue came,
 And check'd the fatal flame.
Swift as the quivering needle wheels,
Whose point the magnet's influence feels,

Inspired with awe,
He, turning, saw
The nymph divine
Transcendent shine ;
And, while he view'd the godlike maid,
His heart a sacred impulse sway'd :
His eyes with ardent motion roll,
And love, regret, and hope, divide his soul.
But soon her words his pain destroy,
And all the numbers of his heart,
Return'd by her celestial art,
Now swell'd to strains of nobler joy.
Instructed thus by Virtue's lore,
His happy steps the realms explore
Where guilt and error are no more :
The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,
Before his breath dispelling, melt away :
Broke loose from pleasure's glittering chain,
He scorn'd her soft inglorious reign :
Convinced, resolved, to virtue then he turn'd,
And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

CHORUS.

Broke loose from pleasure's glittering chain,
He scorn'd her soft inglorious reign :

Convinced, resolved, to virtue then he turn'd,
And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

So when on Britain's other hope she shone,
Like him the royal youth she won :
Thus taught, he bids his fleet advance
To curb the power of Spain and France.
Aloft his martial ensigns flow,
And hark ! his brazen trumpets blow !

The watery profound,
Awaked by the sound,
All trembles around.

While Edward o'er the azure fields
Fraternal wonder wields,
High on the deck behold he stands,
And views around his floating bands
In awful order join :

They, while the warlike trumpet's strain,
Deep sounding swells along the main,
Extend the embattled line.

Then Britain triumphantly saw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vast ocean give law.

CHORUS.

Then Britain triumphantly saw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vast ocean give law.

Now with shouting peals of joy,
The ships their horrid tubes display,
Tier over tier in terrible array,
And wait the signal to destroy.
The sails all burn to engage:
Hark! hark! their shouts arise,
And shake the vaulted skies,
Exulting with bacchanal rage.
Then, Neptune, the hero revere,
Whose power is superior to thine;
And, when his proud squadrons appear,
The trident and chariot resign!

CHORUS.

Then, Neptune, the hero revere,
Whose power is superior to thine;
And, when his proud squadrons appear
The trident and chariot resign!

Albion, wake thy grateful voice !
Let thy hills and vales rejoice :
O'er remotest hostile regions
Thy victorious flags are known ;
Thy resistless martial legions
Dreadful move from zone to zone.
Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,
And all the trembling globe control :
Thy seamen, invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud, can subdue :
To thy great trust
Severely just,
All dissonant strife they disclaim :
To meet the foe,
Their bosoms glow,
Who only are rivals in fame.

CHORUS.

Thy seamen, invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud can subdue :
All dissonant strife they disclaim,
And only are rivals in fame.

For Edward tune your harps, ye Nine !
Triumphant strike each living string,

For him, in ecstasy divine,
Your choral Io Pæans sing.
For him your festive concerts breathe,
For him your flowery garlands wreathe!
Wake! O wake the joyful song!
Ye fauns of the woods,
Ye nymphs of the floods,
The musical current prolong!
Ye silvans, that dance on the plain,
To swell the grand chorus accord!
Ye tritons, that sport on the main,
Exulting, acknowledge your lord!
Till all the wild numbers combined,
That floating proclaim
Our admiral's name,
In symphony roll on the wind!

CHORUS.

Wake! O wake the joyful song!
Ye silvans, that dance on the plain,
Ye tritons, that sport on the main,
The musical current prolong!
O, while consenting Britons praise,
These votive measures deign to hear!

For thee my muse awakes her lays,
For thee the unequal viol plays,
The tribute of a soul sincere.
Nor thou, illustrious chief, refuse
The incense of a nautic muse :
For ah ! to whom shall Neptune's sons complain,
But him whose arms unrivall'd rule the main ?
Deep on my grateful breast
Thy favour is imprest :
No happy son of wealth or fame
To court a royal patron came ;
A hapless youth, whose vital page
Was one sad lengthen'd tale of woe,
Where ruthless fate, impelling tides of rage,
Bade wave on wave in dire succession flow,
To glittering stars and titled names unknown,
Preferr'd his suit to thee alone.
The tale your sacred pity moved ;
You felt, consented, and approved.
Then touch my strings, ye blest Pierian quire !
Exalt to rapture every happy line ;
My bosom kindle with Promethean fire,
And swell each note with energy divine.
No more to plaintive sounds of woe
Let the vocal numbers flow .

Perhaps the chief to whom I sing
May yet ordain auspicious days,
To wake the lyre with nobler lays,
And tune to war the nervous string.
For who, untaught in Neptune's school,
Though all the powers of genius he possess,
Though disciplined by classic rule,
With daring pencil can display
The fight that thunders on the watery way,
And all its horrid incidents express?
To him, my muse, these warlike strains belong,
Source of thy hope, and patron of thy song.

CHORUS.

To him, my muse, these warlike strains belong,
Source of thy hope, and patron of thy song.

THE FOND LOVER.

A BALLAD.

A NYMPH of every charm possess'd
That native virtue gives,
Within my bosom all confess'd,
In bright idea lives.
For her my trembling numbers play
Along the pathless deep,
While sadly social with my lay
The winds in concert weep.

If beauty's sacred influence charms
The rage of adverse fate,
Say why the pleasing soft alarms
Such cruel pangs create?
Since all her thoughts, by sense refined
Unartful truth express,
Say wherefore sense and truth are join'd
To give my soul distress?

If when her blooming lips I press,
Which vernal fragrance fills,
Through all my veins the sweet excess
In trembling motion thrills,

Say whence this secret anguish grows,
Congenial with my joy?
And why the touch where pleasure glows
Should vital peace destroy?

If when my fair, in melting song,
Awakes the vocal lay,
Not all your notes, ye Phocian throng,
Such pleasing sounds convey,
Thus wrapt all o'er with fondest love,
Why heaves this broken sigh?
For then my blood forgets to move,
I gaze, adore, and die.

Accept, my charming maid, the strain
Which you alone inspire;
To thee the dying strings complain
That quiver on my lyre.
O, give this bleeding bosom ease,
That knows no joy but thee;
Teach me thy happy art to please,
Or deign to love like me!

ON THE UNCOMMON SCARCITY OF POETRY

IN THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER

LAST, 1755: BY I. W., A SAILOR.

THE springs of Helicon can winter bind,
And chill the fervour of a poet's mind?
What, though the lowering skies and driving storm
The scenes of nature wide around deform,
The birds no longer sing, nor roses blow,
And all the landscape lies conceal'd in snow?
Yet rigid winter still is known to spare
The brighter beauties of the lovely fair:
Ye lovely fair, your sacred influence bring,
And with your smiles anticipate the spring!
Yet what avails the smiles of lovely maids,
Or vernal suns that glad the flowery glades;
The wood's green foliage, or the varying scene
Of fields and lawns, and gliding streams between;
What, to the wretch whom harder fates ordain
Through the long year to plough the stormy main!
No murmuring streams, no sound of distant sheep,
Or song of birds invite his eyes to sleep:

By toil exhausted, when he sinks to rest,
Beneath his sun-burnt head no flowers are prest.
Down on his deck his fainting limbs are laid ;
No spreading trees dispense their cooling shade;
No zephyrs round his aching temples play,
No fragrant breezes noxious heats allay.
The rude rough wind which stern Æolus sends
Drives on in blasts, and while it cools, offends.
He wakes, but hears no music from the grove ;
No varied landscape courts his eye to rove.
O'er the wide main he looks to distant skies,
Where nought but waves on rolling waves arise ;
The boundless view fatigues his aching sight,
Nor yields his eye one object of delight.
No "female face divine," with cheering smiles,
The lingering hours of dangerous toil beguiles.
Yet distant beauty oft his genius fires,
And oft with love of sacred song inspires :
E'en I, the least of all the tuneful train,
On the rough ocean try this artless strain :
Rouse then, ye bards, who happier fortunes prove,
And tune the lyre to nature or to love.

DESCRIPTION OF A NINETY GUN SHIP,

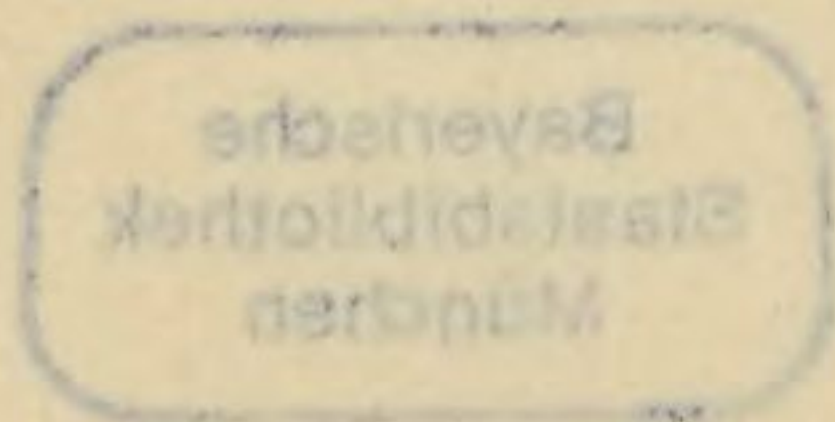
FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY, 1759.

AMIDST a wood of oaks with canvas leaves,
Which form'd a floating forest on the waves,
There stood a tower, whose vast stupendous size
Rear'd its huge mast, and seem'd to gore the skies;
From which a bloody pendant stretch'd afar
Its comet-tail, denouncing ample war.
Two younger giants* of inferior height
Display'd their sporting streamers to the sight:
The base below, another island rose,
To pour Britannia's thunder on her foes.
With bulk immense, like Ætna, she surveys
Above the rest, the lesser Cyclades:
Profuse of gold, in lustre like the sun,
Splendid with regal luxury she shone,
Lavish in wealth, luxuriant in her pride:
Behold the gilded mass exulting ride!
Her curious prow divides the silver waves,
In the salt ooze her radiant sides she laves;

* Fore and mizzen masts.

From stem to stern, her wondrous length survey,
 Rising a beauteous Venus from the sea.
 Her stem, with naval drapery engraved,
 Show'd mimic warriors, who the tempest braved;
 Whose visage fierce defied the lashing surge,
 Of Gallic pride the emblematic scourge.
 Tremendous figures, lo! her stern displays,
 And hold a pharos* of distinguish'd blaze;
 By night it shines a star of brightest form,
 To point her way, and light her through the storm.
 See dread engagements pictured to the life;
 See admirals maintain the glorious strife:
 Here breathing images in painted ire,
 Seem for their country's freedom to expire;
 Victorious fleets the flying fleets pursue,
 Here strikes a ship, and there exults a crew;
 A frigate here blows up with hideous glare,
 And adds fresh terrors to the bleeding war.
 But leaving feigned ornaments, behold!
 Eight hundred youths of heart and sinew bold,
 Mount up her shrouds, or to her tops ascend;
 Some haul her braces, some her foresail bend.
 Full ninety brazen guns her port-holes fill,
 Ready with nitrous magazines to kill,

* Her poop lanthorn.

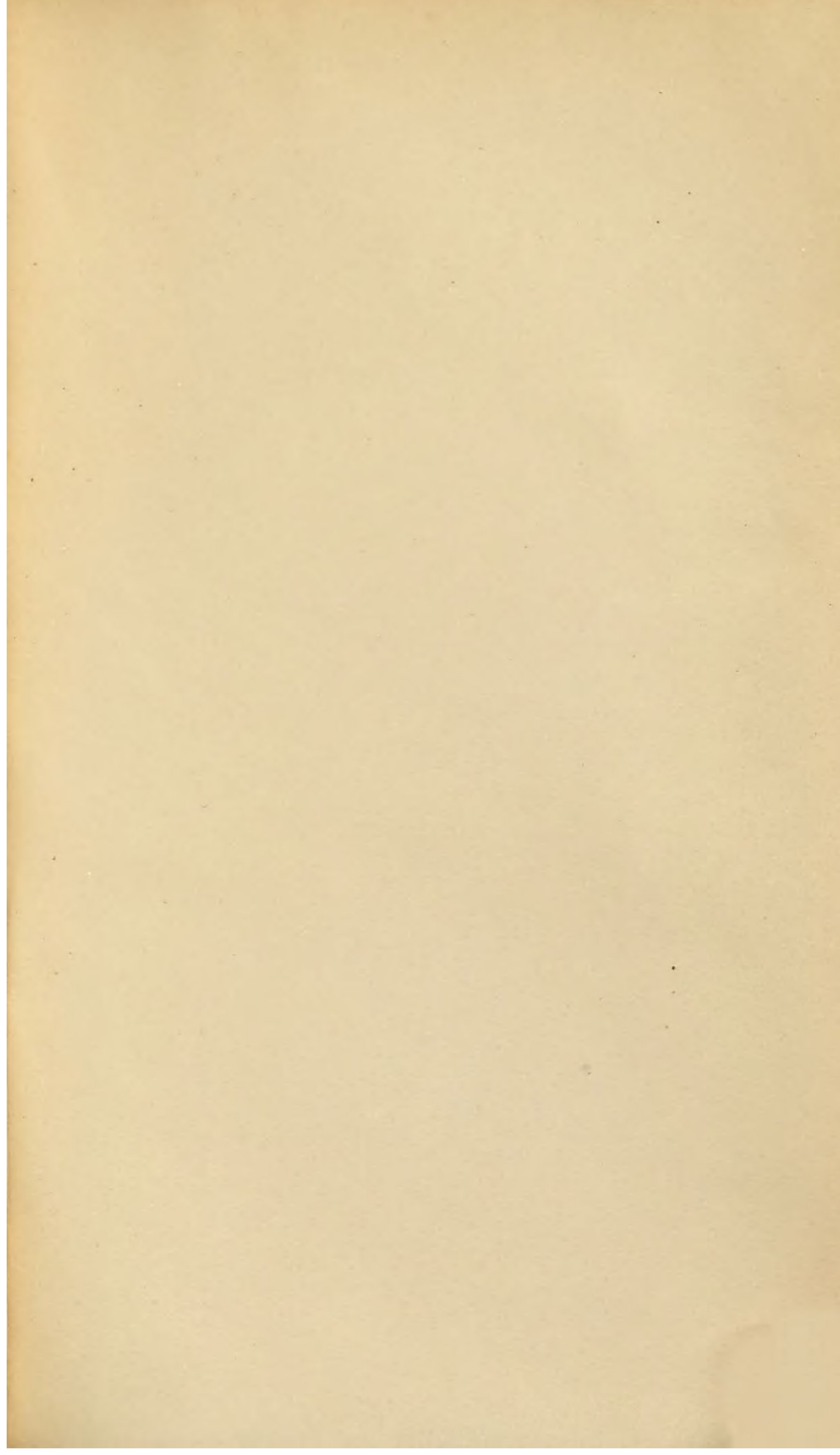


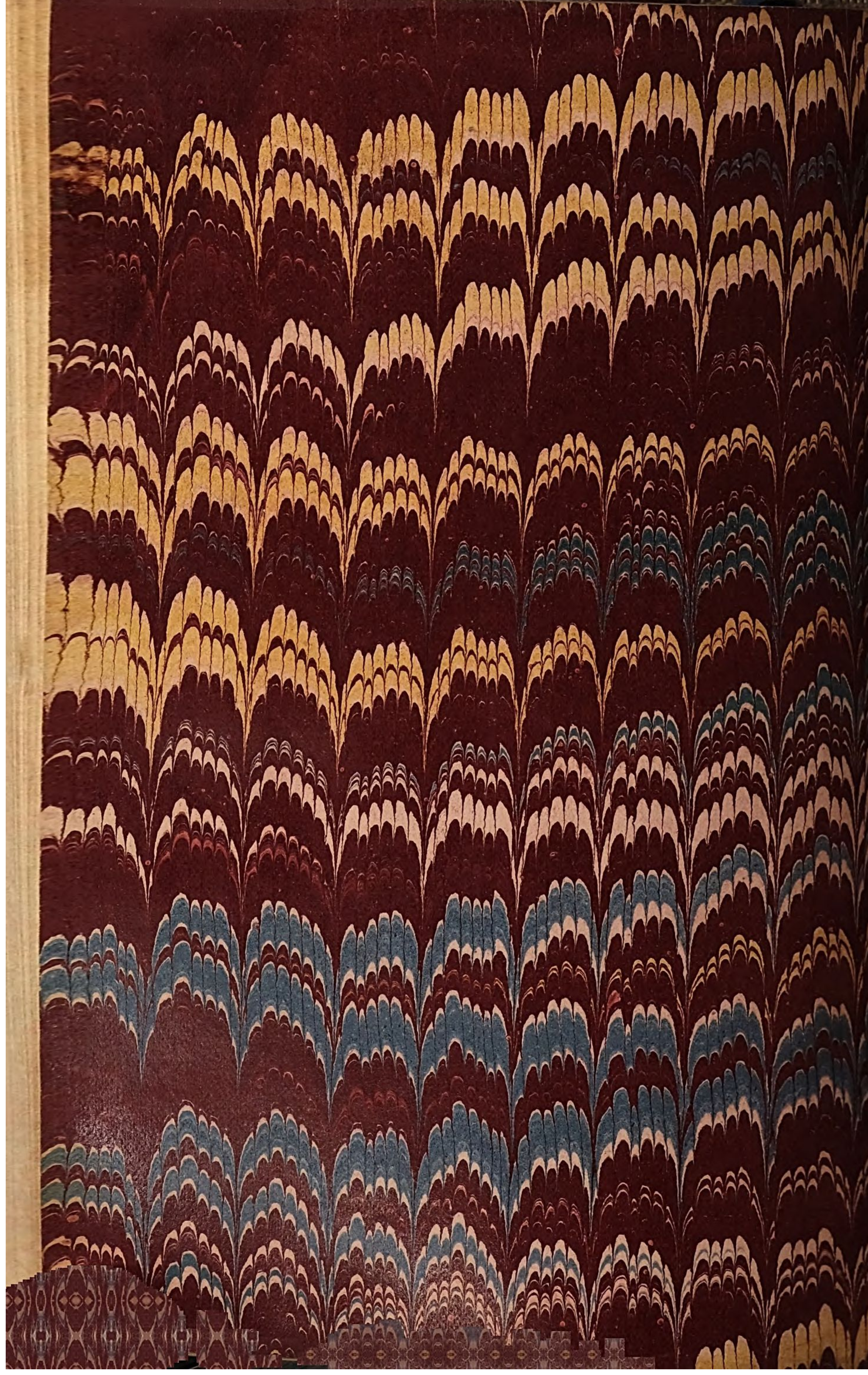
From dread embrasures formidably peep,
And seem to threaten ruin to the deep :
On pivots fix'd, the well-ranged swivels lie,
Or to point downward, or to brave the sky :
While peteraroes swell with infant rage,
Prepared, though small, with fury to engage.
Thus arm'd, may Britain long her state maintain.
And with triumphant navies rule the main.

THE END.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
VOL. II.
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
J. B. LEECH, 15 NASSAU ST.
1857.

THE
BOSTON
PUBLIC LIBRARY
1857









Campbell, Thomas,

The poetical works of (Thomas) Campbell and (William) Falconer with a
memoir of each

Boston, Cambridge 1879

P.o. angl. 620 q-13

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11391336-9